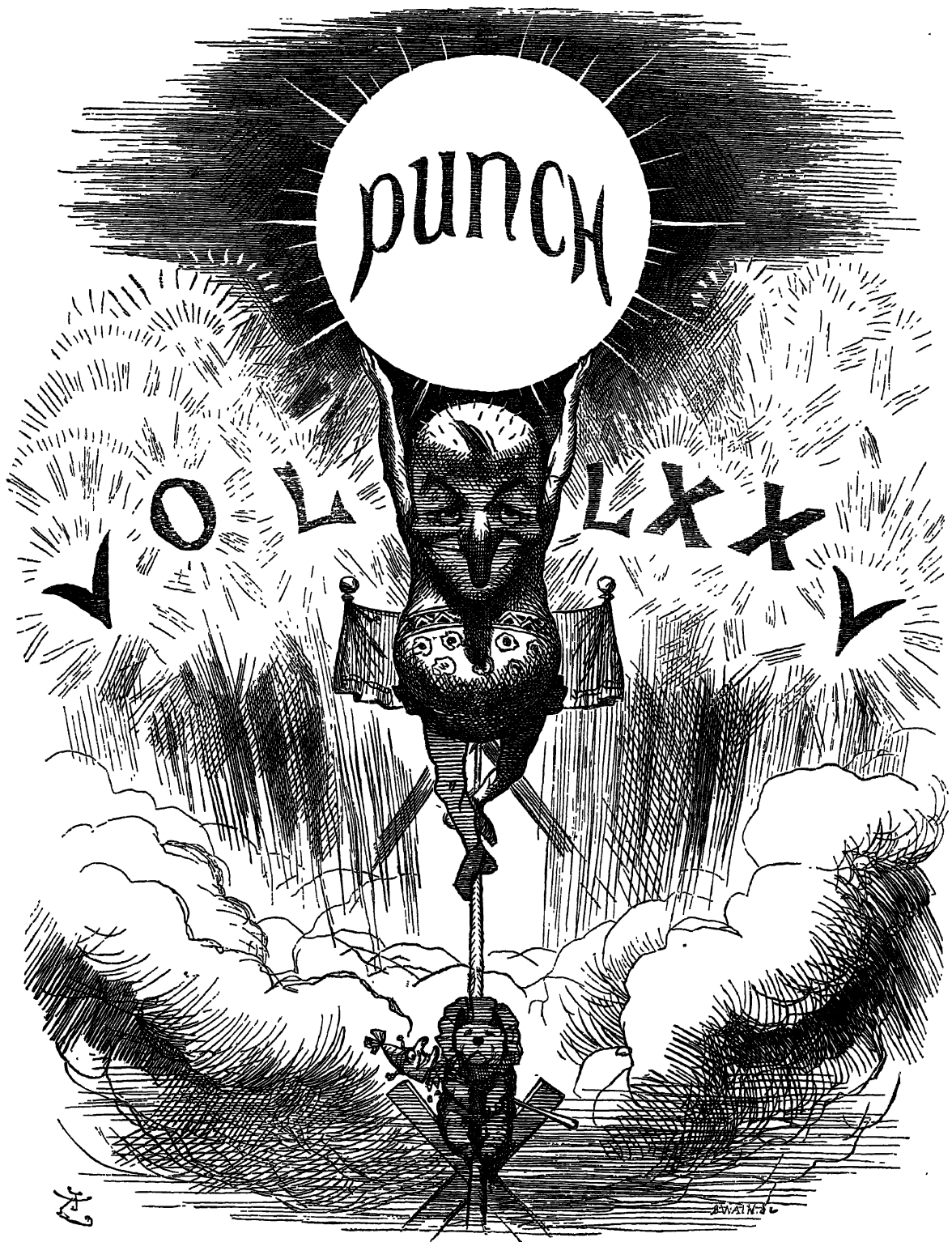


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EDISON had retired—extinguished for once. PUNCH was just turning down his own Electric Illuminator, with which he had cruelly quenched the newest light of the famous Transatlantic Inventor, when a deep but cheery voice sounded from the half-dark of the *ante-adytum*.

"Don't put that out yet, *lieber alter!* Let me see PUNCH for once standing in his own light!"

And, with a ringing laugh, the REICHSKANZLER strode into the *sanctum*, flinging open his huge fur cloak, and stamping the snow from his heavy cuirassier boots, as he held out his hand with a hearty "*Pros't neues jahr!*"

PUNCH shook the strong hand cordially, and motioning the Prince to a chair, took his own place at the Round Table of Council alongside his distinguished visitor, to whom he pushed his own private box of Regalias.

It was an impressive moment. There sat the two Powers of the World in presence! Strange, the Globe continued to revolve, as if there was still the normal distance between its two pivots.

"The truth is, old man," said the Prince, after taking in the contents of the *sanctum* with a sweeping glance, "I want your counsel."

"You will find it in my back numbers," was the calm and dignified reply

"I have no time to read."

"A despatch is soon written."

"Not so soon as a friendly word is spoken under four eyes," said the Prince, pleasantly. "Even I find it hard to come straight to the point on paper. It is true I am used to diplomatic correspondents. If you knew what a horror their *plauderei* gives one of despatches!—"

"Have I not correspondents of my own?" sighed PUNCH.

"And a waste-paper basket—happily for you. We have only archives. No; pen and ink—present company's always excepted—is silver; speech—present company's in particular—is golden; next best thing, in fact, to silence. You and I know how to speak to each other."

"Thanks to the latest light out of the BUSCH!—if that be not, as some say, a mere marsh-light, meant to mislead."

"*Ach, dieser armer Buschlein!*" laughed the burly REICHSKANZLER. "Indiscreet—eh? to let one's tame newspaper-organ grind on its own account. Contrary to all diplomatic proprieties? That's why I like it. Fancy the long faces in the Chancelleries! And the infinite deal of nothing BUSCHLEIN'S *buchlein* will set flowing from Plenipotential pens! For once their Excellencies will have something to hang their nothings on."

"One fact, at least, he puts the world up to—your Excellency's favourite tippie," said PUNCH, pleasantly, motioning towards the *buffet*.

"And here we are at the fountain-head of the Porter—if not of the Pommery. *Schenk ein!*" replied the Prince in the same tone.

To decant a bottle of the choicest *sec* into a foaming pot of the best bottled Barclay, was, for PUNCH, the work of a moment. To floor it, was, for the Prince, the work of another.

"*Das schmeckt gut!*" said the REICHSKANZLER, drawing a long breath, as he lifted his broad, bold beak from the pewter. "And now, like ancient Teutons, having liquored, let us take counsel. About this troublesome *Reichstag*? Parliamentary *plauderei* is worse than Diplomatic."

"Take a hint from BEACONSFIELD. He does not find his Majority troublesome."

"Even *he* has GLADSTONE and the Opposition. Besides, in that *geist*-ridden Vaterland of ours, all parties will insist on having wills, wits, and ways of their own—idiotic, of course, but all the stubborn. Such a dumb, disciplined Majority and Cabinet as your BEACONSFIELD is blessed with, are not for *me*—worse luck!—or I would have made something better out of them than an Asia Minor Convention and an Afghan War."

"You forget Cyprus, and Peace with Honour!"

The Prince looked at PUNCH; PUNCH looked at the Prince. Then, slowly and simultaneously, their thumbs rose to the tips of their noses, and their fingers expanded.

"He is very clever," said the Prince, after a pause. "Next to my own career, I know none so"—here he paused for a word—"h'm—remarkable. I always respect architects of their own fortunes. One may even be pardoned for being curious about their tools and plans, though one has no right to be critical, in this world of Parliaments and Plenipotentiaries."

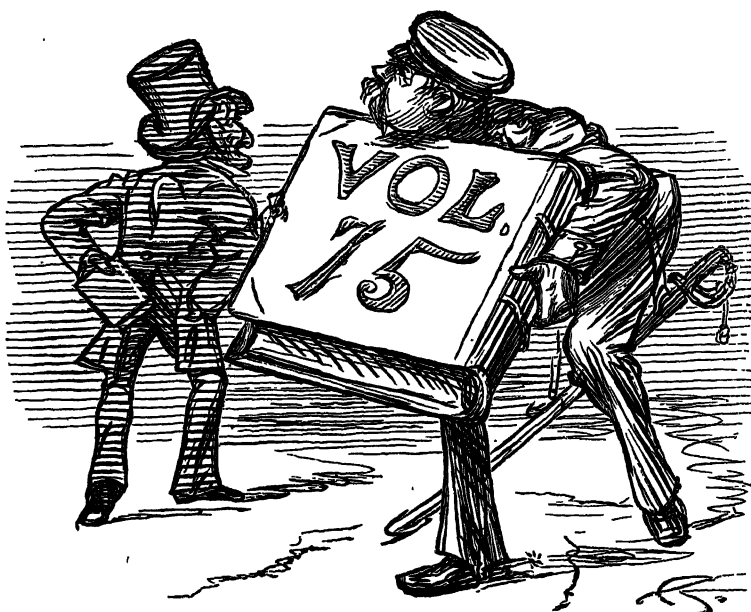
"He still awaits the revelations of his BUSCH."

"Yes, MONTAGUE CORBY is *really* a Private Secretary. But I hate mysteries, Asian or European. I like going straight to the point, no matter what I may have to walk over, whether it be what commonplace people call good taste, good manners, delicacy, humanity—*was soll ich sagen?*—prejudices of all kinds. One has one's omelettes to make, and it is idle to cry over the eggs. Your BEACONSFIELD plays his cards differently. We saw a good deal of each other—I was almost saying 'into each other,' *aber das war nicht so leicht*—at Berlin. We play different games. But then our stakes are so different. He punts for himself. I for Vaterland. Apropos of Vaterland, we are wasting time. To our counsel. First, there is this distress, bitter, wide-spread, and spreading ever wider; then these unreasonable discontents with discipline and the drill-sergeant; then these *wieder-wärtige* Priests; then these stupid Socialists—not bad fellows, by any means, some of them; LASALLE was a wonderfully clever *kerl*—might have been a Beaconsfield had his lot been cast here, and had he been cooler over his cards—and BUCHER is a trump, for all he has come through the Socialist mill; then there's this old quarrel between Free Trade and Protection, which you English flattered yourselves you had settled—"

"Stop, Prince!" interposed PUNCH, courteously, but firmly. "Immensely flattered to be pumped by your Excellency; but on condition you allow PUNCH his turn at *your* handle. We have the same red-hot questions among us that blaze or smoulder among you:—the Disress; the Discontent; the Priests—within the walls of our Protestant Church, too, not outside of it, as with you; Socialism, though with us it has hardly got beyond Trades'-unionism, and striking at its own bread-and-butter, instead of its Sovereign; Protection—What if LORD BEACONSFIELD's last transmutation were to be into a defender of Free Trade against his own pack? On all these burning questions if I am to show you how to throw cold water, I shall expect you to return the favour. My counsel stands ready written—here!" And PUNCH laid his hand on a volume bound in regal purple. "Where is the record of yours?"

"H'm! I write in Acts, not Books," said the Prince. "As for written record of me, compared with yours, as the Greek warrior in *Homer* says, 'tis 'Brass armour against golden; things worth nine oxen for things worth a hundred.'"

And he placed in PUNCH's hands BUSCHLEIN's *Graf Bismarck und seine Leute*, in unequal exchange for PUNCH's latest treasure of Wit and Wisdom—





FRUITLESS!

(A Groan from SUSAN GINGHAM.)

"The extraordinary fecundity of the United States in the matter of fruit is proverbial; but it may not be generally known that three million peach trees bloom every spring on the sunny plains between the Delaware and Chesapeake Bays. The details of the American fruit crop almost savour of romance. The apple crop of the country is past counting; the surplus fruit, if properly saved, would keep all Europe in table luxuries. The birds on New Hampshire hills are feasted with raspberries, the mountains of North Carolina and Tennessee are purple with blackberries which go to waste; and the time has been when an extra good crop of peaches in Delaware has meant a million baskets of fruit untouched upon the trees."—*Standard*.

MR. PUNCH,

THIS startling extract, which I venture to enclose, TOM, my nephew, read out loud, in aggerawation, I suppose. I was picking a few gooseberries, with a eye to jam, and he said he thought it aperypo—whatever that may chance to be.

Which I call it downright riling. Gracious goodness! here am I paying sech a price for fruit as is enough a Saint to try, While in Delaware by millions peaches waste upon the trees, And on the New Hampshire hills the birds eats as much fruit as they please.

Well, them Yanks is precious lucky. Things in England is gone queer.

Fruits with us ain't wot they wos, but mostly poor, and likewise dear.

Wot with blights and sopping summers, big jam-makers, and them Clubs, Little fruit we gets, and wot we do is windfalls, specks, and scrubs.

Strorberries ain't got no sweetness; as for apples, bless yer 'art, Not one sample in a dozen's fit for pudden or for tart; For cherries they're all skin and stone, and as for ribsting apples, lor!

They're like good Cheshire cheese, a pleasink mem'ry, and no more.

True, there's lots of rum new-fangled things as they call forren fruits,

Eatin' like raw scarlet-runners, or as tough as rhubarb roots, Prickly pears and them bananas, tasting jest like sweetened soap, But you wotn't find British housewives cottoning to sech, I hope.

England's fruits was England's pride, and 'ome-made jam our household boast;
O the rare tucks-out I've had of gooseberry-fool and buttered toast!
Then the jars of raspberry-jam—but there, it doesn't bear a thought.
If there's any raspberries grow'd they're all by CROSSE AND BLACKWELL bought.

Them shop-jams is hutter 'umbug; but we never has no sun, And the fruiting season's over most afore it seems begun.
TOM declares Pomoner's cut us; wot he means I do not know, But I'm sure our fruits to-day ain't like the fruits of long ago.

Apples! Wy, the shams we gets is jest heartbreaking. I believe If they'd grow'd like that at fust, one never would have tempted EVE;

Which I've always felt conwinned the fruit as caused that fatal slippin'

Must a' bin that British pride, a reg'lar good old ripsting pippin!

Haven't seen one not for years, the fruiterers say they're dying out. Wy the dickens did they let 'em? Wot must they have bin about? Now we've nowt but measley windfalls, tasteless and but seldom sound,

Sold in open shops by Jews, and, like pertaters, by the pound.

Then to read about them Yankees, with their splendid apple-crop, Their three million blooming peach-trees, and—but there I'd better stop!

Which I'm a patriot, I 'ope, but a turn in Tennessee Would, I fear, make half a Yankee of

Yours sadly,
SUSAN G.

At the Berlin Banquet.

Little Powers (at the door, ruefully). But are we to get no-thing?

Big Powers (at the table, while the Turkey is being carved). Be quiet, my little dears: you shall come down to your deserts.

OXFORD v. CAMBRIDGE CRICKET MATCH, 1878.

A LIGHT Blue, on being asked why Cambridge won the match, replied, "Because we had no foemen worthy of our STEEL."



MUSIC AT HOME.

Rubini Brown (who has just sung his famous Barcarole, his only song). "How d'ye do, Mrs. Chatterleigh? I suppose you have just come?" Mrs. Chatterleigh. "Oh dear no! I've been sitting here for the last hour, listening to the lovely music. I do hope you are going to sing us that exquisite Barcarole of yours!"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



We know now that it was *not* Count SCHOUVALOFF who let the great Foreign Office cat with nine tails out of the bag; the other day, but a writer, at tenpence an hour, who, finding within his reach a secret paper that was worth money, very naturally sold it. Now that the cat has been let out, everybody (*Lords, Monday, July 1*) is much amazed that the custody of so valuable an animal should have been trusted to such temptible and contemptible hands. Lord GRANVILLE has been three times at the Foreign Office in the last twenty years, and cannot believe that under his régime such a laches would have been possible (no harm in making a little party capital out of the case). In those halcyon days—i. e. in the F. O. of our time—everybody trusted everybody, and nobody ever heard of cats being let out of bags.

Lord HAMMOND, Nestor of the Foreign Office, of half a century's service within those sacred walls, who owes to the Office his title, his credit, all he is, and has, and knows, who has been brought up from the green and salad days of his youth to the evening of his age on its rules and records, grey traditions, and red-tape, is even more seriously exercised at the thought of this great and grievous blot on the F. O. scutcheon. But Lord H. rises above the mere Whig and

Tory view of the matter. In his mind the dereliction has a deeper root. It all comes of the detestable habit of "employing persons of whose antecedents and connections the SECRETARY OF STATE has no other knowledge than is afforded by a certificate of proficiency and fitness granted them by the Civil Service Commissioners, after an open competitive examination." Inference: Keep the Foreign Office doors at least shut against writers, and competition-wallahs, and all that low class of people who trust for advancement to their work, their wits, and a Civil Service certificate.

Where all the bags are full of cats, none but persons of known antecedents and connections should be admitted to handle the strings. Competition and examination may supply the sort of article wanted for the lower Offices; but leave the Olympian Office which has to deal with the Eleusinian mysteries of Diplomacy, to look for its Clerks to the "good old rule—the simple plan"—of nomination and family favour.

Very plausibly pleaded, my Lord HAMMOND. Competitive examination has been hard ridden. All that doctrinairism could do to discredit its pet *panacea*, it has done. There is only one thing worse; and that is the old principle of patronage, in whose favour

its supporters are cleverly using this sale to the *Globe* of the Salisbury-Schouvaloff agreement.

(*Commons.*)—After much desultory talk, in which the employment of writers in the Foreign Office at tenpence an hour was mixed up with the Indian Press Act, Cretan disturbances, Home-Harbour Loans, Irish Arms-searches, and the appointments to the Halifax Bench, the well thrashed Cattle Bill discussion was resumed, and all the old reasons for and against it reiterated with that stolid indifference to the weariness of the House and the exhaustion of the subject which shows that a question has passed out of the range of reasoning into that of *parti pris*.

Colonel RUGGLES-BRISE was a splendid specimen of the bucolic Member in this stage of utter imperviousness to argument and indifference to infliction of all his tediousness upon his audience.

In the teeth of what *Punch* cannot but feel to be proof to demonstration of the impotence of the Bill to effect its professed object—of keeping out foot-and-mouth disease—and the certainty of its restricting the import of cattle, and so raising the price of meat to the consumer, the division gave the Government the overwhelming majority of 157 in a House of 481. But till the Bill is through Committee, we will not believe that the Government, even in all the might of its majority, will venture to leave its most glaring defects unremedied. *Nous verrons.*

Tuesday (Lords).—The Irish Intermediate Education Bill passed through Committee, with cheers, without a single Amendment or alteration in clause or schedule. Let the amazing fact be noted; and let my Lord CAIRNS be duly congratulated thereon. Raise Cairns to his honour of all the stones that have been flung at all before him who have attempted to deal with Irish Education. When our Legislators do agree on an Irish measure, their unanimity is wonderful. Can it be that the million of Established Church appropriation has done it all? Suppose my Lord CAIRNS took heart of grace and appropriated another million from the same source to increase the salaries of the Irish National School Masters? Surely Irish National Education wants improving as much as Irish Intermediate ditto.

(*Commons.*)—The morning Sitting spent in debate on Scotch Roads and Bridges—nice bracing exercise-ground for this hot weather; and the evening on the less seasonable, and more unsavoury subject of Irish Paupers Removal. It seems, on Mr. MACARTHY

DOWNING's showing, that England is still too much addicted to the practice of shifting her burden of out-worn Irish Pauperism on to old Ireland's maternal back, in spite of Ireland's natural enough contention that where the Pauper has given his labour—while he had it to give—he has established the best claim for maintenance when he can work no longer. Till the good time shall come for the utter abolition of the barbarous law of settlement—that relic of a bad time, now, it is to be hoped, past away for ever—Mr. DOWNING was fain to content himself with Mr. SCLATER-BOOTH's promise to employ all the power of the Local Government Board to diminish cases of hardship in the removal of Irish Paupers back to Ireland. The principal of "Ireland for the Irish" does not apply to her Pauperism.

Wednesday.—No maniacs are more mischievous to themselves or their families than dipsomaniacs. Dr. DALRYMPLE, one of the few medical Members of the House, devoted himself to the task of Legislation for the restraint of this peculiarly wretched class of lunatics; and, in fact, sacrificed health and life in his labours to this end.

Dr. CAMERON, another of the few doctors who leaven the Collective Wisdom, has inherited Dr. DALRYMPLE's task, and has rendered it easier by throwing over the more ambitious part of the Doctor's large design, which aimed at providing asylums for dipsomania out of the rates, and at giving compulsory powers for the confinement and restraint of dipsomaniacs. Dr. CAMERON's Bill is confined to voluntary and private machinery. Topsy-lunatic Asylums may be established at cost of individuals, to which dipsomaniacs, in their lucid intervals, may commit themselves, or may be committed by their friends, with due precautions taken against undue encroachment on personal liberty; and when once committed may be detained for the time required to give a fair chance of cure. The worst enemies of the Bill must admit its moderate and tentative character; and as an experiment for the remedying of a grievous evil, which can now only be dealt with by difficult and costly private arrangements, every sensible person must wish it well, and will watch its working with interest.

It should be called a "Bill to prevent men from putting an enemy into their mouths to steal away their brains."

Punch congratulates Dr. CAMERON on the discretion he has shown in handling a difficult subject, and on the favourable reception given to his Bill.

CO-OPERATIVE WEDDING PRESENTS.



COURTEOUS MR. PUNCH,

WHAT to do with your cold mutton is one of the most momentous questions of the day; and scarcely less distracting to the domestic mind is the problem, what to do with your old wedding-presents?

I don't suppose the givers of these gifts care vastly what becomes of them. Still one can hardly sell a present; and, indeed, were there no moral objection to the sale, a purchaser might seldom very readily be found. Nor would it be thought proper, to raise money on such articles,

although so many wedding-gifts are by mishap made in duplicate, that the pawn-shop seems to be their fitting destination, after they have been displayed upon the nuptial day. I remember that my wife and I together, when we married, were blest by loving friends and relatives, with two egg-boilers, three cruet-stands, and no fewer than five card-trays; and one of our first quarrels arose from a debate as to which of these kind presents we should keep for times of ceremony, and which we should regard as meant for daily use.

Use? Well, yes, there is some use in cruet-stands and egg-boilers, and even in a card-tray there may be some social service, especially to snoblings who catch some titled visitors, and are careful to display their cards conspicuously atop. But wedding-gifts in general are most expensive nicknacks of no possible utility, except, perhaps, to furnish topics for small talkers, and, when displayed as chimney-ornaments, to collect and show the dust. Besides, it is annoying, after giving SMITH a card-tray on his marriage with Miss JONES; to find that BROWN and ROBINSON have each sent him the same article, and that yours is clearly the least costly of the three. How much wiser it would be to join with BROWN and ROBINSON, and, if need be, WHITE and WILKINS, in making SMITH

a present of a grand piano, say, or a handsome set of dinner-tables, or some curtains for his drawing-room, or some carpets for his stairs. Instead of thanking his kind friends for egg-boilers and card-trays, and similar nicknackeries, many a man would gladly see his tailor's bill receipted on his marriage, or find a bin of claret stocked for him, or a cellar filled with coals.

"Many can help one" is a rather common motto of the Artists who paint landscapes and shipwrecks on the pavement, appropriately interspersed with slices of pink salmon and delicate arrangements of mackerel in pea-green. Were friends to club together, they might furnish a man's house for him with the money they now waste in buying useless wedding-gifts. Everybody knows what a bore it is to have to choose a wedding-present, and how sure one always feels that one has chosen just the thing which is most certain to be given by everybody else. By clubbing, individuals might save themselves this bother, and the dread of giving duplicates would be utterly removed. Both to givers and receivers, wedding-presents nowadays are weights upon the mind; and the bliss of happy couples might be sensibly increased, were they no longer burthened with the care of costly nicknacks, wherewith, as time progresses, they are puzzled what to do.

My voice, then, is for gifts on the co-operative system, whereof the wisdom must be evident without another word from

Yours most truly,

VERBUM SAP.

THE RESOLVE OF HELLAS.

WITH smooth speech and promise fair,
Rubbed the right way of the hair,
Bade "be a good little Greece,"
Hold my hand, and keep the peace,
Awaiting nice things by-and-by,—
British Lion's Greece was I.

Snubbed and sneered at, and abused;
Denied Epirus, Crete refused;
In my old cramped limits pent,
Blood spilt idly, money spent,
Now British faith is proved a lie,—
Muscovite Bear's Greece am I.

INTERESTING TO POULTRY FANCIERS.—Oxford's recent Exhibition of "Duck's-eggs" at Lords and Fowls at Henley.

Thursday (Lords).—It has occurred to some bright light of the Green Isle that if the new Irish Intermediate Education Scheme is to work such wondrous good for the sons of Erin, it should also, in fairness, be made applicable to Erin's daughters. But this, Lord CAIRNS says, will involve some reconsideration of the rules of his Bill, and some re-arrangement of the machinery. Why not? We are only beginning to acknowledge the truth that girls have as much right as boys to be considered in questions of educational legislation, and in the application of educational endowments. It is but fair that the Irish lasses, charming as they are in their uneducated state, should have all the benefit of this larger wisdom of our time, which has ceased to exclude the better half of humanity from the right to a seat at the School Board or a participation in its banquets.

(Commons.)—The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER does not see his way to a Supplementary Budget till he sees his way to a Supplementary Estimate. And this will depend on the upshot of the Berlin Congress.

In the course of ten days or a fortnight he hopes the accounts may be made up. So does *Punch*, and wishes the Government a good deliverance.

Colonel STANLEY doesn't want to keep the Reserve men longer with the colours than can be helped; but can't say, just at present, when they will be free to return to their families.

Before the Reserves are called out again, we hope some arrangement will be made to keep their wives and children off the rates, or, at least, out of the workhouse. They manage these things better in France—not to say Germany.

Mr. BOURKE, for the Foreign Office, fought shy of a question as to the employment of writers at tenpence an hour on secret and confidential documents.

Mr. FAWCETT wants to give the Metropolitan Board of Works four members on the Epping Forest Committee of Management, which is to be made up of four selected verderers and twelve conservators to be chosen by the Corporation. But the Corporation have secured Epping Forest for the public, and it seems unfair to give the Board of Works a voice in its management, when they declined to fight for its acquisition by the public.

Sir J. LUBBOCK tried to get Elementary Natural Science added—as an extra—to the Three R's in the Education Code.

Mr. FORSTER thinks the addition may safely be made; but the Collective Wisdom said no by 68 to 37. The majority thinks National Education has gone fast enough and far enough already, and if it had dared speak out, it would have echoed Mr. D. DAVIES's warning "of the growing feeling in some parts of the country against over-education."

Mr. MONK talked about Crete, and the expediency of promoting its annexation to the kingdom of Greece.

Mr. BOURKE said it was impossible that any one Power could say that any portion of the Turkish possessions should be annexed to a foreign country. Of course if it came to a big country insisting on such annexation, and other big countries could be got to back the demand, Congress *could* do something. But really Greece was a small Power; she could not make herself formidable to Europe; her hands were not quite clean, and there was every prospect that if she got anything by concession of the Congress it would be much less than she had bargained for. (At least, if *Punch* hasn't exactly said "ditto to Mr. BOURKE," he has given his own reading between the lines of Mr. BOURKE's speech as reported.)

The Education Estimates were, on Mr. FORSTER's protest against proceeding with them close on midnight, adjourned.

Friday (Lords).—Talk about two subjects, on both of which there is room for improvement—Irish crime, and Irish public health. We are going to consolidate the law on the latter. Perhaps that may be preliminary to putting it in force.

(Commons.)—The *enfant terrible* of the House, the bold, bald Member for Bonny Dundee, brought out the hot-poker of Ritualism in the English Church—falsely so called. Nobody could deny the poker, or the force with which it was flourished in the face of the House by JINKS's irrepressible Baby. But the Batavian humour and Ecclesiastical enthusiasm of Mr. A. B. HOPE, the mild wisdom of the Right Hon. H. S. WALPOLE, the official oil of euphemistic Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOLE, and even the prize Protestantism of Mr. NEWDEGATE, united to deprecate any premature thrusting of the poker before JOHN BULL's eyes, or flourishing it alarmingly near his calves. Nobody could say who might not burn his fingers. So the Honourable Member for Dundee, satisfied with the agitation he had aroused, and the deprecations he had provoked, withdrew his hot-poker—for the present.

"IMPAR CONGRESSUS ACHILLI."



ALL sorts of Congresses Parisward drift—
Congress for Copyright, Congress for Thrift,
Congress for Chess; Congress for Demography;
Congress for Physics; Congress for Photography;

Congress for Inter-metallic Exchanges;
Congress for Cookery through all its ranges;
Congress for Homoeopathic Practitioners,
Blind Institutions, and Sewage Commissioners;
A Congress for every specialist set
That a pretext or plea for a Congress can get;
Congresses trotting out all sorts of hobbies

In all sorts of halls, hotels, lecture-rooms, lobbies,
For all sorts of crotchets and all sorts of crazes;
Solving all sorts of problems with all sorts of phrases;
From Congress most cautious to Congress the boldest,
From the newest of subjects to objects the oldest—
Congress—still Congress—wherever we turn;
Be't a Congress to teach, or a Congress to learn.
What? "*Impar Congressus Achilli*?" The song
Of the Mantuan poet is certainly wrong.
If there's one thing that Congress is equal to, please
Proclaim it, O *Punch*, that one thing's a *kill-ease*;
A kill-leisure, kill-pleasure, kill-time, and kill-joy,
On thy heights, Trebaders, as erst around Troy!

THE PLACE IN HOT WEATHER.—Lazistah.

SHOES OR NO SHOES?

MR. RANSOM declares that horse-shoes are not only useless but mischievous, and quotes a South American experience extending over many years, and all sorts of ground, hard and soft, mud and stones. His experience does *not* seem to have included artificial hard stone pavements and hard made roads, such as those our horses have to travel. It is true that human soles can be made, by long use, as impervious as sole-leather, and so, much more, might horses' hoofs be hardened to iron. But you must begin at the beginning, and never let your colt wear a shoe from the day it is foaled.

The argument against shoes is very much like that against clothes altogether. We don't dress our horses, it may be said, so why should we shoe 'em?

Probably the chance of our seeing the last of horse-shoes is about as great as that we shall see men and women going naked and barefoot. We should fancy that at least as many human feet are spoiled by bad shoeing as equine. Altogether *Punch* can't bring himself to feel that horse-shoes are a cruelty like bearing-reins. They have, at least, something to stand on.

A Voice From the Lions' Heads.

To MR. PUNCH, SIR,—

ARE we always to be only ornamental? Again I see the voice of common sense and common humanity is raised in the papers in recommendation of that simple often-urged precaution against drowning off the Embankment, to hang a chain in our mouths. Why not? We are willing. It is the only chain the British Lion can carry without blushing: Please move the London Board of Works, and oblige

Yours truly,

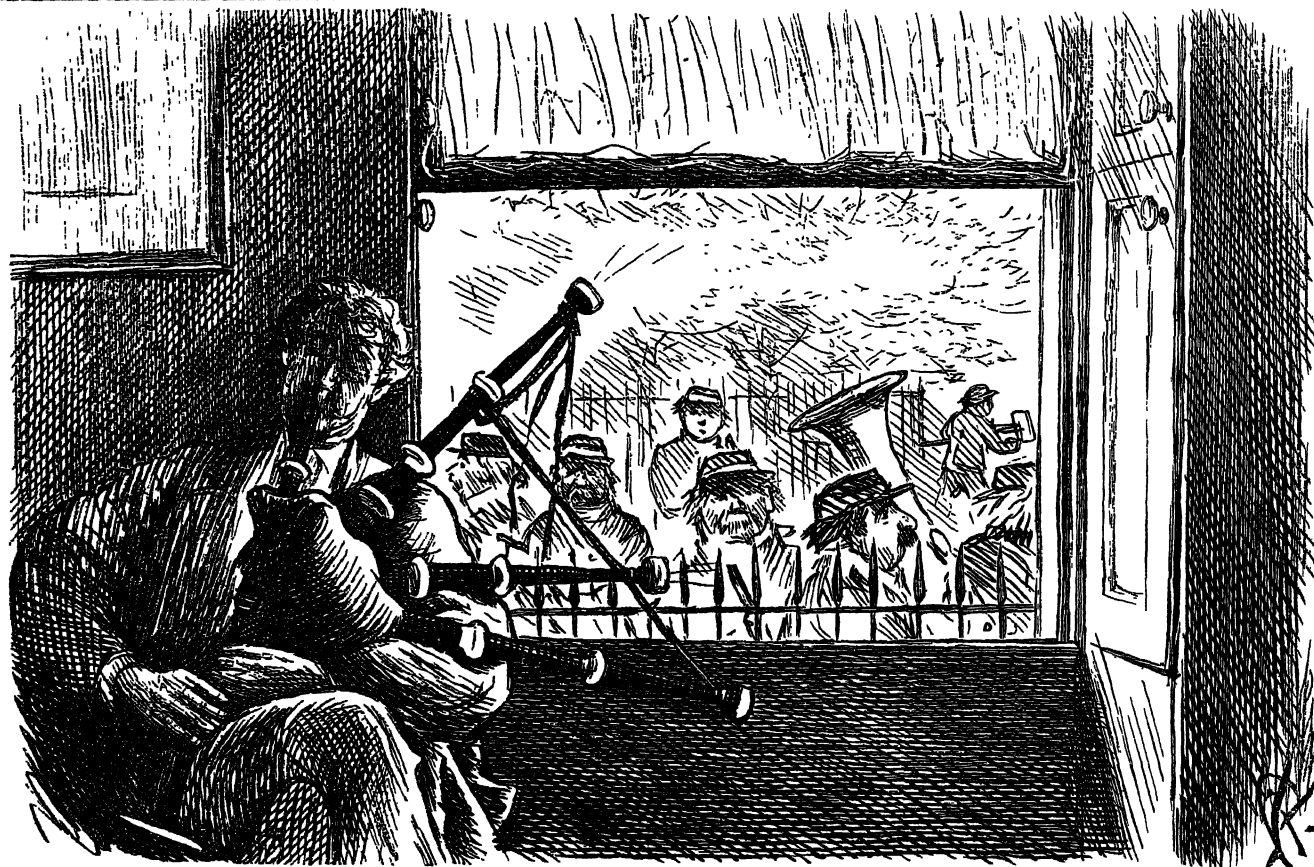
THE LIONS' HEADS OF THE EMBANKMENT.

Our Failures.

AUSTRALIA beats England at the wickets;
Captain BOGARDUS outshoots CHOLMONDELEY PENNELL;
A Yankee Crew we've seen at Henley lick its
Competing Fours. Old England's growing senile!*

* Please humour the pronunciation to the rhyme.

A CHANGE FOR THE BETTER.—Discussing the Code STEPHEN, instead of the Treaty of San Stefano.



PUT TO THE ROUT.

Distracted Bandster. "KOMM AVAY—KOMM AVAY—EE ZHALL NOD GIVE YOU NODINGSH—EE VILL BLAY DE MOOZREEK ERSELBST! TEUFEL!"
[They retreat hastily.]

THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD.

SCENE.—*A Great Statesman's Snuggery.*

INTERLOCUTORS.—BIZZY and DIZZY.

Bizzy (blowing a cloud). Very pleasant sitting!

Dizzy. Extremely so! GORTSCHAKOFF, though, didn't quite seem to relish my complimenting him on his apparently robust health.

Bizzy. Looked more bilious than gouty, eh? Well, it would be hard if a valetudinarian might not play "*le Malade Imaginaire*" for the benefit of his country—

Dizzy (drily). Or even to cut short dangerous discussion, or keep down rising temper, eh?

Bizzy. Well, I really feel very seedy, you know.

Dizzy. Awfully sorry, I'm sure. Now your Berlin air seems to agree with me. Never felt better in my life.

Bizzy. Happy to hear it. Hope your health may not receive check or chill when you get back to London. I hear the temperature there has changed considerably since you left.

Dizzy. Oh, ours is a variable climate, but I'm used to it. Long experience of mutability teaches one adroitness of adjustment.

Bizzy. Doubtless. Change of—ahem!—costume may sometimes be as essential to the hero as to the *histrion*.

Dizzy. Aye! as needful as occasional change of air. Even constitutions of blood and iron may sometimes welcome, for many reasons, the transition from Berlin to—shall we say, Kissingen?

Bizzy. My post is, at all events, a trying one to an enfeebled constitution like mine; and this supplementary Congress business has, I confess, a little bit knocked me up—not possessing your own splendid powers of recuperation, you know.

Dizzy. You scarcely do yourself justice, Prince. I must compliment you upon being a "judicious bottle-holder," as well as an "honest broker." You keep the Ring splendidly; and your cry of "Time!" is ever pat to the moment.

Bizzy. I do not know much about your Prize-Ring; but is not the comparison a little *mal à propos*? Duty calls me to this post, in the interests of Peace, but I should not be inclined to fag myself out for the furtherance of War.

Dizzy. Precisely. You keep us in order capitally.

Bizzy. Oh! I make no pretensions.

Dizzy. Of course not. Fulminations are out of fashion in the political Olympus. Where the ancient Jupiter would have flourished his thunderbolts, the modern Jove fingers his watch and consults his time-table.

Bizzy (aside). Very fair—for a *phraseur*. If smart speech and sound statesmanship were synonymous! (*Aloud.*) Well, I suppose the worst of it's over. The small fry, I hope, will take their scraps thankfully, and their snubs meekly—for the time being, at any rate. But, *entre nous*, I don't think your friend, the Turk, quite likes it.

Dizzy (thoughtfully). Ah! that's another party that will have to be educated. Well, I have dealt with pupils as intractable at home.

Bizzy. By the way, your own more extreme worshippers may require a little tactful tuition, eh?

Dizzy. Oh, the Jingoes? Doubtless! I hear they're rather on the rampage at present, some of them. Like speedy non-stayers, good only for forcing the pace, they must "come back" to the leaders when it's a case of real racing. Nothing like the "Dissolving View" system to deal with these people. The "Glorious Triumph" slide will gradually merge into the "Satisfactory Settlement" one, you'll see; only a few Jingoes will detect the difference, and they will feel bound to swear there is none.

Bizzy (suggestively). GLADSTONE?

Dizzy. A voice crying in the wilderness. Let him shout. The walls of the Tory Jericho will not fall to the trumpet and lamp of that political Joshua.

Bizzy. The "*status quo ante bellum*," and "territorial integrity."

Dizzy. Watchwords of the past that have served their turn. Public opinion deals with results, and is impatient of retrospective criticism. Ask the *Times*.

Bizzy. Humph! The *Times* has asked me—several things. I hope it has been satisfied with the frankness of my answers.

Dizzy. Who could object to your frankness, Prince? It is so refreshing after a surfeit of transparent *finesse* and transpontine dissimulation. Capital cigars these.



THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD.

BIZZY, "I FANCY OUR FRIEND THE TURK DON'T HATE IT!"
DIZZY, "HA! THAT'S ANOTHER 'PARTY' THAT WILL HAVE TO BE 'EDUCATED'!"

Bizzy. Glad you like them. Here's success! (*Drinks.*)

Dizzy. Success is a fortress most surely taken by what you would call "a siege of patience."

Bizzy. That depends upon the besieger, and his resources. A *coup-de-main* sometimes succeeds.

Dizzy. When patience has prepared the way for it. It is true that patience may sometimes with advantage keep a *coup* in reserve.

Bizzy. Like a card up the sleeve?

Dizzy (blandly). The comparison is *tant soit peu* "malodorous." (*Drinks.*) How sweetly the nightingales sing! These untaught choristers of Nature—

Bizzy. Would hardly make good Tories or tractable Turks, for I understand they are very difficult to—ahem!—educate.

Both. Ha! Ha! Ha!

[*Left laughing.*]

EFFICIENCY AND ECONOMY.

(*Newest System.*)

In order to ensure the effective and honourable discharge of the various trusts and duties attaching respectively to the several following responsible civil and military posts and appointments, it is understood that, on and after the commencement of the approaching Dog-days—

Queen's Messengers will not receive any regular salary for their services, but be allowed to make what they can out of the despatches they carry, at the different Continental capitals through which they pass.

The custody of the Crown Jewels will be committed to an experienced charwoman, who, though allowed occasionally to have her friends to tea, will be expected to take the key of the Tower with her whenever she absents herself for a holiday, a day's work, or any other occasion.

The Collection of Pictures at the National Gallery will be handed over to the care of the Shoebblack outside, who is to be authorised to get what per-centage he can out of lending them, in not less than a dozen at a time, to rising dealers, for the purposes of exhibition and copy.

All the Lords Justices of Appeal will, in future, be selected from Barristers of standing in embarrassment and insolvency, who will undertake their duties *gratis*, but attend privately at home, after hours, for the purpose of coming to amicable and satisfactory arrangements with the Appellants in person.

The COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF will receive a shilling a day and his rations and quarters, with the privilege of selecting one new uniform every week, and of naming the firm of military tailors who are to have the contract for supplying it.

The contents of Her Majesty's privy purse will be handed over to a well-informed Bookmaker, who will live at Boulogne, and place its entire contents on all "the regular good things" he knows, as occasion offers.

And that the transcribing of important and secret State documents, the publication of which might involve the gravest interests of the Empire, will be entrusted to an irresponsible copying clerk employed for the purpose at the rate of tenpence an hour.

ACROSS THE KEEP-IT-DARK CONTINENT;

OR, HOW I FOUND STANLEY.

(*By the Author of "Coomupassie," and "Notamagdollar," "My! Phillaloo!" &c.*)

PART I.—CHAPTER I.

Preparations—The new Boat—Vtuallying—Necessities—Inventions—Books—Almanacks—Moore—Missionary Intentions—The Minstrel Buoy—Traders—Punctuality—Meeting of Creditors—Off!—Farewell, Old England!

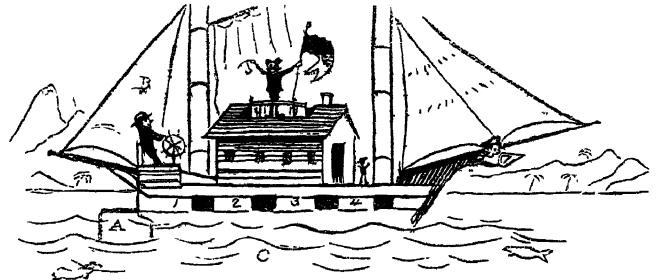
BEFORE leaving London I had ordered a boat to be made after my own design, on a Noah's Ark pattern, with a sliding roof like that at Canterbury Hall, through which, as the proprietor of that establishment used to explain, the Moon (as an extra treat not included in the bill) was exhibited to the unclad eye. This vessel was constructed according to my order, by Messrs. NEWTUBBS AND JENNER (to whom I *generally* go for anything special), of the Noah's Arkade, Piccadilly. It was made into separate chambers, reminding the casual observer of something between a Revolver and the French Senate. The windows were formed to open and shut, and the whole vessel was so constructed as to fold up on the *gibus* principle, or to take to pieces at a moment's notice, and be stowed away in the smallest possible pocket ship's compass. Nothing could be more perfect for its particular purpose, and Mr. HANKE might get a hint from it for his model lodging-houses, arranged for flats.

The order for vtuallying I sent to Messrs. LOUIS LOUIS & Co.

(the Unlimited Zoo-is Co.), who had furnished the excellent provisions for my will. This firm also supplied me with whatever I wanted in the shape of draughts. Coals were a necessity, as, though on a visit to the Black Country, if the natives were inhospitable, and unwilling to trade, we should be in a pretty considerable hole—a pretty considerable coalhole; and so the order for scuttling the ship I entrusted to an eminent Sea Captain, whose name was on the Black Books at Lloyds, and who had the still further recommendation of being well known to the Police.

In order to amuse and interest the natives, I laid in a large store of Dominoes and Black Draughts.

Having in view the conversion of the various tribes, I took out a second-hand edition of MURIE'S *Circulating Library Hymns*, arranged by a noted Dry-Psalter. To secure their due and impressive rendering, I secured the services of a Quire, in twenty-four white sheets, which I called my "Surplice Population," and stowed 'em away as best I could in the *Arkadia*,—which was the name of my new and



SECTIONAL VIEW OF THE "ARKADIA."

* * Of course there is a good deal more here than meets the eye. For instance, there is the other side, and all the water-tight compartments *below*. The "House-boat" part can be lowered and folded up in rough weather. Two more masts can be put up at a moment's notice. The entire construction can be turned (when on land) into a show with the peepholes below for the boys to look through—1, 2, 3, 4 are the peepholes. My Flag isn't black. That was a mistake. On it was embroidered, "No more Coughs or Colds! To the Dark Continent!!"

A, the rudder. B, the man at the wheel. C (of course), the sea. The remainder speaks for itself. (The drawing is from one I made myself for a photographer, who couldn't come down to see it. Excuse roughness of design. Years ago I used to send pictures regularly to the Royal Academy. I am a little out of practice now. However, I am in treaty with Professor SOL. HARR, and next year I think we shall do one together. Orders for Proof Engravings can be sent in *now*.) I forgot to add that the picturesque background (an admirable effect of perspective) is the distant country.

original vessel. In my spare moments I invented a Rock Harmonicon for the sea-shore; and for full orchestral service at sea, I devised a floating musical-box, with three hundred tunes in separate barrels, which, firmly attached to the *Arkadia*, would accompany us on our voyage. This I called our "Minstrel Buoy." Most of the melodies were MOORE'S (of St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, and Burgess Hill, Sussex), who had previously instructed me in the banjo and bones, and the dialect of the Black Countries I was to pass through. The same excellent gentleman (to whom I here beg to tender my acknowledgments) provided me with the back numbers of his celebrated *Almanack* for many years past, which I subsequently found to be of the greatest service to the Aborigines, who, being behindhand in civilisation, had to make up for lost time. A century hence, perhaps, the sixty or seventy tribes which now regulate their days, months, and moons by their various *Old Moore's Almanacks*, will hold a Congress, to find out, and settle exactly, what the time of Day is. At present they are, as might be expected, rather in the dark.

Having thus made all my preparations, and stowed everything, including a large quantity of jewellery, theatrical properties, lime-light arrangements, &c., &c., on board the *Arkadia*, I fixed a day for final settlement with all those tradesmen who had so generously assisted me in the work. Having made an appointment with these estimable persons, who were to assemble in their thousands at the Office in Fleet Street, and having given them strict injunctions not to leave till I came, it was with the deepest regret (which I found expressed in my diary soon afterwards) that I learnt how, by some strange mistake, they were received with contumely by the clerk in charge, who, by an oversight (quite unpardonable in anyone except a traveller so pre-occupied as myself), had not been informed of their coming.

But Time and Tide—especially Tide—will not wait for anyone; and finding that if I did not set sail that very afternoon—at the very minute, in fact, when these excellent persons were expecting me in Fleet Street—I should be unable to go at all, I wired, at the last moment, these words: "Punctuality is the soul of business. Do not wait after seven, if you have anything better to do." And, with a ringing cheer from all on board, the *Arkadia* set sail from shore.

I had come on board in disguise, so as to prevent an ovation, and from my steerage-turret I saw thick sticks waving, white fists shaking, white faces looking very long and sad, and more-or-less white hands flourishing strips of paper of all sorts and sizes (my people had been lavish in their orders at the seaport-town where we had been staying previous to departure), as, removing my red wig and whiskers, trick nose, and spectacles, I stood on the top-gallant-poop, and scarcely able to control my emotion, as I bade a long farewell to Old England, I murmured, in a breaking voice,

"Cheer, boys, cheer! Whatever is, is right!
Cheer, boys, cheer! My native land, good night!"

And so we sailed out into the deep, deep sea; and as the thought crossed us all, that, though "lost to sight, we were to memory uncommonly dear," a gentle, placid smile of contentment illumined our features, for we knew then that, once on the voyage to which we had vowed our lives and devoted our energies, no one of those whom we had left behind, would see us again until our return,—and, perhaps, not even then.

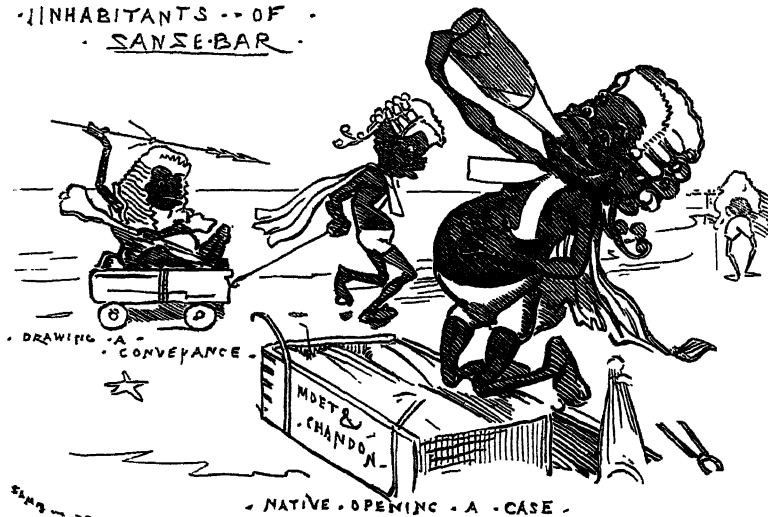
There were no hurrahs from the crowd, so I cheered myself, with the consoling thought, "I am going for STANLEY!"

PART I.—CHAPTER II.

Jarnziri-bar—Inhabitants—Scenery—Engagements—Useful People—Departure—Awagogo—Arrival—Interview—First Attempts at Civilisation—Ventriloquist Failure—Flight—A Friendly Reception.

ONCE more at Jarnziri-bar. Most of the lively inhabitants were out-practising at the bar. I made a sketch on the spot. All here is new and fresh to

INHABITANTS OF
SANSE-BAR.



those who have never seen it before, and everything on the Jarnziri-bar Coast is thoroughly novel to those who have never previously encountered anything of the sort.

But a great change has taken place since I was last here. All the "bars," of which Jarnziri-bar was the principal, have been considerably altered, and one, Dempulbar, has almost entirely disappeared.

The younger female portion of the population, i.e. the Sorcibar-maids, come chiefly from the Swilli Isles.

To the wanderer, jaded with the regularity of civilisation, what a contrast does not the scenery of Central Africa offer! The eye travels upward from the level flats to the hills, and downwards as the verdant elevations decline towards the exotic fragrance of the luxurious meadows. Jack-boot trees loom up with their great yellow gambogeous tops, rare gums give relief to the white tooth-brush-wood, while, stretching away into the blue distance, which seems farther and farther off as it reaches for thousands of miles towards the sea, may be seen the wonderful land of U'umbugu, the green verdant country of the Uuoemas, while to the left are the extensive preserves of King JINJA, and on the right the magnificent grazing meadows of the equestrian, but horsetile tribe of Mijeejee.

Here all is peace, and happiness, and quiet, as the idle traveller, willing to yield himself up captive to the beautiful visions expanding before him, sinks down slowly on a spur of land, that makes him start up again sharply, as though he were reminded of his duty by a voice from the Spur-rit Land, saying, "Squat not, but forwards!"

At Jarnziribar I engaged a native detective, who undertook to find STANLEY, if anyone could. His name was M'YIONYU. Also, I secured the services of a Dark night-porter, a Light porter (to carry a lantern when necessary), a sarcastic native servant, who was a little porter and a trifle bitter—a sort of half-and-half caste, a dumb waiter, two chairmen (who would be useful when any of my people were out of order), and three native committee men (with power to add to their number, which I had taken on hiring them), a supply of telephones, phonographs, microphones, pocket-telescopes, a musical-box slightly damaged, and a trumpet. I managed most fortunately to pick up a most

respectable middle-aged man, who, he informed me, had been a Polytechnic Lecturer, and having once wandered away from his subject, had come out there by accident. He had with him a few bottles of explosive gas, some



magnesium wire, and a few interesting experiments of a fireworky character still in his bag; he could give a first-rate show of the animalculæ contained in a drop of Thames water (always a safe hit), besides a dissolving view of the Home of Milton, Salisbury Cathedral by Moonlight, Mount Vesuvius in a state of eruption, and a comic slide of the Devil and the Baker. Besides this he knew, from having been professionally engaged in that line, most of the usual evening entertainer's tricks, and could do the pancake in the hat, and the ring in the orange; while his ventriloquism,—giving the man in the cellar singing a comic song, the eccentric burglar in the chimney getting fainter and fainter,—was simply perfect. He possessed several packs of cards. At first he did not much relish travelling in company with M'YIONYU, the detective, but when he found the latter totally unable to discover any one of his tricks, his confidence was restored. I made my own reflections on M'YIONYU's conduct on this occasion, and complimented myself, privately, on having engaged two men who would be most useful to me, and so invaluable with regard to each other.

The next morning, we obtained a conveyance from one of the Jarnziribar residents, and drove down to the back coast, whence the *Arkadia* set sail for the Keep-it-dark Continent, amid the thousand good wishes of the people of Sorcibar and Swilli, for our speedy and safe departure.

After quitting Wytechoka village (the missionary settlement), we launched the *Arkadia*, and arrived at Awagogo, where we found it impossible to stay, in consequence of the animosity displayed towards our party by the chief, DONTWANTCHU. The fact is, his faith in us was shaken by our weak-minded Ventriloquist, who, having a cold in his head, and a pain in that part of the human frame where his power of speaking is supposed to be located (ventrilocated), stupidly attempted to supply the defect of nature by a touch of inferior art. When asked to do "the man under the table having his tooth out" (the patient is supposed to have secreted himself under the table, in order to get away from the dentist), he didn't, like a man, refuse, and explain why, but, after considerable delay, he proceeded with the entertainment, which puzzled the savages immensely, and they were all preparing to "shell" out—their currency is in shells, for which other and simpler tribes give gold in exchange—when their chief, DONTWANTCHU, who had



READY TACT.

Poet (fingering a volume of his *Poems on the Table*). "OH! I SEE YOU HAVE GOT MY POOR RHYMES, MRS. O'FLAHERTY!"

Mrs. O'F. (conscious that the *Leaves* have never been cut). "A—YES—ER—IT'S A NEW COPY. THE OTHER WAS SO DOG'S-EARED AND TATTERED THAT WE WERE QUITE ASHAMED OF IT, AND HAD TO PUT IT IN THE FIRE!"

A CASE FOR THE WATER-CURE.

I AM a 'Abitual Drunkard,
And 'ave bin, many a day,
I'll own with shame and sorrow;
Witch don't my looks betray?
I am a drunken character,
The fact I won't conceal;
Likewise a Tipsymaniac,
Which the word is more genteel:
My own affairs unfit to mind,
And dangerous also to my kind.

There's talk about Asylums,
Retreats for sitch as me,
Twelve months kep' in confinement
By his own consent to be;
For intoxicatin' beverages
His cravin' to subdoo,
And turn his mind to Temperance ways,
Witch it ain't my nater to:
To try and wean 'im, in a year,
From hardent sperrits, ale, and beer.

An excellent Institootshun
For the drunken Workin' Man,
Established on a liberal scale
For to 'ouse a hartisan;
Respectable board and lodgin',
Good breakfast, dinner, and tea;
Not like the gaol and the workus,
Molasses and skillogolee.
If that's their sort, and I was sure,
I'd try that 'ere Retirement Cure.

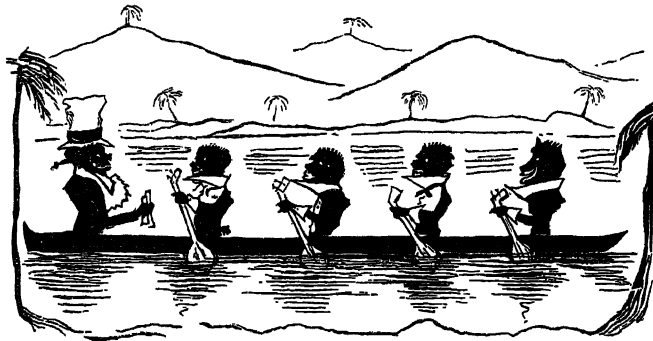
But 'ow about the expenses
Fit places to perwidge?
'Ow is the necessary funds
A goin' to be supplied?
A burden witch the ratepayers
Would praps refuse to stand,
And the 'elpin' 'and of Charity
The means will then demand.
I 'ope all them with 'arts to feel
Will then respond to my appeal.

Kind Christian friends, before you
I appear in the state you see;
A reglar orful example
Through drink you be-old in me.
From public-'ouse to public-'ouse
No longer I wouldn't roam,
Could I find, for an harbour of refuge,
The 'Abitual Drunkard's 'Ome.
Bestow your bounty for the same,
This poor Inebriate to reclaim.

been watching everything with the closest attention, made a sudden dash at the table-cloth, pulled it off with a jerk, and there, underneath, was the obese form of M'YIONYU, the detective, who, I regret to say, had lent his fat, stupid countenance to this idiotic imposture. Had it not been that I, then and there, proclaimed aloud that the money taken at the doors *would be immediately returned*, neither McSMUGGINS, the ventriloquist, nor M'YIONYU, the native detective, would ever have got out of that place alive. As it was, they contrived to escape while I was explaining that, as it was difficult to make up the accounts on the spot, the money *would be returned*, if they would only honour us with their presence next day. Observing that DONTWANTCHU was making signs privately to me, I managed to give him his money back, without being noticed by the others; and he, thereupon, quieted his people, and assured them that we meant well, and would act honestly. They went away grumbling; but seeing DONTWANTCHU in this friendly disposition, I offered to convert him on very easy terms, and to make no extra charge if the process took more than a month—for they were very comfortable quarters, the young women being unusually pretty, with regular features, *chic* noses, that did not turn up at an elegant white gentleman, finely chiselled lips, and graceful forms. I attempted to reason with him on the impropriety of having more than one wife—he had twenty—and pointed out that my followers, and myself, were all bachelors.

The noble Savage was furious. He made one rush at me; when with a dexterity that can only be acquired from long practice and a Pantomime training, I dropped down suddenly, and he fell over me. I then jumped up, took one leap straight through the window, and was caught in the arms of my faithful friends outside. In two minutes more we were on board the *Arkadia* making for

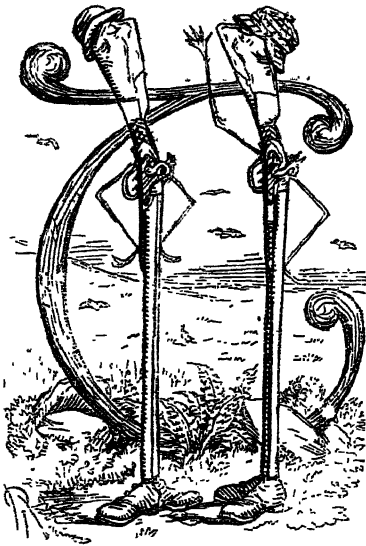
Snooks Cutting (so called after an early explorer who accompanied Messrs. HOOKER AND WALKER in the latter part of the last half-century), where we were hospitably received by MASSAJINJA, the king of the United Blakkorka and Tambourini, who lived in two opposite corners of the promontory, the other chiefs having their country seats in a semi-circle between the two extreme points. Would I find STANLEY here? That was the one absorbing thought. The accompanying illustration is valuable.



SKETCH OF THE ROYAL FOUR-OAR OF KING MASSAJINJA, CHIEF OF THE GREAT BLAKKORKA TRIBE.

(A Photographic Arrangement in Black and White, taken on the spot by Your Own Fellow Traveller.)

THE BATTLE OF THE GUNS.



HERE'S no occasion to be wordy.
 My gun's the gun!" said Mr. PURDEY.
 "No gun but mine is worth a toss!"
 Thus spoke the valiant Mr. BOSS.
 "You may in your own arm-chair loll and Shoot with mine!" quoth Mr. HOLLAND.
 "Find me a gun like mine!—you can't!"
 Thus up and spoke bold Mr. GRANT.
 "Just try my gun! Now, that's your style, eh?"
 Remarked irreverent Mr. REILLY.
 "My gun will make you play Go-bang,"
 And give you game!" punned Mr. LANG.
 "A good gun needs not note of bugle!"
 Observed sententious Mr. DOUGALL.

"No gun could neater be, or cleaner, Than mine is!" pleaded Mr. GREENER.
 "On my gun's fame no rival can cast a Slur!" quoth worthy Mr. LANCASTER.
 "No gun can beat our gun, we say!"
 Thus proudly, Messrs. MOORE and GREY.
 "Oh, not for worlds would I speak coarsely; But some folks fib!" sighed Mr. HORSLEY.
 "Prevent your shoulder getting kicks on, And use my gun!" cried Mr. DICKSON.
 "All sportsmen have for mine a good word!"
 Rejoined discreetly Mr. WOODWARD.
 "On better barrels never shone sun Than mine!" quoth modest Mr. JOHNSON.
 "No other gun has got a leg To stand on!" boasted Mr. EGG.
 "The best of guns (to say it I glad am) 's Mine!" said honest Mr. ADAMS.
 "My gun is the best gun, confess'dly!"
 Adjudged great Mr. RICHARDS (WESTLEY).
 (To find a word on which to pitch hard's For a rhyme with WESTLEY RICHARDS.)

MR. PUNCH AT WIMBLEDON.

Of course Mr. Punch went to Wimbledon. Of course he was pleased with all he saw there. Of course, he always is. Wimbledon is so very like the real thing. The camp is quite the kind of place that would be found on the line of march of an army. Were England ever invaded, the British troops would be satisfied with nothing less than a camp framed on the lines of Wimbledon. Again, of course.

Now, Mr. Punch is a civilian, and can know nothing about military matters. It is his duty to admire, and not to criticise. He knows his duty, and performs it. He will now express his admiration.

Wimbledon is supposed to be a camp of instruction. In it our soldiers are expected to learn how to rough it. And learn how to rough it they do in the most admirable manner! A great many of the tents at Wimbledon this year are planked and carpeted, and filled with luxurious furniture. In front of the canvas will be found flower-beds. The idea of military discipline will be kept up, too, by the bestowal of quaint titles upon these tents—titles redolent of the very best wit of the Stock Exchange. All this is very admirable, and Mr. Punch admires with might and main.

Real soldiers should appear in complete uniform. Of course this rule is strictly obeyed at Wimbledon. Wide-awakes are always worn at a right-angle, and umbrellas are ever carried at the slope. What can be smarter than a costume consisting of a regulation tunic, a straw hat, and fancy Tweed overalls? Nothing! The effect is admirable. So Mr. Punch admires again!

Of course there are no idlers in the Camp! Such a thing would not be tolerated for a second. Every man has his shooting to claim his attention, and has no time for receiving silly women and dawd-

ling men. Afternoon parties, at which female gigglers giggle, and male mooners moon, are simply unknown at Wimbledon. So much the better. Mr. Punch admires once more!

And having said all this, Mr. Punch will visit the most comfortable tent, lounge on the easiest of sofas, and drink the coolest of champagne cups. He will do this while Mrs. Punch listens to the band, and the Misses Punch and the rest of the young Ladies employ their ample leisure in flirting. Sneerers may say that Mr. Punch is sarcastic, and that Wimbledon (like life) is nothing but beer and skittles. Et après? At this time of the year what does anything matter? We are going to have Peace, so why should we prepare for War—in earnest? Wimbledon is a very charming pic-nic indeed, and surely that will do—for the present!

A HARD CASE.

CHANNELS of private circulation are often, but not always, the best fitted for the blessed waters of Charity. Punch ventures to doubt whether, in the case of a Public Entertainer, so widely known, and so long and well loved as JOHN PARRY, the appeal for help and sympathy may not, without offence or obtrusiveness, be as public as the popularity which prompts it.

In the course of a frugal and laborious life that most excellent of Artists, and most domestic and retiring of men, had laid up a frugal, but sufficient, provision for his own and his wife's old age. The modest store had been crowned by the fruits of a retiring benefit. Luckily, these had not yet been consigned to the same hands to which the savings of the Artist's life had been regularly entrusted, in perfect, and, as it seemed, well-warranted faith in one who was a lifelong friend, as well as legal adviser. To this fortunate circumstance JOHN PARRY owes it that he is not at this moment left absolutely without resources.

The friend he trusted had been fooling him for years with regular payment of interest on a principal which had long disappeared. At his death, JOHN PARRY found himself stripped of the savings on which he had relied for his old age, by no fault of his own, and with no power of replacing what he had thus cruelly been robbed of.

Were it not for the proceeds of his Benefit last year—£1,200 (invested in Consols)—in addition to the small leasehold house, settled on his married daughter, where he has lived for many years, but which he is now compelled to quit, he and his wife would be penniless.

It is hoped that a Fund will be raised sufficient to secure to them the comforts required by declining years and enfeebled health.

The circumstances of the case are well known to the Rev. Canon BURNETT, St. Mark's Vicarage, Surbiton; WILLIAM FRITH, Esq., R.A., 7, Pembridge Villas, Bayswater; GEORGE H. MILFORD, Esq., Hill Side, Surbiton; JOHN B. MONCKTON, Esq., Town Clerk of London, 44, Wimpole Street, W.; HENRY SHRUBSOLE, Esq., Mayor of Kingston-on-Thames; LISTON YOUNG, Esq., South Bank, Surbiton; T. P. CHAPPELL, Weir Bank, Teddington; JOHN GALSWORTHY, Esq., Coombe Leigh, Kingston Hill; Captain LUKIS, Olive House, Surbiton; and Colonel SURTEES, Chalcott House, Long Ditton; any of whom will be happy to furnish information, and to receive Subscriptions for "The JOHN PARRY Fund."

Punch can only wish God speed to them and their good work.

SARVE 'EM RIGHT!

A CASE is reported where a Third-class excursionist (who having taken a return ticket, on a Bank Holiday, found, on his return, no lights in carriages so overcrowded that the passengers had to stand, and very naturally quarrelled and fought) was bold enough to sue the Company for not providing "reasonable accommodation." Mr. Justice MANISTY, in giving judgment for the Company, remarked that "a third-class excursionist had no business to expect lights or sitting room." Lights, indeed! He ought to be thankful if he gets home with whole bones, if the train lands livers, without lights.

It is to be hoped this judgment will serve as a lesson to those unreasonable third-class excursionists whose notions of "reasonable" accommodation include lamps and seats.

Jingo-Paradise.

"On the Spree
 With S. and B.,—
 That's the sort
 For 'ARRY and me!"

OMINOUS.—Between Progress and Congress:—All the difference between Pro and Con.



ZEAL.

Saxon Tourist. "BEEN AT THE KIRK?" *Celt.* "AYE."
Saxon T. "HOW FAR IS IT?" *Celt.* "DAUR SAY IT 'LL BE FOURTEEN MILE."
Saxon T. "FOURTEEN MILES!"
Celt. "AYE, AW'M AWFU' FOND O' THE PREACHIN'!"

FIRST-FRUITS.

(Selected.)

Figs will go down a halfpenny a ton.
 The Turkish three R's will be taught at British School Board Schools, with an eye to an Asian career for our sharper street-Arabs.
 The Duke of York's column will be removed to Paphos.
 Rahaat Lakoum will replace roast beef at Christmas; and sherbet will take its place as a national beverage by the side of Imperial Pop.
 The fez will be considered *de rigueur* at *levées*, and the yashmak at drawing-rooms.
 The Foreign Office young men will be expected to master the geography of the Levant and the Euphrates Valley.
 Excursion trains, doing the whole distance in 374 hours, will run from Charing Cross to the Persian Gulf and back, for a day at the Syrian Sea-side.
 Too many Cookies will spoil the Turkish black broth.
 Turkish bonds will be worth the paper on which they are written, and trustees will be allowed to invest in Ottoman Bank Shares.
 Blackamoors will wash white; Turkish Pashas will change their skins, and Levantine leopards their spots.
 Soap-bubbles will blow solid.
 The SULTAN will spend the Ramadan at Herne Bay; and the Earl of BEACONSFIELD will take the title of Duke of Mesopotamia.

Gazette Extraordinary.

"You men of Cyprus, let her have your knees."
 SHAKESPEARE. (*Othello*, Act ii. sc. 1.)

QUEEN of CYPRUS: VICTORIA *vice* Venus, who retires, receiving the price of her commission.

TIGHTNESS IN THE MONEY MARKET.—Effect on Members of the Stock Exchange of liquoring up at Luncheon-Bars.

"TOO STRANGE NOT TO BE TRUE."

In the *Times*, a few days ago, was published "An Alpine Adventure," described in a leader as "strange, and almost incredible." The hero of this remarkable story has declared his intention of publishing his narrative at length in a Magazine. *En attendant*, Mr. Punch is glad to give Mr. T.'s skeleton diary:—

Monday.—Walked up a mountain, to learn German in the open air. Somehow found myself between a precipice on the one hand, and a deep gorge on the other. Stayed where I was, and continued my studies in German.

Tuesday.—Had a good breakfast of the finest mountain air, which I found most refreshing. Wrote a long letter to my wife. Continued my German studies, and drank a little rain-water out of my umbrella.

Wednesday.—Took a light snack of earth with my air. Wrote an account of my adventures for a Magazine. Continued my diary. Studied my *Ollendorff*. Drank some rain-water out of my hat.

Thursday.—Took some of the mountain air left from yesterday's repast. Wrote several business letters, and enjoyed the splendid sunrise and sunset.

Friday.—Mountain air getting flat, I think; or is it my fancy?—*toujours perdrix*. Swigged the rain-water in my hat, and sucked my umbrella. Wrote up my diary, and made very satisfactory progress in my German studies.

Saturday.—Mountain air has lost all flavour. Rain-water with too many flies in it. No more writing-paper. Ink exhausted. Under these circumstances, thought it best to put on my hat, pick up my umbrella, give a little jump—and come home!

Sors Horatiana.

(For Lord B.)

"Inceptis gravibus plerumque et magna professis,
 Purpureus late qui splendeat unus et alter
 Assuitur pannus . . .
 Sed nunc non erat his locus: et fortasse cupressum
 Scis simulare—"

LET your "High Policy's" pretentious brag
 Flaunt the Imperial Purple's Indian rag;
 Or if that bit of stuff be run too hard,
 You may produce, and play, the Cyprus card.

STREET LAMPS AND STREET LIGHTS.

PUNCH is glad to hail the *Pall Mall Gazette* as an ally in advocating his often-urged suggestion, that names of streets and numbers of houses should be painted on street lamps. The *Pall Mall* would have their utility carried further, and make them illuminated street guides for all sorts of purposes. But for the present *Punch* would be satisfied if they would display the names of the streets, and the numbers of the houses—each lamp showing the first and last number of the houses included between it and the next—for the benefit of all who have to hit off streets or houses after nightfall.

Change of Title.

THERE is an annual sacrifice performed at the end of every Parliamentary Session, known as the "Massacre of the Innocents." We would suggest a new name for this solemn ceremony—a name frequently heard during a recent debate in the House of Commons—the "Compulsory Slaughter."

WHAT "LA REPUBLIQUE FRANÇAISE" SAYS TO IT.

"To fight for Turkey"? Yes; in *tartines* *vip'rous*
 That is the line I urged upon JOHN BULL.
 But "keep the peace for Turkey," and hold Cyprus?"
 That's not my chestnuts from the fire to pull.

HAMLET OMITTED.

At the last dinner at the Russian Embassy at Berlin, Lord BEACONSFIELD, Prince GORTSCHAKOFF, and Prince BISMARCK were all three conspicuous by their absence. This might fairly be called a dinner *à la Russe*—without the *pièces de resistance*.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



GREAT CONGRESS MEETING, 1878.—BEACONSFIELD, WINNER OF THE CYPRUS CUP.

"Humpty-Dumpty sat on a wall;
Humpty-Dumpty had a great fall:
Dizzy, with Cyprus, and all the Queen's men,
Hopes to set Humpty-Dumpty up again."

So *Punch*, in his Cartoon, embodies the startling news of the week which, on the morning of Monday, July 8, burst on England, like a thunder-bolt from a serene sky, out of the high firmament of the *Daily Telegraph*. Let *Punch* record the day, for it should be memorable.

Tancred's Asian dreams have taken shape and substance. Our great Mystery-Man has linked the living JOHN BULL to the lifeless Ottoman; has bound England in alliance with the SULTAN for the defence of his Asian dominions, taking Cyprus as a *tête du pont* and *place d'armes* whence to command the Levant, and cover the Canal.

It cannot be? Yes. So it is. Let JOHN BULL shake himself up, open his eyes wide, pull himself together, and nerve himself to a sense of his responsibilities.

The trick is done. The *coup* is played. The compact is concluded. The Plenipotentiaries at Berlin have received the tidings—with what feelings remains to be seen. There is the Treaty, thus

transcribed into choice Tancredian in the *Daily Telegraph*, which has been rewarded for its loyalty to its Lord—and ours—by being chosen as the organ to give this startling "*communiqué*" to the world:—

"England has concluded a Defensive Treaty with Turkey for the maintenance of the strict integrity of the SULTAN'S Asiatic dominions.

"In view of this fact, the Porte has accorded to Great Britain the right to occupy the island of Cyprus, and this right Her Majesty's Government will immediately carry into effect.

"Asia Minor will henceforth be, to all intents and purposes, under the immediate Protectorate of England, and the British Government will become responsible for the just and efficient administration of a country rich and varied in resources, and vast in extent and geographical importance.

"No further Russian encroachments will be possible in this direction. So far as Asia is concerned, England and Turkey will hereafter practically form one Power."

We have italicised the statement of England's newly assumed responsibility, the gravest fact in this agglomerate of grave facts—the tumbling of which upon him, *per Daily Telegraph*, *Punch* is ready to confess has taken his breath away, knocked him out of time, in



THE IMPORTANCE OF EXTERNALS.

"YES"—(thought Miss Pinkerton, as she gazed at Laura, sketching)—"I DON'T KNOW HOW OR WHY IT *SHOULD* BE SO, BUT A PINCE-NEZ IS MORE BECOMING THAN SPECTACLES; AND I WILL GET ONE MYSELF."

fact, so that he feels as if he had scarcely yet come to from the shock.

It was officially communicated by the President of the Council in the Lords, and by the HOME SECRETARY in the Commons, in his Leader's absence—Sir STAFFORD, *Punch* is sorry to learn, having broken his head by sudden contact with a window-frame—not a stone wall. This is the Essence of Parliament for the week—Essence strong enough to make JOHN BULL wink again, if not to take his breath away.

As yet the news has been enough for Parliament. Comment on it we have had none. It wants turning over and over, and looking at all round. *Punch*, like Parliament, is content for the present to ruminate on the responsibility which has been thus startlingly flung upon BRITANNIA'S shoulders. She will hardly repudiate it. She may rejoice in it—wisely, perhaps; perhaps "not wisely, but too well." But she has first to measure it. Query if she can—if all her Collective Wisdom, her *Punch* and her Parliament together, can measure it for her.

Even the Criminal Code, big fact and great achievement as it is—for the Code of STEPHEN may be destined hereafter to affect British destinies more than that of San Stefano—seems a small matter for the moment by the side of the Anglo-Turkish Treaty. *Punch* is glad to learn from the LORD CHANCELLOR that this excellent piece of work is not to be "rushed" through the House in the dog-days, among hurried estimates, expiring innocents, and huddled-up arrears, but that the Code is to be closely sat upon through the four winter months by Minos, Æacus and Rhadamanthus, in the persons of Justices BLACKBURN, LUSH, and SIR JAMES STEPHEN himself, its parent, who will see to the stopping of all holes, polishing of all roughnesses, and removing all blemishes, and so sending back, for the Collective Wisdom to pass, what the selective wisdom of as competent a three as England can supply, has made, meditated, and mended.

Punch takes off his cap and bells to SIR JAMES STEPHEN—Proto-mender, and not also, strange to say, as yet, Proto-martyr, of our Criminal Law. He may well take off the cap of folly to him who has put the cap of wisdom on old Father Antic, the Law. Codification alone would have been such a cap, but this is Codification with Amendment.

This disposed of, my Lords, with that beautiful adaptation to *maxima* and *minima* which we admire in the trunk of the elephant, passed from the Anglo-Ottoman Treaty and the Criminal Code to the gravel in Rotten Row, and had a pleasant canter over that familiar ground, on which the Duke of Rutland is much exercised.

(Commons.)—After the startling news of our Defensive Alliance with the Ottoman, and four impending occupation of Cyprus—Sir GARNET WOLSELEY is to be our *Othello* in the "warlike isle"—the House worked off its excitement on the Cattle Bill, which it discussed again, on going into Committee. Government has surrendered its first bastion; it gives up the hard and fast slaughter of cattle from Spain, Portugal, Norway, Denmark, and Sweden, opening a door of discretion to the Privy Council, but only opening it ajar. The Council may admit the cattle from these countries on being satisfied that disease does not exist in them, and that regulations exist giving a guarantee that it will not be imported. If it does not exist, such regulations—it strikes *Punch*—would be superfluous.

Mr. FORSTER is not satisfied with the concession, nor is *Punch*, though it is better than nothing. But the Bill is a bad Bill—illogical, ineffective for its alleged purpose, and really supported by those who urge it most hotly, on other and lower grounds than they avow.

Tuesday (Lords).—The President of the Council can't or won't say if the Anglo-Ottoman Treaty has been communicated to the other Powers.

(Commons.)—Mr. BARING—Mr. BOURKE told Mr. FORSTER—has started for Cyprus, with the SULTAN'S firman making over the island to Great Britain.

Morning spent on the Highways—this is weather for outdoor airings—and Evening with Mr. ERRINGTON, in a thin House, over the Irish Land Act of 1870, which he insists has not worked well. Mr. LOWTHER said he never thought it would. No more did Government. But they weren't going to repair the mistakes of the other side. Besides, inquiry would reopen agitation. Better remedy the evils of Irish tenure than stereotype them by giving fixity of occupation, which Major NOLAN avowed was what the Irish tenants wanted. He says the Irish tenant will never be satisfied till he is "rooted in the soil"—in other words, till the Irish landlord is rooted out.

Mr. BUTT spoke with bated breath in support of inquiry, and commented on the absence of every one of the ex-Ministers who were responsible for the Bill. The motion for inquiry was negatived by 184 to 67.

Wednesday.—The stout and smiling Member for Rochdale—a POTTER handling Conservative clay that declines to be moulded—moved his brief Bill for distribution of land left undistributed by will, as personality is distributed, with due regard to the rights of widow and children.

This is so obviously sound sense and justice, that it may be safely set down as one of the changes for the better that *must* come. It is needless to say that, *en attendant*, the Conservative back of the House is set up against it. Mr. GREGORY opposes the Bill as a lawyer. Alter a rule whose roots lie deep in the feudal system! It is too great a shock to the legal mind. *En revanche*, Mr. LEEMAN, lawyer too, but advanced Reformer, is prepared to swallow the change; even advocates it. Mr. WHEELHOUSE uttered, with almost comical *naïveté*, his holy horror of "touching rights in real estate which were almost, if not wholly, inalienable."

Mr. SHAW-LEFEVRE, Mr. FAWCETT, and Sir W. HARCOURT, dealt hard blows for the Bill, lawyers as they all three are, and two of them professors to boot, speaking boldly out and up for common sense and justice.

The Division, 193 to 157, foreshadowed the future triumph of the Bill. Let the Honourable Member for Rochdale keep pegging away, or rather pottering on!

Thursday (Lords).—Lord STANLEY of ALDERLEY spoke at length from his brief in the case of the succession to the Jaghire of Bungalow-Pally—evidently a proceeding in error. The motion should have been made before the Privy Council.

Lord SHAFTESBURY wants to know if the Government, on occupying Cyprus, means to suppress Slavery there.

The Duke of RICHMOND not knowing could not say. Till Sir GARNET WOLSELEY has reported on the island, Government prefers to leave others where it is itself, in the dark.

"Is there a harbour in the island?" asks Lord GRANVILLE. That, at least, Government might be expected to know.

"No harbour," the Duke believed, "but several nice open roadsteads," rather exposed, perhaps, but roomy, decidedly roomy.

(*Commons.*)—The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, whom the House cheered heartily on his reappearance with no trace of his broken head, was bombarded with questions about Cyprus, which he was no more able to answer than the President of the Council.

But Colonel STANLEY *does* know that the occupying force will be 10,000 men, 7000 Indian, and the balance English regiments.

And JOHN BULL—*Punch* may safely add—will soon know the way the money goes, in paying for them and other "incidentals."

Mr. EGERTON told Sir A. GORDON that a Map of Cyprus has been hung in the news-room, so Parliament will soon know as much about the island as the Government. There is a shilling pamphlet out already, *Punch* is happy to see. Meanwhile he is deep himself in the biography of KATHERINE CORNARO, selected by JACQUES LUSIGNAN, the King of Cyprus, in 1468, from all the assembled beauties of the *Book of Gold*, for his Queen, adopted and dowered by the Senate, painted by Titian, and afterwards, in her widowhood, ousted by the Sea-Republic. Into whose embroidered shoes, of purple samite and gold, VICTORIA now steps, after almost four hundred years.

Lord SALISBURY is sending over a picture of the South-East as new-limned by the Congress; two large copies to hang in the Library, and small ones to be distributed among Members.

Mr. BOURKE and Mr. FORSTER exchanged ideas about Slavery—which Government will do its best to discourage in the East, the Porte having already expressed its willingness to enter into a Convention to stop the trade in slaves.

What undertaking won't it enter into?

Promising is so easy, and performance so hard to enforce.

Government—sign of the approaching end of the Session—means to take all the Wednesdays, and all the Tuesdays after next.

Even with that impending, the slaughter of the Innocents will be a bloody one.

Lastly came the regular wrangle over the Irish Sunday Closing Bill, brought to a close at the scandalously early hour of ten minutes after three, when Mr. ONSLOW's Amendment for reading the Bill that day six months was disposed of by 166 to 55.

This promises to be the one Irish Bill of the Session, and it's a bad 'un. The exclusion of the great Irish towns from the measure of itself reduces it to an absurdity.

Friday (Lords).—Lord TRURO opened fire on the Vivisection Commission and its conclusions. His Lordship runs Wilde on the subject, and makes himself the mouthpiece of a prejudiced as passionate as his own.

The old, old question of the big and little Endians, Muzzle v. Breech-loader, was up again. Muzzle still holds its own at the War-Office.

Meanwhile we keep our shooting eye open, and let no experiment escape us.

Lord COTESLOE wants to know whether the Board of Trade can or will make the Railway Companies reform the passenger-traps which they call platforms.

Lord HENNIKER said the Board of Trade had taken steps. Unfortunately, though the Board take steps, the Companies won't make them.

(*Commons.*)—Mr. SCLATER-BOOTH says the Rivers Pollution Act is in active operation. Mr. LOWTHER gives the same assurance as to the Artizans' Dwellings Act in Ireland; in fact, PADDY is getting more good of the Act than either JOHN BULL or SAWNEY SCOTT.

Highways Bill cheered through Committee. One bit of practical work scored to the credit of the Session.

In Committee on Admiralty and War-Office Clerks Bill, Mr. PARNELL made himself the organ of the Supplementary Clerks, who are like to be hardly dealt with under it. *Punch* is glad they have found a friend, though he regrets it is not one more likely to be listened to.

Colonel STANLEY and Mr. SMITH pleaded the usual plea—good of the public service the rule, hardship to individuals the exception. Blessed are the martyrs who are offered up to the public interest! Of course it is the men without friends that go to the wall. Their state is the more gracious, if they would only see it. But War-Office and Admiralty Clerks, we fear, are a selfish lot. They don't like to be sacrificed to the public interests.

Mr. MITCHELL-HENRY, after an attempt at a count, reopened the case of MCCARTHY, the Fenian convict, who, having heart disease, died twelve days after his release, under the excitement caused by a public reception from the Dublin crowd.

The jury found his death had been hastened by his treatment in prison. Sir JAMES INGHAM, one of the most experienced and respected of the Metropolitan Police Magistrates, was directed to make an inquiry, as the result of which he exculpated the prison authorities from all blame. We would rather trust the impartiality of a calm and judiciously-minded inquirer than the sympathy of passionate partisans, and so cannot regret that Mr. HENRY's motion was negatived by 101 to 35.

As we began our work by bowing in a Convention, let us end it by bowing out a Congress. The Treaty of San Stefano was signed on Saturday July 13, at 3 in the afternoon. It leaves everybody dissatisfied, and sows as many seeds of war as it includes Articles.

PHRASES FOR TRAVELLERS.

(To be Translated into Spanish.)



WILL you please give me a railway ticket to Madrid. Can I have a rifle-proof coupé?

At what part of the country does the train usually stop for interviewing the brigands?

Are chain-armour railway rugs to be obtained at the newspaper stalls?

As I do not wish to be disturbed during the night, here, guard, are the keys of my boxes.

Will you kindly inform the Brigand Chief that I am travelling for health, and that my doctor has enjoined absence of excitement.

Will you inform him that if he has to shoot any one, I shall be greatly obliged to him if he will use an air-gun.

Really, Señor Brigand, I think after the messages I have sent to you by the guard, you might have left me alone.

What! you killed the guard before he had time to deliver my messages! Surely that was impolitic.

As you have taken my watch, my purse, all my boxes, my great coat, my umbrella, and my hat, I think you might let me retain my boots.

If you shoot me, I will write to the *Times*.

If you ill-treat me any further, I really shall be obliged to call for the police.

Surely, as you will not be able to use it, you might give me back my railway-ticket.

What! you do not allow trains to go faster than this! Then how am I to get to Madrid?

I am afraid it will be too long to walk. How far is it?
Four hundred miles! Which is my way?
First turning to the left and second to the right. It will take me some time getting to Madrid, and as you say you are going to stop another train, perhaps I had better bid you "good-night."

A SCANDAL TO SCOTLAND.

"HECH, Sirs, Ministers and faithfu' members of the Kirk—and a' the Kirks—whom scoffers call the unco' righteous—what say ye to Sir COUTTS LINDSAY offering to open the Grosvenor Gallery gratis on Sundays? To think that the fir' step to the desecration of the Sawbath, by admitting the Public to exhibitions of works of Art, should have been taken by a Scotchman! In the meanwhile the Secretary of the Working Men's Lord's Day Rest Association, Mr. CHARLES HILL, has testified against the snare for souls about to be set by opening a door to let poor people in to see pictures on the Sawbath Day. He requests Sir COUTTS LINDSAY to have his Gallery opened free on the Saturday afternoon instead of on the Sunday. As this would involve a sacrifice of shillings to Sawbatarianism, it is an invitation in which you, perhaps, would know better than to join. Moreover, it might be objected to by the Jews, if the more zealous Jews had only the modest assurance of the Sawbatarians of the Lord's Day Rest Association. But you will warmly concur in what follows from the pen of those Sawbatarians' not at all over-officious officer:—

"The Saturday half-holiday has been given to millions for the express purpose of affording time for recreation without trespassing on the day of holy rest. The opening of the Gallery on Sunday is calculated to injure the religious character of the day and to impair it as a day of national rest from labour, and to teach the people that the Sunday is a day for mere sightseeing and amusement instead of a day for rest and religious exercises."

As Scotchmen you can appreciate the logic of declaring that to open a picture gallery during a part of the Sawbath is calculated to teach the people that the Sunday is a day for mere sightseeing and amusement, instead of a day for rest and religious exercises. You can see how certain it is that people cannot possibly go to church, and afterwards visit a picture gallery as well. With you, no doubt, Mr. HILL and his employers are prepared to give an affirmative answer to the question if it is sinful of a nobleman or a gentleman to allow visitors to inspect his private collection of paintings on the Sawbath?

Here is further argumentation after your own hearts:—

"The Sunday opening of the Gallery must involve a certain amount of additional labour on the part of attendants, and increase the work of public-house and refreshment-house keepers, who will be required to supply persons who come from a distance, with liquors."

Is not sitting, or standing, or walking about, sinfully laborious? Are there not six days during which people may practise the vocation of feeding the hungry, and supplying the thirsty with drink, without profaning the seventh? And is not the seventh the first? and does not Mr. HILL speak as a HILLER when he says that—

"It will also be a direct violation of the religious sentiments of the country, and of that command, read from ten thousand pulpits every Sunday, 'Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy.'"

For are not the Sunday and the Sawbath Day convertible terms? and was not Man made for the Sawbath, and not the Sawbath for Man—according to your Evangel? And will not the opening of the Grosvenor Gallery on Sunday be, relatively to that dogma, what our friends of auld lang syne call the thin end of the wedge?

A Saving in Show.

ONE of the subjects announced for discussion at the forthcoming Social Science Congress is, "How can Street Architecture be best improved with a view to Economy?" Chiefly, one would think, by reducing the extravagant ornamentation of shops to the modest requirements of good taste. Tradesmen occupying premises so adorned would not find it necessary to recoup themselves for rent out of their customers' pockets.

In Paphian Bowers.

DEEP little game! To win us fruit of Wars,
And yet from warlike complications screen us!
They said he'd hurl us in the teeth of Mars—
And, lo! he lands us in the arms of Venus!

APPROPRIATE.

MR. BARRING, we read, has been sent to hoist the British Flag at Cyprus. It should have been Mr. BULLING.

WHY WE HAVE GOT IT.

(Unauthenticated Version.)



AS there appears to be still some doubt as to the origin of the now famous Anglo-Turkish Convention, and its concomitant territorial concession, it is with much satisfaction that Mr. Punch finds himself in a position to throw full light upon the subject. The following significant State Papers have reached him from a source as to which he asks no questions, and therefore publishes them on the mutual principle, from a sense of what he owes the public as an organ of publicity, and *vice versa*.

I.
From H.R.H. D—e of
C—dge, Horse Guards,
London, to the E—l of
B—d, Berlin.

YOUR telegram to hand. Sorry you don't know what to do with them. They march capitially; but I can't go and inspect them again. It would look ridiculous. Besides, we had it dreadful in the Mediterranean. Fact. The thing can't be done. Bring them over to Hyde Park, if you like, and I'll look at them there—or, why not send them to Jamaica? Come, there's something in that, eh?

II.
From Sir S—d N—e, Whitehall, to the Marquis of S—y,
Berlin.

WE called a Council over it once, and are quite unanimous. He must not try a triumphal entry on an elephant, followed by all the Indian troops. The public won't stand it. We're in for fifteen millions as it is. Glad there is no fighting. Send them back to Bombay quietly as they came. I'll tell the House. It will be rather fun, and give us something to do.

III.
From the Mayor of Margate, Kent, to the Earl of B—d, The
Kaiserhof.

GREATLY honoured by your distinguishing suggestion, but, even utilising all the bathing-machines, fear we could not manage it instantly. Will submit your "Dockyard, Arsenal, and Central Imperial Citadel Scheme" with permanent garrison of twenty thousand native troops in the "Fort," to the Town Council. Meanwhile, why not try Westgate-on-Sea? or even the Goodwins? Shall I write?

IV.
From Messrs. Moore and Burgess, St. James's Hall, to the British
Plenipotentiaries, The Congress.

THANKS for idea of series of Monster Concerts, but don't see our way to getting them all on to the platform. Then, who's to pay for the evening clothes? We'll think it over.

V.
From the Manager, Royal Aquarium, Westminster, to Her
Majesty's Plenipotentiaries, Berlin.

THE Manager of the Royal Aquarium, Westminster, presents his compliments to Her Majesty's Plenipotentiaries, and while thanking them for their kind offer, begs to inform them, that all his arrangements being made, he will find it quite impossible to run the "Indian troops" for a short season after Beluga, or even to introduce them, as suggested, with Mr. FARINT's performance of Mlle. ZAZEL.

VI.
From Sir A. H. L—d, Constantinople, to Lord S—y, Berlin.

ALL right. If you can't place them at the Canterbury, thing is settled here. England takes protectorate with defensive and offensive alliance. Draft of Treaty by post. You can send them all off to Cyprus as soon as you like.

DOMESTIC DARWINISM.

NATURAL SELECTION:—Marrying for Love.
Struggle for Existence:—Marrying without Money.



NO SINECURE.

Proud Mother (to the new Governess). "AND HERE IS A PENCIL, MISS GREEN, AND A NOTE-BOOK IN WHICH I WISH YOU TO WRITE DOWN ALL THE CLEVER OR REMARKABLE THINGS THE DEAR CHILDREN MAY SAY DURING YOUR WALK."

MIXED EMOTIONS.

(By One who wasn't put up to it.)

HOORAY! It's a *coup*, and a glorious lark;
It baffles the Bear, and our traitors it dishes.
(But why need he keep us so much in the dark,
When he knew we adored him as Albion's ark,
And lord of the loaves and the fishes?)

Superb! And the very identical thing—
As we always declared—that was urgently wanted.
We're proud and delighted his triumph to sing.
(But we might have been spared the superfluous sting
Of the mem'ry of charges recanted.)

Ha! ha! How the Gladstonites grudge him his fame!
He has "played" them so calmly, and "stumped" them so
sweetly.
It's lovely to see them! (But still, all the same,
There was no sort of reason for hiding his game
From us—his sworn friends—so completely.)

We knew, and declared, he'd a scheme in his head
For righting JOHN BULL and the Muscovite humbling.
If our readers refer— (Well, no matter; least said
Soonest mended. They'd find much expression of dread,
And extremely inopportune grumbling!)

His triumph is ours, for we backed him all through.
(Let enemies say he has sold us and shaved us;
From praise based on what 'tis his game *not* to do,
And blame built on stories that turned out untrue,
The straight tip in time might have saved us.)

A BAD EXCHANGE.

THE best fruit America ever sent Ireland—the Potato. The worst
Ireland ever sent America—the Orange.

PLAY!

PARDON the inquiry, gentle reader, but have you such a thing as a spare thousand-pound Bank-note about you? If so, you cannot well do better than invest it in the purchase of a bit of freehold land, which is offered for a playground near St. Peter's, London Docks. The poor children there live far from any Park where they might play, and have no better recreation than the making of mud-pies, or the projection of small missiles at strangers who approach them. These little bratlings are brought up in the midst of bricks and mortar, and know no more of playing cricket than of playing the piano. A childhood without play is not a pleasant thing to think of; and a thousand pounds in this case would suffice to stop the thought of it.

While thinking of the matter, the happy thought occurs to me, that the children round St. Paul's might help those round St. Peter's. It would be a pretty gift if the children of the West were to give this precious playground to the children of the East. Were little CHARLES and CLARA to consent to go without new playthings for a month or two, and to be put upon short commons as to sugar-plums and strawberries, and were other little CHARLESSES and small CLARAS to do likewise, a sufficiency of sixpences and shillings and half-crowns to buy the playground for St. Peter's might, by judicious combination, very readily be raised.

Weaving his Crown.

TWINE Cypress with his Strawberry leaves? Not now:
'Tis for funereal, not festal days.
Look, for fit garland to entwine his brow,
Not to Greek Laurels, but to Turkish Beys.

A REVIVAL.

OF the Precious Stones that used to be found in Cyprus nothing has been seen or heard for generations. Thanks to English occupation, there must be at least one GARNET there, by this time.



“ HUMPTY-DUMPTY ” !

“ HUMPTY-DUMPTY SAT ON A WALL ;
HUMPTY-DUMPTY HAD A GREAT FALL :
DIZZY, WITH CYPRUS, AND ALL THE QUEEN'S MEN,
HOPES TO SET HUMPTY-DUMPTY UP AGAIN.”

ACROSS THE KEEP-IT-DARK CONTINENT;

OR, HOW I FOUND STANLEY.

(By the Author of "Coompassie," and "Notamagdollan," "My! Phillaloo!" &c.)

PART I.—CHAPTER III.

Interviewing—A Scratch—Ippsum—The Mijeejees—Emperor Jokki—Reception—Jokki's Court—Tact—Address—News of Stanley—On the Track—Signs—Probability—Can it be?—Was it?—The Hour and the Man—Blooming Brothers—Proposal—More Wile—Dittoship and Brotherhood—Grand Ceremony of Initiation—Installation—The Plot Thickens.

THESE friendly people gave our party a free admission to the chief Hall, and entertained us for two hours one evening with songs, riddles, and dances.

To my question, "Have you seen Mr. STANLEY?" MASSAJINJA replied, in a song, to the effect that "He had not seen him lately." Soon after this the tribes broke up and dispersed, as they were going on tour in various parties to visit certain friendly Races. They were taking a black horse with them as leader in the caravan.

By M'YIONYU's advice, I exchanged one barrel of tunes (out of the floating musical box) for this black horse, which M'YIONYU had discovered to be a magnificent white Arab, of the fleetest description, painted black as a coal. M'YIONYU, who is of a sporting turn, and knows a little of most things in general, but nothing much in particular, found out this horse's true colour by quietly scratching him the night before the start for the Dark Races. I christened him *Old Scratch*, or *The Dark Horse*.

On the second of the next month we arrived at Ippsum, the chief village of the Great Equestrian Mijeejee Tribe. It was the eve of one of their Grand Annual Contests, and seeing that they were inclined to regard the new arrivals with anything



ARRIVAL OF THE GREAT EMPEROR JOKKI.

but a friendly eye—their eyes being peculiarly piercing, and able to take everybody in at a glance—I considered that my best course would be to send in my card, at once, by M'YIONYU, the Detective, to the Emperor JOKKI.

M'YIONYU objected to this at first, as he had already become very fat, and he was afraid that the Mijeejees were cannibals.

He was perfectly right; they were cannibals. This tribe, or rather these tribes, classed under one head, the Mijeejees, *live entirely on strangers*.

Still, on its being pointed out to M'YIONYU that, if they attacked us, we, being all light weights and in good training, should be able to save ourselves, while he would most certainly fall into their hands, he undertook the mission, on condition that should I be enabled to enter the Dark Horse for the Mijeejee contest, he should stand in. To this I acceded, and preceded by our little Devil—I mean the Printer's boy, from Fleet Street—playing a drum, and another of our party, the oldest, thinnest, and ugliest, carrying a flag of truce, he soon found himself in the presence of the Great JOKKI, who received him amicably, and expressed a wish to see the distinguished "White Colonel," (myself), of whom he had heard so much.

Taking advantage of this condescension, I at once donned my best pink, breeches, tops, and made my valet trim my hair into a neat hunting-crop. ~~At the same time, I went~~ with a sweet smile, but an anxious heart beating beneath my bird's-eye scarf and horseshoe pin, to the Palace of TATA SALZA, where there was a great assemblage of Chiefs standing in a circle, which was jealously guarded by a force of Awineelas—pikered men in helmets, carrying short, formidable staves. All the Chiefs, about the Emperor, had *Bet-tin* rings through their noses, as ornaments, and carried heavy weapons called Jokki-Klubs, made on purpose to enforce the laws of the Mijeejee dominions.

The great JOKKI himself is of short stature, with a cruel, cunning expression in his eyes, and a quiet, calm smile, that is at one time inexpressibly sardonic, and at another

perfectly heavenly. He wore a small cap with a peak, to shade his eyes, and the upper part of his body was striped all over with orange and black. His nether man was clothed in a tight-fitting skin reaching below the knees, while another kind of skin, differently dressed and coloured, formed the covering for his feet. Sticking out from behind each heel, he wore a fierce-looking weapon, with which, I fancy, he was wont to inflict cruel injuries on an enemy luckless enough to be placed at his mercy. All the officers of the Court, including the Chief Trayna (his Prime Minister), carried small books formed of thin white leaves, on which, from time to time, they made strange hieroglyphic figures, the meaning of which I was, for some time, at a loss to decipher. I subsequently discovered that those who could decipher them were also often at a loss. These Ministers were, I was informed, called the Big B'UKMAKAS.

The proceedings at this important interview commenced with polite salutations and the usual courteous inquiries.

The Emperor JOKKI began:

"Haryu, Kunnel?" (How are you, Colonel?)

To which, with that candour and affability which the savage tribes know so well how to appreciate in a white visitor, I replied,

"Field-Marshal the Great White Colonel" (by this I meant myself—one is obliged to pile it up a bit with these people) "Field-Marshal the Great White Colonel presents his compliments to his Illustrious and Blooming Brother, the Emperor JOKKI—"

"Eereer! Eereer!" (Listen! Listen!) from the Emperor, much flattered.

"And begs to state that he, F.M. the Great White Colonel, is at the present moment in the felicitous enjoyment of the most perfect salubrity, which he hopes is the case, as it leaves him at present, with the Illustrious JOKKI and all the other Blooming Brethren, whose acquaintance F.M. the Great &c. &c. has now, for the first time, the extreme satisfaction of making."

"Eereer! Eereer!" (Listen! Listen!) from everybody.

To my first invariable question (for I never for one moment allowed the great object of my visit to escape my memory), "Have you seen STANLEY?" the Emperor JOKKI closed one eye, and laid the forefinger of his right hand against the side of his nose, as a token that he placed in me, whom he was addressing, the most implicit confidence, and to give me to understand that he expected an equal trust in himself from me. Fully comprehending the import of this kind of savage freemasonry, I had no hesitation in replying to his signs by a most close and faithful imitation of his action, as I repeated my question in another form.

"Then you have seen STANLEY, haven't you?"

"The Illustrious JOKKI" (he was speaking of himself) "will tell the truth to the Great White Colonel."

"Hear! hear!" from me.

He bowed, not without some grace, and continued: "The Illustrious JOKKI did see STANLEY at the Mijeejee's last Great Darbidai, where the Illustrious JOKKI saw STANLEY for six dollars and a half." Here the Illustrious JOKKI grinned with satisfaction, and all the chiefs applauded heartily.

In a moment the fate of the confiding STANLEY at the hands of this crafty monarch flashed across me. I knew, as well as though I had had the whole scene before my eyes, that the Illustrious (but wily) JOKKI had induced the equally illustrious, but too generous, traveller, to venture his dollars on some contest of horses got up by the Mijeejees (with whose habits and customs he was unacquainted), and had been "put on" what they had told him was "a good thing." The excited (but always wily) Emperor JOKKI had shouted to him, "Are you on, STANLEY, on?" And the trusting, gentle, mild Afro-American explorer, had replied, "Yes, Sir—I am on," and had been,



A MISUNDERSTANDING.

Old Gent. (evidently from the Shires). "Hi! Hoy! Stop!" Conductor. "'OLD 'ARD, BILL!" (*To Old Gent.*). "WHERE ARE YER FOR, SIR?"
Old Gent. (panting in pursuit). "HERE!—LET'S HAVE A—BOX O' THEM—SAFETY MATCHES!" [*Objurgations!*]

to use the ancient *Bák* language of the tribe, "*Dah Y'lufoa*," which, though almost impossible to translate, means, to say the least, "cruelly deceived."

But now the hour had come, and the Man. "Be it mine," I cried (to myself) "to avenge the loss of STANLEY (or STANLEY'S loss)!"

But I only inclined myself politely in the presence of the great (but invariably wily) Emperor, who had my life, and those of my followers, in his hands; and I determined to proceed in my object with due diplomatic caution.

Presently, JOKKI observed, with all his characteristic astuteness, "The Great White Colonel has called JOKKI and his B'UKMAKAS his 'Blooming Brethren.' But the Great White Colonel has not yet been initiated, by the Illustrious JOKKI, into the mysteries of the craft of the Blooming Brotherhood. How is this?"

I explained that, as no offence was meant, I hoped none would be taken. Further, that I had heard how, if any stranger became a Blooming Brother, by the exercise of one of their Vaccinational customs, no such Brother would ever deceive another such brother. Was this so? I inquired; adding, "Field-Marshal the Great White Colonel is a Christian, and never tells a lie when he is at home, and has only asked for information, and not out of any obtrusive curiosity."

"Would the Great White Colonel like to become JOKKI'S Blooming Brother, and be raised to the degree of DOUBLE DITTO among the Great B'UKMAKAS?"

"Muchly!" I replied, immediately. For I knew that to be made a B.B. and a D.D. was the highest mark of JOKKI'S favour. And then, remembering that caution was the very essence of success, I added, "If not too expensive."

JOKKI appeared pleased with my fearless candour, and informed me that the mode of becoming a BLOOMING BROTHER and a DOUBLE DITTO was by the curious and ancient ceremony of "cutting an acquaintance"—(here they all produced long knives, and shouted, while M'XIONYU turned as pale as a turnip, and quivered like a jelly in July), "for the purpose of obtaining a good, sound, pure red ink, with which to sign the contract; in fact," continued JOKKI, feeling the edge of his *snikkar*, "by using the first sort of ink that

comes reddiest to hand." The fees for this, he went on to explain, were a mere trifle—nothing to speak of.

Remembering that, at any cost, my object was to avenge STANLEY'S loss, I consented to this arrangement—which would make me a master of their *craft*—and asked the terms.

JOKKI eyed me narrowly.

"Would six shellings"—(the highest currency is in shells, and the lowest in pins)—"would six shellings and eight pins break the Great White Colonel?"

Really, I was delighted; for the amount is only a little over two-thirds of half-a-sovereign. But, knowing that any outward display of satisfaction would be a dangerous precedent for the future, I pretended to be utterly staggered by the amount. I wept, wailed, wrung my hands hopelessly, and bewailed the hard terms that, if complied with, would consign my family to the Workhouse, and myself, the Great White Colonel, to the Bankruptcy Court.

JOKKI was puzzled. So were the B'UKMAKAS.

"Five shellings?" suggested JOKKI, still playing with his *snikkar*, and interrogating the B'UKMAKAS with an all-round cunning look.

"Impossible, alas!" I exclaimed. "Field-Marshal the Great White Colonel is a Christian, and never tells a lie when he's at home—"

"We wish to make him quite at home here," interrupted the Emperor JOKKI, insinuatingly.

"But he cannot pay five shellings to be a BLOOMING BROTHER, and a DOUBLE DITTO. No! He is Master of his own *Craft*!"—I meant the *Arkadia*, but he didn't understand this, "and he would rather go in for Brotherhood, without any fees at all, and take the ink for the contract"—(here I pulled out my hundred-blade knife, with saw, corkscrew, and gun-pick in it)—"from the veins of the Illustrious JOKKI, just to see how he likes it."

And I advanced, with a determined step, towards the Monarch's seat.

This gave matters a decided turn. JOKKI, at the sight of my knife, which opened with a startling click, jumped up, and extended his hand.

"Stay!" cried the Emperor. "The Illustrious JOKKI will make



NOTHING LIKE THE TRUTH.

Friendly Critic. "IF I DIDN'T LOVE YOU, JACK—IF I HAD NOT KNOWN YOU ALL MY LIFE—NAY, IF YOU WEREN'T MY OLDEST, BEST, AND DEAREST FRIEND—I SHOULD HOLD MY TONGUE! BUT, BEING WHAT WE ARE TO EACH OTHER, I FEEL BOUND IN COMMON HONESTY TO TELL YOU THAT YOU PAINT WORSE EVERY YEAR! AND THAT FROM THE DAY YOU SENT YOUR FIRST PICTURE TO THE ACADEMY, FORTY YEARS AGO (AND A PRECIOUS BAD PICTURE IT WAS, AS I TOLD YOU AT THE TIME), YOU HAVE BEEN STEADILY GOING DOWN-HILL!"

THE MERMAID.

(By a disgusted Tar with a vague recollection of TENNYSON.)

I.
Who would be
A Mermaid dank,
Bobbing about
In a sort of tank,
For the crowd to see
At a shilling a head,
In doubt if it be
Alive or dead?

II.
I would not be a Mermaid dank,
Flopping about in a Westminster tank,
Like a shabby sham at a country fair,
And by far the ugliest monster there;
Exposed to the Cockneys' vulgar chaff,
And the learned gush of the *Daily T.*,
To be called a porpoise or ocean-calf,
Or a seven-foot slug from the deep blue sea.
Me a Manatee? Dickens a bit!
The Mermaid of fiction was something fine,
A fish-tailed Siren given to sit
On a handy rock, 'midst the breezy brine,
Each golden curl with a comb of pearl
Arranging in many a taking twirl,
Like a free-and-easy nautical girl.
Taking a bath in a primitive style
Without any bother of dress or machine,
And likely the wandering tar to beguile,
If that Mariner chanced to be anyways green.
But your Modern Mermaid! good gracious me!
Who'd be inviggled away from his tracks
Or driven to bung up his ears with wax
By the wiles and smiles of a Manatee?
A sort of shapeless squab sea-lubber,
A blundering bulk of leather and blubber,
Like an over-grown bottle of India-rubber;
The clumsiest, wobblingest, queerest of creatures,
With nothing but small gimlet-holes for features.
This a Mermaid? Oh don't tell me!
It's simply some sly scientific spree.
And I mean to say it's a thundering shame
To bestow the Siren's respectable name,
Which savours of all that is rare and romantic,
On such a preposterous monster as this is,
Whose hideous phiz and ridiculous antic,
Would simply have frightened the mates of Ulysses.
Fancy the horror of blubberous kisses
From a mouth that's like a tarpaulin flap!
That Merman must be a most amorous chap
Who would sue her and woo her under the sea,
As TENNYSON sings—a nice treat it would be
Were a Mermaid merely a Manatee!

the Great White Colonel a Blooming Brother and a DOUBLE DITTO of the First Class *free of charge!* Only," he went on, in consequence, I apprehend, of most undisguised murmurs from the Big B'UKMAKAS, "a trifling fee must be paid merely for the stamp—"

"*Eereer! Eereer!*" (Listen! Listen!) from the B'UKMAKAS.
"And if the payment is not down on the nail," added JOKKI, emphatically, "there *must* be an Execution."

An execution! Was my mission to end here? Never! "If an execution there *must* be," I said to myself, "it will not take place *chez moi*, but—" And here an idea—an absolute inspiration—occurred to me.

"Would," I asked, "the ready money, and the *reddy* signature, if given by an agent, be taken as equal to mine?"

"*Quiumbo facitumbo perumu aliumbo facitumbumbo perumu seimbo*," replied the learned Emperor, quoting an extract from the laws of his own country in the old legal phraseology. Its meaning is that the act of an accredited agent is the same as that of his employer.

The document was spread out before us. The Emperor JOKKI was provided with a formidable steel-pen, not unlike a lancet.

"Where is my *Topkni*?" he inquired, with a frown, but with a side-wink at me, full of humour, unseen by the others.

Five of the biggest B'UKMAKAS dragged forward a poor half-starved wretched-looking creature, who knelt before the Emperor. I now began to understand the application of the legal maxim quoted so well and so recently by the Emperor. The well-to-do Chiefs—that is, B'UKMAKAS, &c.—paid a yearly tax to JOKKI, which exempted them from ever having to serve as *Topknis* for any of the

Imperial Blooming Brotherhood contracts. Those who could not pay were compelled to serve in this capacity.

JOKKI now stuck the point of his steel-pen, sharply and dexterously, into the more fleshy portion of the *Topkni's* arm, and proceeded at one dash to sign the paper, which he then handed over to me.

"Will the Illustrious JOKKI oblige the Great White Colonel with the steel-pen?" I asked.

Certainly he would. It was in my hand: I looked round for the person who was to act as my agent, with the scrutinising glance of a vaccinating Doctor selecting a healthy child, and my eye fell on the fat and comfortable form of M'YIONYU the Detective, who, having found that the day's proceedings were certain to have an amicable termination, had gone fast asleep where he stood.

A prod from the steel-pen woke him into consciousness with a howl, which subsided into a low quavering moan as I whispered in his stupid ear,

"They come like a boon and a blessing to men,
The Prickit, the Howl, and the Quaverly Pen,"

and then, without further ceremony, placed my initials under the Emperor JOKKI's mark.

I pointed out to M'YIONYU that I should have to sign again for my degree of DOUBLE DITTO if he did not "shell" out for the stamp, to which he immediately consented. M'YIONYU paid the money, the knives were sheathed, the ceremony of initiation was complete, I was then raised a step, and the Lodge was opened in the DOUBLE DITTO Degree, with JOKKI as Worshipful Master in the East, and myself as Senior Warden with the chisel in my hand as emblem of

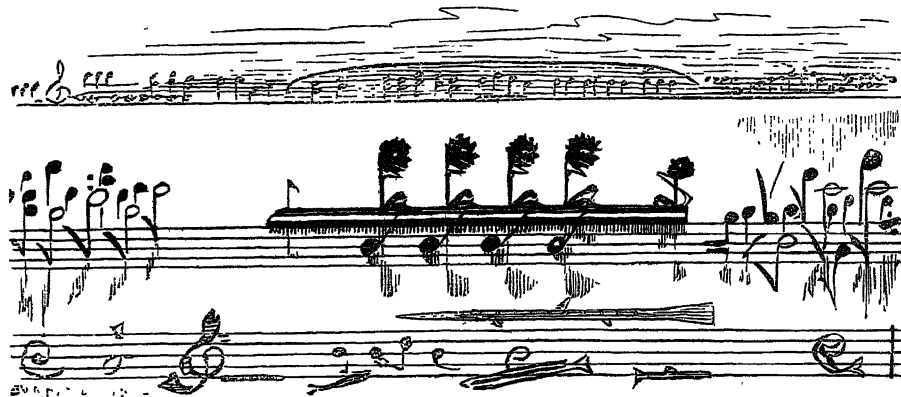
Blooming Brotherhood. We were now friends! The first step had been gained. The B'UMAKAS were in high spirits. M'YIONTU was sulky as a bear.

JOKKI took the initiative:

"The Mijeees would like their Blooming Brother the Great White Colonel, to join in their sports and little games."

I bowed. The hour was slowly approaching when I should see the way to avenge STANLEY'S loss.

THE SADDLE VAYER A. NOTED - LAKE - DISCOVERED - BY
YOUR OWN - COMMISSIONER -



THE FISH REPRESENTED BELOW ARE A SORT OF BASS

He continued:

"The Great White Colonel is a Christian, and never tells a lie"—

"When he's at home," I interrupted, politely.

"He is at home here," said JOKKI, frowning.

"Very much so," I replied. "The Great White Colonel never tells a lie."

Of course I merely stated this as my rule. It was needless to point out that *Exceptio*

probat regulam. The rule was good enough, and everyone, specially JOKKI, appeared intensely delighted, from which I gathered that some villany was afoot.

The Emperor resumed:

"JOKKI is pleased to welcome the Great White Colonel as a Brother. The Colonel has many servants, and only one Jeejee. Can his servants ride?"

At once I saw intuitively his design.

"The White Colonel's Jeejee is but a sorry black horse, and none of his servants can ride. The Great White Colonel never tells a lie,"—I added this as a mere matter of form which has as much force as the concluding sentence of a petition, or the preamble of a bill.

The Printer's Boy from Fleet Street looked up at me under his left eyelid. Bless him! I knew his weight, saddle and all, in the scale; and as to ride, I'd back him against *Mazeppa* without being tied on, and over the same difficult country. However, *that* was my secret. I wasn't going to tell JOKKI everything.

"Some villany may be on foot, but it won't be on horseback," I said to myself, "while I have *Old Scratch* in our stable. For the Dark Horse is a perfect picture, and only wants to be properly mounted. And," I added mentally, "I see the boy who can do that."

But I held my tongue, and, merely saluting as Senior Warden of the DOUBLE DIRTOS, I listened politely for the Emperor JOKKI's next observation.

AT THE CLOSE OF THE CONGRESS.—LORD BEACONSFIELD out in *a*—if not in *the*—cold.

'ARRY ON 'IGH LIFE.

DEAR CHARLIE, I've jest bin a readin' the spiciest case of the day, And as in your chawbacon parts you're as good as clean out of the way,

I sends yer the papers by post. You will find it a proper old lush, Though they tips it so precious werbatim, it might make a mealy one blush.

I don't often turn on the pink, and the rosy ain't much in your line, But them Hupper Ten Toffs, my dear boy, do appear to be flarin' it fine;

I really don't see, barrin' tin, that they very much differ from hus, And the Brimstonites doubtless would say that, as Swells, they're, if anythink, wus.

Of course that's all copybook cant; life is not worth a cent without larks,

Which women and wine, my dear pal, have bin always the knowin' one's marks;

There is some does it under the rose, on the very extremest Q.T., But as the Great Bounce patly says in his song, "We all do it!" yer see.

That's wot I call life; true philosophy, plain, common sense, and no paint,

But Muges, our top-card at the crib—you know Muges—who's a bit of a Saint,

Swears Society's got a bad fit on, a sort of low Music-Hall fever. If he ain't a 'umbug at heart, may yours truly be blowed tight for hever.

He says that "the Cynical Swell and the low chuckling cad are jest twins,

That the sniggering satyr who gloats o'er the tale of Society's sins, Is the loathsome growth of a time when our manhood and faith have run low,

Whose heroic ideal's to perch on the top of the dunghill and crow."

Don't tumble to all of his patter, or twig arf the drift of his lingo, But he swears that a selfish fast fool is the stuff for your genuine Jingo,

And holds it don't matter a toss if you finds it swell-togged at a Club, Or in seven-bob gridiron bags at the bar of a Hislington pub.

Yahbah! Pious pap o' that sort ain't the grub for sech 'ot 'uns as me.

In course yer don't feed a Spring chicking on hoysters and Soda and B.;

But men o' the world, mate, like us, as is game for a lush or a laugh, Ain't percisely the species of bird to be caught by such white-choker chaff.

If a Toff has the run of the till and the gift to go in for 'igh jinks,

Small blame to his ludship says I, only wish I could nobble the chinks,

Jest wouldn't I go in a buster, and keep it hup mornin' and night, With the pick of the lush and the ladies. Oh! wouldn't I just—not a mite!

It does a chap proud to observe 'ow his tastes and his notions agree With those of the pals of a Prince in the matter of spoonin' or spree;

And, since ladies of title seem game as young shop-gals for liquor and larks,

I should like to go in for blue blood, and 'ang out near the Clubs and the Parks.

So I'm nuts on these tales of 'igh life as comes out in the Court of Divorce,

Where sometimes, when they bile it *too* 'ot, even Swells come a cropper, of course;

But they don't seem stuck-up in their sprees, and *that* beats any sermon a sight,

For "breaking down barriers and droring the bonds of Society tight."

This may be a "cynical" tune, but it suits *me* right down to the ground:

We was never so well to the front or so thoroughly "in it," all round,

In politics, morals, and manner, our "form" must be surely O.K. Since it's that of the very front rows of the toppingest nob's of the day.

So CHARLIE, old chummy, let's 'ope as this "Music-Hall fever" may last,

And the different classes be jined in their love of the spicy and fast; What a bloomin' Millenyum, hay? Which I trust as it's adwent mayn't tarry,

Meanwhile I mean mixin' it 'ot, and no error.

Yours spiffishly,

'ARRY.



GYMNASTICS.

Professor. "AND AFTER EACH PERFORMANCE, GENTLEMEN, YOU SHOULD ALWAYS PUT YOUR RIGHT 'AND TO YOUR LIPS, AND DRAW IT AWAY SMILIN,' AS IF YOU WAS PULLING A 'AIR OUT OF YER MOUTH! LIKE THIS 'ERE!'"

[Shows them how.]

ABOUT CYPRUS.

DURING the past week *Mr. Punch* has received so many inquiries about Cyprus, that he has been forced to tell off one of the most learned of his young men to return the necessary answers. The following are a few of the replies that have been sent from 85, Fleet Street, within the last four-and-twenty hours:—

"A POOR INVALID."—By all means go. *The* very place for you. You say you require rest and a little mild amusement. The island is very quiet, and you will find endless entertainment in chasing the scorpions and tarantulas, and in dodging the fever.

"A YOUNG HISTORIAN."—You wish to know something about the antecedents of Cyprus. Always ready to oblige a friend I am sure, although I should have been better able to comply with your request had I had the benefit of a reference library—an advantage denied to me at this moment. However, the leading landmarks in the history of Cyprus will be found, I believe, as follows. It was discovered by Venus at a very early period. Then, somehow or other, it passed from the rule of Venus to that of Venice. *Othello* was the governor for a short while. It was in the citadel of Cyprus that he smothered *Desdemona*. His successor in the Government was *Cassio*. We hear nothing more of Cyprus until it was given over to the English by the Turks in June, 1878.

"AN INQUIRER."—You want to know what are the chief products of Cyprus. I blush for your ignorance. Here they are, quoted from memory: Latakia, gum, copper, pitch-pipes, almonds, salt, figs, lemonade, and black-current lozenges.

"A SWEET YOUNG THING."—You describe yourself as a spinster with engaging manners. You have been to all the English and foreign watering-places for the last fifteen years without finding a husband, do we think you are likely to meet with one in Cyprus? Certainly, if you go there before the place is overstocked by the unmarried ladies of the Anglo-Indian market.

"A TRAVELLER WHO HATES ROUGHING IT."—You want to know how to get to Cyprus. It is simple enough. Go, say, to Clapham Junction, and ask for a ticket for the nearest station. Well, they will put you in a train which (after a few changes) will land you somewhere near Constantinople. When you arrive there you had

TRAVELLERS' DREAMS.

If you dream of

Antwerp—prepare for the terrors of a long sea passage, *plus* a surfeit of REUBENS and a plethora of church chimneys.

Boulogne—prepare for a draught of *Le Port* which neither cheers nor inebriates.

Cologne—prepare for an "Oh!" caused by the local perfume.

Dieppe—prepare for three costumes a day, and, as a preliminary, a long dressmaker's bill.

Ems—prepare for royal visitors and regal prices.

Florence—prepare for several weeks' hard labour at the Gall(er)ies.

Genoa—prepare for dirt and disappointment.

Havre—prepare for the wrath of Neptune and the extravagance of Trouville.

Interlachen—prepare for the observations of H-less 'ARRY upon the 'igh 'ills of the neighbourhood.

Jersey—prepare for hidden rocks, sea-mists, low prices, and genteel society.

Kissingen—prepare for the attacks of that amiable animal the hound of BISMARCK.

London—prepare for an empty city of three millions of inhabitants.

Madrid—prepare for a startling adventure with Spanish brigands.

Naples—prepare to see the Bay, and then to die of mosquitoes.

Paris—prepare for a short cut to Basinghall Street, *via* Dover, Calais, and the Grand Hotel.

Rome—prepare for antiquities and ague.

Scarborough—prepare for Cockney pomp and Yorkshire shoddy.

Turin—prepare for "Dear Italy" at its dearest.

Venice—prepare for gondolas, bad smells, old palaces, frowzy churches, Tintoret, Titian, beggars and ices at FLORIAN's, memories of RUSKIN, and musquitos.

Waterloo—prepare for relics of the battle fresh from Birmingham.

Zurich—prepare to come home again with a well-scored Alpenstock, a load of Swiss toys, and memories of blue lakes, black pines, snow-tipped mountains, and long hotel-bills!

better make fresh inquiries. You can't do wrong to take a corrugated iron house, and a good supply of LIEBIG's Essence and WATERS' Quinine Wine.

"A PUSHING YOUNG MAN."—You say that you have an opening in fire-stoves and fur rugs. You want to know whether fire-stoves and fur rugs are likely to be required in Cyprus? It depends a good deal upon the climate. However, you might run over to the island and ascertain.

"ONE WHO DOATS UPON THE MILITARY."—You say that you and your three charming sisters follow the Red-coats everywhere—to Canterbury, Folkestone, Aldershot, and Portsmouth. Will the garrison be pleased to see you at Cyprus? Of course they will, more especially if you bring with you your slightly commercial father, and your very match-making mamma.

"ANXIOUS BEGINNER," and a Thousand other Correspondents.—Your questions are so important that I dare not take the responsibility of answering them. You had better toss up half-a-crown and abide by the result; or better, wait for Sir GARNET's report.

Feathering the Arrow.

WE read in the *Daily Telegraph* the other day that, after the signing of the Treaty of Berlin, the German official mind was much perturbed on hearing that the Plenipotentiaries at the Paris Congress in 1856 used eagle quills, which were afterwards preserved as heirlooms in their respective families. Why the German official mind was perturbed is not stated; but presumably because the quills used for signing the Treaty of Berlin were drawn from that less imperial bird—the goose.

How could the Imperial Chancellor have overlooked the obvious conclusion that the bird to furnish the quills for this interesting occasion was the Turkey—which should by this time be used to the sacrifice of its plumage. As Lord BEACONSFIELD would say, this would have required no "partition," merely a "distribution" of the bird's wing-feathers.

THE PREMIER FROM A TURKISH POINT OF VIEW.—A grand visionary Grand Vizier.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



But so it was to-night. Question: Is the Parish or the Pauper's family to have the benefit of Pauper's contributions to a Friendly Society? "Parish," say my Lords; "Pauper's family," say the Commons, by their amendment of Lords' Bill. And now, my Lords, in the teeth both of Lord SHAFTESBURY and Lord CRANBROOK, insist on amending the Commons' Amendment, and putting Pauper's contribution into the pocket of the Parish, not of his family.

In answer to Lord WAVENEY, Lord CRANBROOK gave a *couleur de rose* account of the officering of our Indian Army, on the principle fixed three years ago, after mature consideration and inquiry, with the very competent aid of Lord NAPIER of MAGDALA and Sir HENRY NORMAN, at seven British officers to a battalion, commandant, majors, adjutant, quartermaster, and two reserve wing officers, the company officers being natives.

It is pleasant to find not only Lord CRANBROOK, but the Duke of CAMBRIDGE, Lord NAPIER of MAGDALA, Lord LAWRENCE, and Lord NORTHBROOK, concurring in recognition of the thorough efficiency of the native officers, and in testimony to the great improvement of the Indian Army, officers and men, European as well as native, under the present system. Let us hope for the time when we shall manage to turn the native to as good account in the civil as in the military service.

(Commons).—Questions: JOHN BULL will be glad to hear that even the Board of Trade thinks the time is come for the Railway Companies to decide on some continuous brake-system, and what is more important, put it in use.

The shadow of impending fate darkens over the heads of the Innocents, though gentle Sir STAFFORD does not think that the day has yet arrived for "what is technically known as their massacre." There will be a nice little lot of them for the massacres when the day does come. The "survival of the fittest" will give us a sadly reduced small family!

The Irish Intermediate Education Bill—that marvel of the Session—read a Second Time, amid a chorus of congratulations, hardly broken by the protesting Protestantism, Irish and English, of Lon-

donerry and Warwickshire. It is wonderful what a million, boldly thrown down for promising Irish pupils to scramble for, will do to disarm opposition. To think of PLUNKETT and BUTT shaking hands together, and LOWTHER and the O'CONNOR DON kissing each other over an Education Bill!

The difficulty is to believe that there can be any good in an Irish measure hailed with such unprecedented unanimity. But if its effect be really to revivify Irish Intermediate Education, what excuse will Irish educational partisanship have for quarrelling in future? Nay, the smoothing influence of that oil of the Church million extended over the troubled waters of the Estimates, and the Vote of £651,091 for public education in Ireland, and of £12,817 for the Queen's Colleges, was allowed to pass unchallenged, even by FARNELL.

Tuesday (Lords).—Lord CRANBROOK announced the gratifying news that the *Eurydice* was out of the hole, if not actually above water. Bravo, my Lords! This gets you out of the hole, too!

(Commons).—Lord R. MONTAGU tried to "draw" the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER on the rights of interference between the SULTAN and his subjects under the Anglo-Turkish Convention. Sir STAFFORD declined to be drawn, and Lord R. was—shall we say, shut up? Not so easy.

Mr. BOURKE said Government knew nothing about rumoured transfers of Tunis and Tripoli to Italy and France—transfers promise to be the order of the day for some time to come—or of a conspiracy against the SULTAN at Stamboul. As if a Constantinople *canard* was likely to fly for shelter to the Foreign Office!

A long squabble about the scope of the Compensation Clause, preliminary to Cattle Bill Committee.

When at last they got into Committee, Sir H. JAMES raised the question whether any exceptions to the rule of general slaughter would not be in violation of "the most favoured nation" clause in our commercial treaties.

Sir H. D. WOLFF and Mr. MUNDRELL, Sir W. HARCOURT, Mr. HERSCHELL, and Mr. GORST—a strong legal force—supported Sir HENRY, and the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, after getting up to confute his argument, confirmed it, amid the silence and consternation of the Government, and the cheers of the Opposition. Sir STAFFORD found himself in a cleft stick, and was left there, after a severe punching on the head from Mr. GLADSTONE, when progress was reported at midnight.

But what was the work of Lords and Commons to-day! London was at Charing Cross, welcoming the hero of the day, BENJAMIN DISRAELI, Viscount Beaconsfield. He did not ride in on his own white elephant—the Asian Mystery of which he has made JOHN BULL a present—but he



WAITING FOR THE LANDLORD!

Ribbonman (getting impatient). "BEDAD, THEY OUGHT TO BE HERE BE THIS TOIME! SURE, TIRINCE, I HOPE THE OULD GINTELMAN HASN'T MIT WID AN ACCIDENT!!!"

rode in an open carriage and a white coat, through such a clamour of cheers and such a rain of bouquets as has rarely been showered on king, conqueror, or idol of the hour. *Punch* can only recall two such enthusiastic welcomes at the hands of the Great Metropolis—those to KOSSUTH and GARIBOLDI. May the popularity of this Idol of the Time be more durable than theirs!

But whatever *Punch* may think of the "High Policy" of the Lord of the Ascendant, there can be no question of the Blaze of Triumph with which it invested him on Tuesday. This it is *Punch's* first function to immortalise. Nor need he now discuss the question which is likely to last longest—Premier's Popularity or *Punch's* Picture.

Wednesday.—Gentle Sir STAFFORD, undertaking the unwonted task of giving the Opposition a wiggling for wasting time over the Cattle Bill, got wigged himself. Mr. FORSTER, Mr. GLADSTONE, Sir H. JAMES, Mr. COWEN, and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN were all down upon him. No time had been wasted. The Opposition had taken the very grave point of "the most favoured nation" clause, and had, as they believed, put the Government in a cleft stick upon it.

At last Mr. PELL—a good head, creditable to South Lancashire—came to the rescue, suggesting that the schedules should be thrown over, and that the Privy Council should have power to admit cattle from any country that could show itself free from disease, on condition that the Privy Council order, and the reasons for it, should be submitted to Parliament.

Here was, at last, a sensible suggestion, and a common ground of compromise, on which, in spite of Mr. READ and Mr. CHAPLIN, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER was fain to take refuge.

So the Bill will pass without its most indefensible provision—the limited discretion of the Privy Council. All countries will stand in the same position. Foreign cattle will be admitted alive, so long as the country that sends them is free of disease; will be slaughtered when the country they come from cannot show a clean bill of health.

The Government should thank Mr. PELL for showing them the way out of a dilemma—and in a case, too, where even their well-compacted majority seemed in danger of falling to pieces under their feet.

Punch much admires you, ALBERT PELL,
The reason why, he's glad to tell.

'Tis that, with common sense's spell
You guide your party, ALBERT PELL.

Thursday (Lords).—A crowd, such as has not overflowed the Upper Chamber within record of living memory.

All suspended on the lips of BEACONSFIELD.

What a moment for this son of his works, published and public!

If his head is not turned by this time, there is no turning it!

Talk of triumphs!

And only *Punch*, the *Daily News*, and the *Pall Mall Gazette*, to whisper in his ear—"Remember, thou art Man—as well as Mystery."

Well, the Sphinx has spoken, and has said as little as Sphinxes are wont to say. It is not for Sphinxes to read their own riddles, but for those who consult them.

It would be difficult for an accomplished orator to spend a hundred and thirty-five minutes in saying less than is likely to satisfy public curiosity, or to answer the questions that he has set all asking.

Lord BEACONSFIELD tells us he has *not* partitioned Turkey; has *not* sent Greece empty away; has *not* left Russia in possession of all the substantial gains of war; has *not* offended France and irritated Italy; has *not* sowed the seeds of future wars; has *not* laid upon England an overwhelming and undefined weight of responsibility.

If he *has* undertaken to set Humpty-Dumpty up again; if he *has* hoisted the Asiatic Turk on JOHN BULL's back, he maintains this is the best thing he could have done for him, and for JOHN BULL.

But somehow Lord GRANVILLE does not see it, nor Lord DERBY, nor Lord NORTHBROOK, nor Lord KIMBERLEY, nor—*Punch*.

Lord DERBY let his Cabinet Cat out of the bag—

"When I quitted the Cabinet in the last days of March I did so mainly because it was said that it was necessary to secure a naval station in the eastern part of the Mediterranean; that for that purpose it was necessary to seize and occupy the island of Cyprus, together with a point upon the Syrian coast, and that was to be done by means of a Syrian expedition sent out from India, with or without the consent of the SULTAN, although undoubtedly part of the arrangement was that full compensation should be made to the SULTAN for any loss he might incur."

Lord SALISBURY took the Lords' breath away by boldly declaring Lord DERBY's Cat not a Cat, but a tale! In plain terms the statement was untrue. Sensation! Many Lords on their legs; Lord

GRANVILLE at their head. "The word was unparliamentary." After some fencing, Lord SALISBURY substituted "incorrect" for "untrue." Never was the lie more roundly given, or more grudgingly retracted. He did not retract his comparison of Lord DERBY to TITUS OATES.

Lord CRANBROOK, with light heart and characteristic daring, took on him, on behalf of Government, that responsibility for the better government of Asiatic Turkey which his chief had prudently fought shy of.

"Suppose that England should introduce peace, happiness, and prosperity into these countries, is this not a thing for which the nation may incur some responsibility? When the noble Earl speaks in deprecation of our taking these risks upon ourselves, has he no confidence in his countrymen? Does he not know that the moment peace, order, and tranquillity are introduced into a country so rich in itself, English and European capital will flow towards that country? * * * With regard to the civil administration, Turkey is bound to us, but we are not bound to her. We should have committed a great wrong if we had undertaken to assist Turkey in the way we have, if we did not bind her to good government. * * * You pledged yourselves

by the Treaty of 1856 to bring about good government in Turkey; but what did you do? It is a vulgar adage that 'too many cooks spoil the broth,' and I am afraid that what was the business of all the Powers of Europe was treated very much as if it was nobody's. Now, however, under this Convention, we have undertaken a duty which casts upon us a great responsibility; and if we can produce in Asiatic Turkey—it can only be done gradually—a state of peace and prosperity, I do not say equal to the civilisation of modern Europe, but where violence would cease and men would devote themselves to their legitimate industries, we shall have done a work which will be a satisfaction for the responsibility we have assumed, and we shall be fulfilling the highest duty of a civilised Power."

"If," my Lord CRANBROOK— Ah! "Great virtue in an 'if.'"

(Commons.)—Still heaving from the ground-swell of the Lords.

Progress made with the Cattle Bill. The Government having yielded the citadel, retains, and may safely be allowed to retain, the compensation outworks undisturbed.

ACROSS THE KEEP-IT-DARK CONTINENT; OR, HOW I FOUND STANLEY.

(By the Author of "Coompassie," and "Notamagoddollar," "My!
Phillaloo!" &c.)

PART I.—CHAPTER IV.

The Lodge continued—Interrogation—Arrangements—The Craft—The Bet—Odds—Unevens—Stakes—The Detective Delighted—Coin and Kind—Holders—An Anxious Time—Night Watch—The Dawn of Another Day—At Last.

THE Worshipful Master, the Emperor JOKKI, then continued:—"The Senior Warden," he said, addressing me, "has come from the West. What has he brought with him?"

"Nothing worth mentioning," I replied, being quite up to him in the craft.



KING-JOKKI'S FAVORITE—KNOWN AS FLYING WIND

He went on:

"Has not the Senior Warden, White Colonel, brought any money with him?"

"The White Colonel, &c., &c.," I returned, with my usual formula, which need not be repeated here. "He has only a mere trifle of money with him."

JOKKI stroked his face, and made some remark in an undertone to an aged B'UKMAKA, whom, I think, he addressed as "Old TUTOWUN BARWUN," who thereupon made some sort of remark on one of his leaves.

The Emperor resumed:—

"The Worshipful JOKKI would like to be a Christian, and never tell a lie like the Great White Colonel. JOKKI's Big Jeejee is to run to-morrow against many other Jeejees. JOKKI will ask his chief B'UKMAKA Prophet to tell the Senior Warden, the White Colonel, something very much to his advantage."

Whereupon one of the ministers stood forward, and said,

"My name is TIPPUMO. Let the Great White Colonel lay 100 to 1, in his own gold counters, against the Emperor JOKKI's horse."

"The Great White Colonel does not understand your little game,"

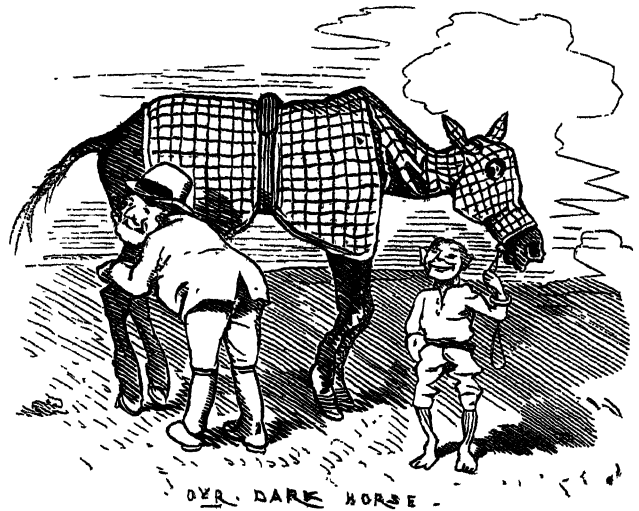
I replied, innocently, as I wondered to myself who on earth could have told them about the "gold counters," and whether STANLEY had really been done, or not, "but he will lay 100 to 1, with pleasure, to oblige the Emperor. And the Emperor will let the poor White Colonel send his miserable little Jeejee to join in the sport, and increase the triumph of the Inimitable JOKKI."

The Emperor's eyes sparkled.

"The Great White Colonel is a Christian, and never tells a lie," he said—for he had now quite mastered the formula. "Will the Great White Colonel swear that this Jeejee of his is worse than all the Jeejees that run in our games?"

What could I say? Modesty has ever been my forte, and politeness is the truest and most Christian policy. Should I affirm, without seeing the other animals, that this horse of mine—the Dark Horse—was better than all the rest? Could I endanger the lives of my followers by offending the Emperor's vanity? No.

"The Great White Colonel, &c.," I replied, "and he is sure that



THE DARK HORSE

all the other horses being so much better than his poor, weak, half-starved little Jeejee, will reach the winning-post long before his truthful Blooming-Brother's, the Great White Colonel's horse."

"Good!" cried his Majesty, delighted, "then all my B'UKMAKAS shall bet 100 to 50 against the White Colonel's Jeejee which cannot win, and the White Colonel shall bet with me 100 to 1 against my Jeejee, and the money shall be deposited at once."

It was arranged that TIPPUMO and the detective M'YONXU, should collect the amount on a tray.

M'YONXU had now quite recovered his good temper, in view of the haul, which, he knew, I was pretty sure to make, and of which I had promised him his share, as the discoverer of the Dark Horse on which we were going to put the pot.

Besides, he could not forget that the Mijeejees were Cannibals, and that in my success lay the only chance for him, of saving his steaks.

Fortunately, before leaving England, I had provided myself with several boxes of card-counters, made to imitate sovereigns, and really just as good as the genuine article when once you get into Central Africa.

One hundred of these I placed against JOKKI's one gold nugget-shell, which was of such a size, weight, and brilliancy as to have made the Governor of the Bank of England's mouth water.

Then the B'UKMAKAS, fifty in number, staked a hundred similar pieces each: those who could not put down the whole sum making up the deficiency in beads, ornaments, jewelled daggers, pipes, and goats and sheep. In money and kind I calculated there was about five thousand pounds set against my two thousand five hundred Lowther Arcade sovereign card-counters.

It was in M'XIONYU's power to have betrayed our secret. But had I seen the slightest sign of treachery on his part, the merest wink to the Emperor, or an aside-signal to any one of the B'UKMAKAS, I should have at once given him as a present to the King, recommending him as a man whom I had fattened on purpose, and "whom I think" (I should have added) "your Majesty will find very much to your taste." On the spot there would have been an end of M'XIONYU, who did not, I was aware, know sufficient of the language to have explained matters quickly and intelligibly before he was strung up for the Royal larder. Besides, after all, his interests were the other way.

That night I kept watch on M'XIONYU and the B'UKMAKA, while the Printer's Devil (whom I promised to reward highly for his services) kept guard over the Dark Horse.

"The sly little Cherub sat perched in a loft
To keep watch o'er the life of *Old Scratch*."

Of course for "Cherub" understand Printer's Devil; but the couplet is neat and appropriate.

Extract from Diary.—The morning of the Great Day of the Race has dawned.

CHAPTER V.

The Result of the Race—A Rescue—An Idea!—"Can it be done?"—*It is done—The Voice from the Reins—Sauve qui peut—The Muddle—Nervousness of Followers—On Horror's Head—Pursuit—Agony—What next?*

THE Dark Horse has won. The race is over! But what a day of excitement! He was nearly beaten, for the Emperor JOKKI rode himself, and he's a feather-weight, besides his mare being in the most perfect training. But for my excellent friend the Ventriloquist we should never have done the trick. He did the trick. Seeing the Emperor well ahead, and our Dark Horse two lengths behind, I began to despair, and was meditating how we could best recompense ourselves for trouble and loss of time, by knocking old TIPPUMU the B'UKMAKA on the head, and collaring all the available money in the hat, over which M'XIONYU was keeping guard in our interest, and bolting for the *Arkadia* afloat on the lake (in which case we should have been compelled, for self-preservation, to have left M'XIONYU behind as a hostage—he being too corpulent to run; and unless they took a great fancy to him they wouldn't eat him, but keep him till we returned, which would be an expense off my hands for ever), when suddenly McSMUGGINS, the Ventriloquist, exclaimed,

"I've got it!"

I saw genius in the remark. Slapping him on the back, I said, "Do it, my boy, whatever it is!"

The Emperor, winning, was just passing the point where we were standing, anxiously watching the race, and a smile of triumph illuminated his ugly countenance when, from his horse's open mouth, came these startling words—

"Pull up! I don't feel well. Just going to drop."

Need I say that this was the Ventriloquist's idea? It operated wonderfully. You never saw such a scene! JOKKI turned almost pale with fright, and tumbled off as nimble as ninience, pulling the animal with him.

In a second the Dark Horse shot past him, the little Devil (Printer's) on his back, winking slyly at us, as he made for the winning-post, and won "with a good bit up his sleeve," as we Turfites say.

JOKKI was furious. We rushed forward to assist him, and, under pretence of examining the animal's head, I put my pocket-handkerchief, steeped in chloroform, to his nostrils, and, to all appearance, the noble beast had fainted dead away.

JOKKI suspected foul play, and was for having us seized, when the Ventriloquist's art again came to our

assistance, for from the Big B'UKMAKA, who was disputing with M'XIONYU as to the coin, suddenly came these words—

"JOKKI, *Twazza okusthe jee-jee*." (Literally, "JOKKI, I poisoned the horse.")

Immediately he was set upon by all the B'UKMAKAS, who were heavy losers; and, taking this as our only opportunity for escape, I caught up the hatful of money. Luckily, it had all been deposited correctly; and, jumping on *Old Scratch*, with the hatful of money in one hand, and a revolver in the other, while the boy clung on with his arm round my waist, I dashed down to the *Arkadia*, where I found my party trying to put the *Arkadia* together. They ought never to have undone her. The stupid idiots had got all the compartments



wrong, and such a mess you never saw. A quarter of the keel was upside down, the bows were in the centre, the steerage was in front—in fact, I never saw confusion worse confounded (and no one ever heard confusion better confounded than I confounded it on that occasion) in all my life. The numbers of the compartments had got rubbed out, and so we could only guess; but there was no time to be lost. Our lives were in our hands; and as the merciful man is invariably merciful to his beast, I saw *Old Scratch* well bestowed in his stable-compartment, rubbed him down, put him in his little bed, tucked him up, kissed him for his mother, &c., &c., and then stuck the *Arkadia* together, as best I could, in five minutes.

"One, two, three—launch with a will!" I cried. And away went the *Arkadia*, with myself sitting in the stern, and my brave companions shoving the boat off, nearly up to their necks in water.

We were getting well under weigh when, on calling the roll (capital subject for a picture this—never been done—I mean not with myself as the central figure of the group), I found that M'XIONYU was absent.

A piercing shriek answered our inquiries.

He was pursued by the infuriate JOKKI and the whole tribe of savage Mijeejees.

(To be continued.)

A Chancellor's Functions.

PRINCE BISMARCK did good service as Moderator of the late Congress. Let us drink his health. May it be improved by the trip which he has probably by this time taken, according to this telegram from Berlin:—

"Prince BISMARCK being about to leave for Kissingen, Count STOLBERG, the Vice-President of the Prussian Cabinet, has been appointed to take charge of the various functions of the Chancellor during his absence from the capital."

May the restorative effects of Kissingen render it unnecessary for a medical attendant to take any charge of the Chancellor's functions during his visit.

A Prelatical Plethora.

No less than forty-five metropolitan pulpits were filled last Sunday week by as many Bishops; the odd five Anglican, the rest Colonial and American. What high-spiced divinity for the Dog Days! Yet, notwithstanding the extreme heat of the weather, nobody, as far as we have heard, has been any the worse for this rush of Episcopal blood to the head, or, in other words, this determination of Bishops to the Very Rev. TAIT of Canterbury.

REFLECTION BY AN ILL-CONDITIONED CYNIC.

PEOPLE with plenty of money are not always well bred, but they are pretty sure to be well buttered.

ALL RIGHT.

M. GAMBETTA has shown himself at the English Musical Entertainment in the Salle de Trocadéro. England and France are at concert pitch again!



THE WANING OF THE HONEYMOON.

Angelina (suppressing an inclination to yawn). "HOW NICE IT WOULD BE IF SOME FRIEND WERE TO TURN UP; WOULDN'T IT, EDWIN?"
Edwin (after yawning elaborately). "YE-E-ES!—OR EVEN SOME ENEMY!"

A BLAZE OF TRIUMPH!

JOHN BULL *soliloquises*.

THERE! Shout away—till your strained throats are hoarse,
 He is the hero of the day—of course!
 Grudge him his *kudos*? Impotent and mean!
 How the House rose at him! Was ever seen
 So bright a blaze of triumph? This the man
 Scoffed at for mountebank and charlatan,
 The jesting juggler of St. Stephen's stage,
 A fop in youth, and a *farceur* in age!
 Yet, as the echoes of his triumph die
 On the shout-shaken air of bland July,
 Doubts, thronging and persistent, will break out,
 To mar the music of the acclaiming shout.
Après?—There's, first, the bill; small matter *that*,
 If the game's worth the candle. Toss the hat
 At Caesar's triumph, and 'tis ever found
 That after tossing, you've to *pass it round*.
 JOHN BULL's disposed to fill his to the brim,
 Tribute, not to his policy, but to *him*;
 Whose triumph's due to patience, pluck, and tact,
 Reserve in utterance, and resolve in act;
 But his "high policy"—that cloudland dim
 Shot with strange lights of wild and whirling whim!
 Leaps in the dark? Yes, we've had *quantum suff*.
 Of those in this long game of Blindman's Buff;
 But to assist the Russ in the rough work
 Of cutting up the empire of the Turk,
 Then, presto! in a transformation scene,
 Change colours, and as Turk's friend pose serene!
 After we've fought for right with boast and brag,
 Cut in the game, and sudden pouch our swag!—

* * * * *
 Well, let us hear what he may have to say;
 Meanwhile, proclaim him Lion of the day.
 Midst thunders of applause and blaze of rockets,
 Who cares to think of principles or pockets?

Be his part good or bad, he has played it well,
 And they stand chance of cuffs that will not swell
 The shout that shakes the House from floor to rafter:
 That's for the man! His work waits judgment after.

NOTICES OF MOTION.

(For the use of Lord Robert Montagu.)

To ask,—

Whether the Government have had any official information of the fact that all the bathing-machines at Ostend have been bought up by a Russian Company.

Whether it is true that Herne Bay is to be declared a free port.

Whether Her MAJESTY has been advised to send an ultimatum to all the Powers who signed the Treaty of Berlin, and at the same time to define the limits of "Turkey in Asia," as reaching from the Bay of Biscay to the Baltic.

Whether Her MAJESTY'S Representative at St. Petersburg has been authorised to demand explanations as to the possession, by the Russian Naval Authorities, of the map attached to *Bradshaw's Railway Guide*.

Whether, in the event of Germany seizing in the Empire the line of the Loire, occupying the Café Anglais, and incorporating Boulogne, Sweden, and the coast-line of Iceland, it is the intention of the Government to establish a school of torpedo instruction on Virginia Water; and, whether it is true that, if the whole British Empire was to be blown up to-morrow, the chances are that we should hear something of it first.

COLLECTIVE FOLLY.

THE Leaders of the Opposition, being opposed to the Protectorate of Turkey, design to take the sense of Parliament on it. There will be no want of Honourable Members to help them to take the non-sense of Parliament.



A BLAZE OF TRIUMPH!

CAUTION.



the purpose of providing the gutter children of St. Peter's, London Docks, with a pleasanter play-place than the gutter, may be sent to that hardest-worked of dock-labourers, the

E, *Punch*, having received four hundred and sixty-four variations on—

"Oh, lady, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress tree,"

à propos of the QUEEN and Lord BEACONSFIELD, hereby give notice that any contributor repeating the offence will be proceeded against with the utmost rigour of the waste-paper basket.

PLAY AND WORK.

IN a paragraph headed "Play" in our last week's Number, *Punch* pleaded for subscriptions towards the purchase of a play-ground for poor children in the far East. When we are about taking on ourselves a large responsibility for great Eastern ameliorations, here is a small one quite at our own door on which we might try our 'prentice hands.

To facilitate the gifts of those who wish to give in aid of what is a good work if ever there was one, *Punch* now states, what he should have stated in his last week's paragraph, that subscriptions for

Rev. ROBERT LINKLATER, M.A., St. Peter's Clergy House. Every subscription will be a Link, later, we hope, to be strengthened still more, between the wealth of the West and the wants of the East.

PARLIAMENTARY REPORT.

(By anticipation.)

"LORD GR-NV-LLE.—I wish to ask the Noble Lord at the head of Her Majesty's Government if there is any truth in the report in this evening's *Globe* that a Bill is shortly to be introduced providing that HER MAJESTY may assume the titles of Empress of Asia and Defender of Islam?"

"LORD B-CONF-LD.—The report to which the Noble Lord alludes is utterly unworthy of your Lordships' confidence." (*Aside to Lord S-L-SB-RY*: "Cover up that draft lying on the table there!") "I am surprised that after the experience your Lordships have had of the reckless mendacity of the public prints, any of you should think it necessary to trouble Her Majesty's Government with inquiries of this nature. As I am on my legs, I may observe that if Her Majesty's Government entertained any scheme similar to that referred to in the Noble Lord's question, they would not think it necessary to advise HER MAJESTY to await the expression of any opinion from Parliament before taking any step which might enhance the dignity of her Crown, and give more exalted expression to that supreme right of controlling the faiths and peoples of the East which has now, in consequence of our exertions, been recognised as her undisputed attribute."

MAIDS AND MERMAIDS.

PUNCH.

IN reading over my *Advice to Young Men and Incidentally to Young Women* you must have often noted, amongst the valuable directions which I give in that most useful work to a Young Man on the choice of a Young Woman for a Wife, my particularly sensible and sagacious lessons on the necessity of looking to her bodily powers and conditions. As, for instance, when I tell him to get to see her at work on a mutton-chop or a piece of bread-and-cheese, and to be sure that if she deal quickly with these she will not be slow about anything else. Also, when I advise him to look behind her ears, and between her fingers, so as to satisfy himself of the absence from those situations of what Old PAM since defined "matter in the wrong place." Tubbing and scrubbing was less common in my life-time than they are now, and few persons of either sex, I believe, ever washed their skins much farther than was visible, except perhaps now and then when the doctor ordered them a bath.

Now, however, "young ladies" are not only supposed to tub and scrub every morning, but recommended to venture still further into the water. The *Medical Press and Circular* counsels them to learn to swim, and says that a gentleman named MAC-GREGOR has a swimming-class for the instruction of girls, thirty in number, of whom he taught twenty-five to swim in six lessons last season. I quote a portion of the above-named paper's remarks on this subject, because they are almost as instructive as any that I could offer myself:—

"SWIMMING FOR GIRLS.—The public are continually reminded of the numerous contrivances, supports, stays, shoulder-straps, &c., and the various exercises that are best calculated to prevent round shoulders, a stooping awkward gait, contracted chests, and so forth; but, perhaps, there is no kind of exercise for girls more calculated to attain those desirable objects than that of swimming. During the act of swimming the head is thrown back, the chest well forward, while the thoracic and respiratory muscles are in strong action, and both the upper and lower extremities are brought into full play."

How much better calculated to expand the chest is the exercise of swimming than all the confounded "corsets," straps, and iron frames devised by quack machinery-mongers for that purpose! Oh, but some namby-pamby nincompoop will object to the exercise of swimming for women because it is too "masculine." Let any such fool, then, know that as swimmers

"Females would often have the advantage over the stronger sex, as, owing to the large amount of adipose tissue covering their muscles, and the comparative

smallness and lightness of their bones, they not only have greater powers of flotation than men, but, as a rule, can continue much longer in the water."

It is, perhaps, necessary to explain, for fools' information, that "adipose tissue" means the same as "blubber," which is so advantageous for "flotation" to the whale, the porpoise, and that great sea-slug, the Manatee, which they call a "mermaid," now on view at your Westminster Aquarium. A swimming girl would be something more like what we fancy a Mermaid than that great ugly beast.

As blubber, in moderation, gives Beauty buoyancy—

"It is to be hoped, that girls will not be debarred from learning this graceful and healthful accomplishment, either through lack of baths or of teachers. Such a practice is particularly called for at the present day as a set-off against the growing tendency in the 'girls of the period' to indulge in those literary and sedentary pursuits which are anything but favourable to the development of a healthy physique."

Yes, and if they have not that, they are unfit to be wives and mothers. A husband with an ailing wife, coming home to supper, and expecting her to fill his pipe and pour out his beer, is more often than not told by the servant girl that "Missis is gone up-stairs to lay down"—with a headache. Nothing like their learning to swim with legs and arms for prevention of swimming in their heads. Now then, you try and beat that into their heads with that cudgel of yours—the most instructive instrument the world has ever seen, except of course the famous gridiron of your renowned predecessor as a political and social reformer in the visible world,

Barn Elms, *Elysium*.

WILLIAM COBBETT.

P.S.—It is on land, not on water, that I hate to see women get out of their depth, as so many of them are doing nowadays.

A Strike that should be a Hit.

AMONG the bad news of the week must be classed the announcement that a strike has occurred in

"THE NAIL TRADE.—At a mass meeting of the nailers at Sedgley yesterday it was resolved to carry on the strike previously determined on against the proposal of the employers to reduce wages. Nearly 12,000 operatives are now out."

Whether a strike in the Nail Trade will or will not turn out a more judicious proceeding than most strikes, we shall see. Of all workmen, in striking, Nailers, one would think, should know how to hit the right nail on the head.

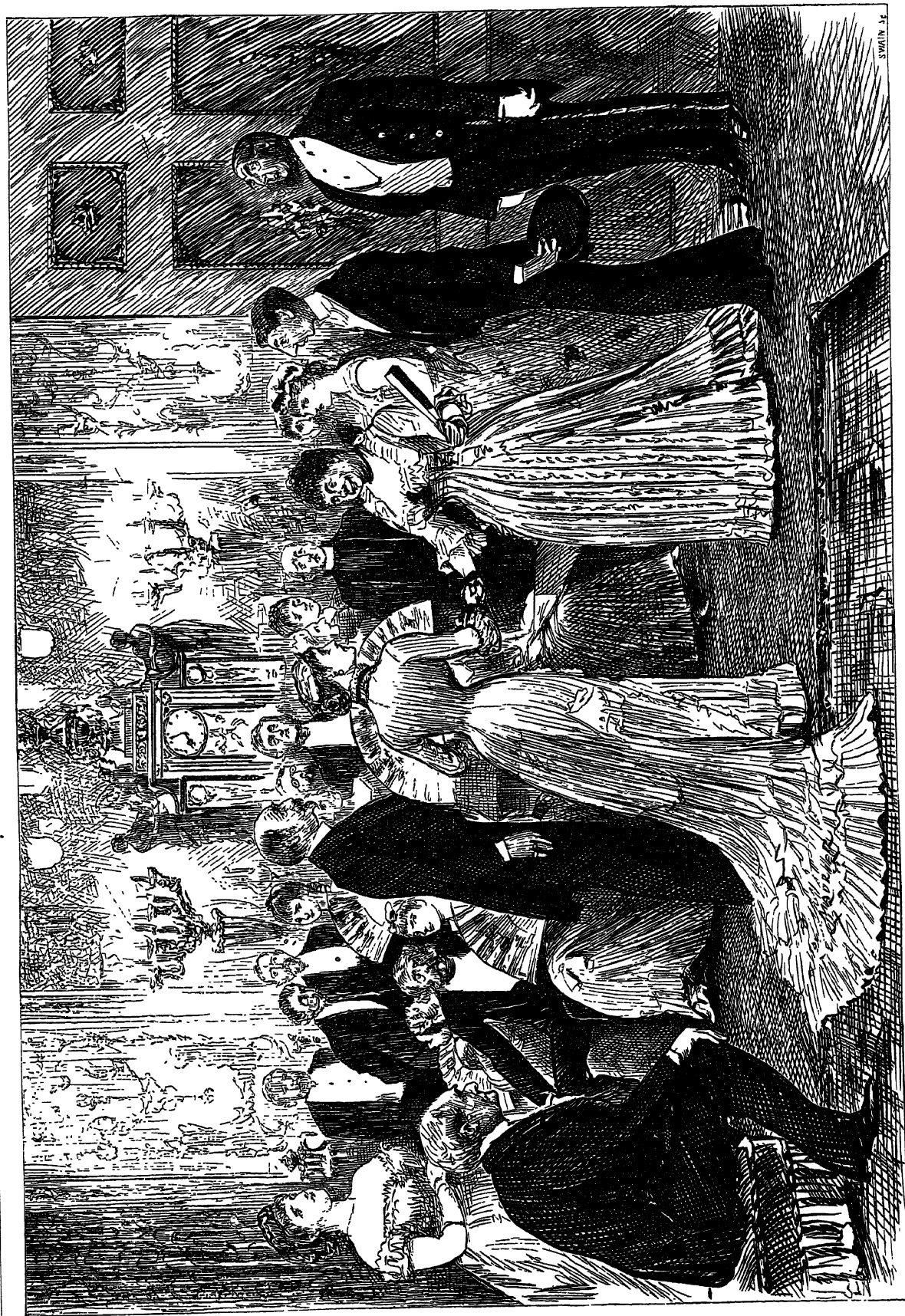
PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—JULY 27, 1878.



AN ANXIOUS MOMENT.

(With Punch's Apologies to Mr. Briton Rivière, A.R.A.)

"EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE," 1878. J. E. MILLAIS, R.A., AND H. HERKOMER HONOURED WITH THE GRANDE MEDAILLE IN THE ENGLISH SCHOOL.



SOCIAL AGONIES.

Man-Servant (in stentorian accents). "LADY AND MISTER JONES!"
 Lady Jones. "I'M SO SORRY, MRS. LYON HUNTER! POOR SIR JOHN!"
 [Sir John Jones, as everybody knows, is the Lion of the Season, besides being the witdest man in London, and all the people assembled for dinner at Mrs. Lyon Hunter's, have been invited expressly to meet Sir John Jones!]

But I HAVE BROUGHT YOU OUR SON IN HIS PLACE!"



MISUNDERSTOOD.

Muscular High Church Curate. "WONDERFUL THINGS 'GRACE' DOES!"
Low Church Vicar (surprised at the serious observation from his volatile friend).
 "AH, MY DEAR SIR, TRUE——"
High Church Curate. "YES. ONLY FANCY, Y'KNOW!—NINETY-TWO, AND NOT OUT!!"

BED AND BOARD IN GAOL.

MR. WILLIAM SIKES complains bitterly of certain "New Rules" for the regulation of prison arrangements, by which, in his opinion, they have not been improved. There was a time, he says, not long ago, when quod resembled a comfortable hospital, if not hotel; but now it is severe, and no mistake, and no joke. Formerly a gaol was a place for a bloke where his country found him sumptuous board and lodging; but now the lodging is a dreary cell; and as to board, the only thing by that name is a bare plank which you have to sleep upon in your clothes every night, for a whole month, the first after your conviction. To sleep that is, if you can. He once heard talk of a dungeon in the Tower of London, or some such place, called Little Ease, so built that you could neither stand up nor lie down in it; and next to that about the most inconvenient of sleeping apartments he should think was that provided by the "New Rules." It might be called "Little Snooze."

MR. SIKES understands that the present Government is what you call Conservative or Tory, and that Tories want to go back to the good old times. So he should think. Were the "New Rules" framed by Cross? Perhaps Cross would like to crucify you. A wooden bed Mr. SIKES considers an invention on the way back not only to Little Ease, but to the Scavenger's Daughter, and the thumb-screws, and the rack; which were also, he has been told, amongst our ancestors' venerable institutions. Didn't Judge DOWSE, at the Armagh Assizes, the other day, call it "nothing short of torture"? Didn't he therefore shorten his sentence on two prisoners for riot and assault as much as he could, and give them only one month? Mr. SIKES fully expects to experience, perhaps, in his own person, the revival of the stocks and the pillory, and he observes, with some truth, that a criminal standing in the one or sitting in the other is a caution to his kind, whereas he, lying in the dark, night after night, tormented by want of rest, with nobody to see him suffering,

REASONS FOR GOING ABROAD.

PATERFAMILIAS.—Because, after all, you can get the *Times* everywhere if you keep the beaten track. Because beefsteaks and roast beef are easily obtainable. Because, with your own portable bath, you can be nearly as comfortable as if you stayed at home. Because *Materfamilias* insists upon it.

Materfamilias.—Because it improves the girls' French and German. Because the FITZ-SMITHS and the MONTGOMERY-BROWNS go. Because *Paterfamilias* wants change. Because it's so pleasant to come home again.

The Son of the Family.—Because you can take your own cigars, don't you know. Because you generally can run up against some other fellows who hate foreigners as much as you do. Because one must do it once a year, and have done with it.

The Daughter of the Family.—Because you can get all the last novels in the Tauchnitz editions. Because, although getting up in the middle of the night to catch an early train is a decided nuisance, one can sleep for the rest of the day in a railway carriage.

A Tithe of the Travelling Community.—Because they like it.

All the Rest of the Tourist World.—Because it's the thing to do!

Past and Present.

ACCORDING to Captain TELFER, R.N., the Lazi are unmitigated thieves and ruffians. As their name would seem to imply, they prefer theft to work. On behalf of the Russians, with reference to their annexation of Lazistan, he observes in a letter to the *Times* that:

"The Russia of to-day is no more the Russia of the reign of Nicholas and of his predecessors than is the England of 1878 the England when FAUNTLEROY was hanged."

If so, no doubt Russia has in many respects improved. The England of 1878 has numerous advantages over the England when FAUNTLEROY was hanged. But it has, perhaps, one disadvantage, namely, that now in comparison with then, it contains a much greater number of unchanged rogues.

A DOUBTFUL PROSPECT.

By the Treaty of Berlin, England has undertaken a serious responsibility in the East. Let us hope it will not prove an Asia Minor evil.

his torture, so far as example goes, is thrown away. It will not, however, have been thrown away on Mr. SIKES, if he, knowing that as anybody makes his bed so he must lie upon it, will refrain from making his own in such a way as to subject himself to lying in a prison uniform every night for a month on a plank. He should point out the extremity of this hardship to his associates, and whilst denouncing it in language as strong as he likes, remind them that if they wish not to incur it, they have only not to commit the offences which bring them to this very disagreeable bed.

But unless Mr. SIKES will be so good as to take that trouble, the prison plank-bed, regarded as a device for the prevention of sleep and destruction of rest, is not a contrivance on which its inventor can be congratulated, except as an expert in the art of ingeniously tormenting. It was doubtless introduced into penal discipline without any previous consultation with medical and clerical authority as to the effects it would be likely to produce on the mind and body, healthy conditions of which are considered by both faculties needful to reformation.

Still, there is one thing to be said, at any rate, for adding deprivation of sleep to imprisonment and oakum-picking. Unless "New Rules" have also been prescribed for the treatment of the poor, the plank-bed *does* make a difference between the Gaol and the Work-house.

All the Difference.

"Miss HANNAY, Mistress of a Girls' School at Manchester, has brought an action against Mr. W. BIRCH, jun., to recover damages for a letter in the Manchester newspapers, charging Miss HANNAY with having, contrary to the regulations of the School Board, inflicted corporal punishment on children attending the School."—*Globe*, July 17.

A MISTRESS free with Birch is free to make;
 But BIRCH with Mistress freedoms must not take.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ONDAY, July 22 (Lords.) Complaints from Lord GRANVILLE of the ventilation of their Lordships' House. The LORD CHANCELLOR admitted it wanted improvement, and promised to do what he could. *Punch* offers him his plan. Put up Lord STRATHMORE to speak. But if Noble Lords will call names, and bandy imputations, and let official cats out of bags in the House, for other Noble Lords to go cheyving them, it is difficult to see how the atmosphere in their Lordships' House can be otherwise than disagreeably foul, and inconveniently heated.

Lord NAPIER and ETRICK called attention to the statistics of Indian famine mortality, a horrible subject, as to which it is a comfort, rather than otherwise, to think that it is impossible to rely on the published statements of lives lost by starvation in Madras and Mysore. The lowest estimates of such mortality last year are appalling, the highest awful. Lowest or highest are such as JOHN BULL may well stand aghast at, as he looks back blankly and with a blush, to the hopes very widely entertained, or at least, very confidently expressed here, and even in India where they should know better, that English rule could and would cope effectually even with Indian Famine.

Famine has beaten us, by how many lengths their official statisticians have done their best. If we can do no better in future seasons of scarcity than we did last year, let us not vent such lordly scorn and censure on the impotence of Chinese and Turkish efforts to wrestle with the starvation of a people. The best thing Lord CRANBROOK could say, was, what *Punch* is quite ready to believe—

"The Governors of those provinces and those under them had borne a strain of mind and anxiety which it was almost impossible to exaggerate. Their lordships, he felt sure, would not add to that strain of anxiety. They had done their best, he believed, to mitigate and stop the calamity. They had made great exertions. They had been, in some respects, unfortunate; in some cases they had failed, but there had also been great successes. And though he could not say they had put a complete stop to the famine, this at least he could say, there was not a man in the country who had not done his utmost to diminish its ravages."

There are visitations beyond even the best strength and the most strenuous good-will of even the best of all possible Governments. But what startles *Punch* is to find men of Indian experience contending that by the weight of our taxation, and the costliness of our rule, we are so impoverishing the soil as to render famines more frequent, and the natives more and more unable to provide against them. That is a horrible thought.

(Commons.)—Lord HARTINGTON is to have next week for moving Resolutions questioning the "high policy" which has issued in the Berlin Treaty and the Anglo-Turkish Convention. We are glad to see that the Government is not to be reduced to Dr. KENEALY for its vindication; Mr. D. PLUNKETT is a challenger more worthy to strike Lord HARTINGTON'S shield. Even he has since altered the terms of his Amendment from a "confident" to an "earnest" hope that, under the blessing of Providence, the arrangements made by Her Majesty's Government may result in "the preservation of peace, the amelioration of the condition of large populations, and the maintenance of the interests of this Empire." In fact, Mr. PLUNKETT puts Lord BEACONSFIELD'S policy under the safe shelter of a "D.V." to which its worst enemies can hardly object.

Col. STANLEY confirms the report that some half hundred of the Indian force have been all but poisoned at Malta by the substitution of carbolic acid for lime-juice. Ghoorkas are wiry little chaps who can stand a good deal, but hardly the use of disinfectants for antiscorbutics. Somebody wants wiggling—if not hanging.

After a vast variety of questions, in which Lord R. MONTAGU made himself pre-eminently disagreeable, the House got to Committee on Cattle Diseases Bill, and made good way till it came to the Irish clauses, on which, as natural, a hitch arose, and Progress was reported—according to that Parliamentary use of the words which implies that a stop was come to.

Tuesday (Lords).—Notice from Lord BEACONSFIELD that the QUEEN was coming to Parliament for a marriage allowance for Prince ARTHUR.

Lord TRURO, better employed than in rabid denunciation of Vivisection, called attention to the culpable carelessness with which gunpowder is stowed aboard merchant and passenger ships. If there is one thing more than another for which our shipping authorities, particularly in the Thames, want blowing up, it is for their vices of omission and commission in this very serious matter. Unluckily it is ships and passengers that get blown up, instead of Conservators and Board of Trade.

Lord CAMPERDOWN wanted to know what Government expected Cyprus would bring in, or rather would take out. All that the Marquis of SALISBURY would answer for was that the PORTE should not be the worse for the transfer (which *Punch* is quite ready to believe. Still less will the islanders). The Government had not the least idea what the island revenue was, or was likely to be—but they hoped

for the best. It had maintained a large population in the past. He believed it would be capable of doing the same in the future, and large population meant large revenue.

Lord GRANVILLE complained of the secrecy in which the Anglo-Turkish Convention had been shrouded. *Punch* would merely observe that regarding the Turk as not merely a sick, but a dead man, shrouding seems a natural operation in connection with him.

Lord GRANVILLE doubted if Cyprus be now or can ever be made of any value as a naval station. Even Batoum, we were assured by Lord BEACONSFIELD, was scarce as good a harbour as Cowes, with room for three ships comfortably, and six by tight packing. Yet he had heard of its having recently accommodated thirteen Turkish men-of-war and a transport.

Lord HAMMOND gave a pungent criticism of the probable cost and consequences of our occupation of Cyprus, and administered to the Government about the sharpest rap over the knuckles it has yet received *à propos* of its "high policy."

Lord BEACONSFIELD said that as to the secrecy of the negotiations, which ended in the occupation of Cyprus, secrecy was the policy of the Government, which he was ready to justify at the right time; that as to their ignorance about the island, they knew quite enough to warrant the assumption of British sovereignty, and would be prepared to prove the grounds of that knowledge also at the right time. As to Batoum, he had good authority for his description of the port, and its capacity. As to the ports of Cyprus, of course it was easy to pick up "musty details from obsolete gazetteers;" but by this time next year he ventured to say they would be full of British ships. (Very probably, with a garrison of 10,000 men to supply.)

Lord CARDWELL admired the Noble Lord's skill in answering questions that had not been asked, and in evading those to which no answer could be given. But the House was as much in the dark as ever as to Batoum, as to Cyprus, its revenue, its ports, our intentions as to slavery there, the law to be administered in the island, as to everything, in short, a Government ought to have known before taking possession.

The LORD CHANCELLOR retorted, with some heat. The Noble Viscount complained that questions had not been answered, which had never been asked. British law will be administered to British subjects in Cyprus or elsewhere, Turkish to Turkish, till altered. Slavery will be dealt with, as in other places, "where Her Majesty's law is administered." (What does Lord CARDWELL mean?)

Lord SELBORNE complained that



NATURAL INFERENCE.

Juvenile (to Old Pawkins, who isn't "at home" with Children). "AIN'T YOU GOING TO DANCE?"

Pawkins (doing his best). "WELL, MY BOY—AH—YAAS—EH—NO—I THINK——"

Juvenile. "I S'POSE YOU'VE COME FOR A REGULAR 'STODGE' AT THE SUPPER!!"

the LORD CHANCELLOR'S answer made darkness darker. Who are HER MAJESTY'S subjects in Cyprus? Will the island be Turkish or English—under Turkish Law or English?

(Commons).—In answer to Sir W. HARCOURT, the ATTORNEY-GENERAL threw as much darkness on the subject of Cypriot Law and administration as the LORD CHANCELLOR.

The Viceroy of India being empowered to muzzle the Vernacular Press, by deposit of caution-money liable to summary forfeiture after warning, such forfeiture to be followed by suppression of the offending journal on repetition of offence, should not Parliament be kept informed whenever the muzzle is clapped on?

So asks Mr. GLADSTONE, in a speech of studied moderation. JOHN BULL does not like the gag. His experience tells him that the good of a free Press, with any inconveniences it may have, incalculably outweighs its evils. He does not believe that to drive diseases in—political or bodily—is the best way to get rid of them, and he feels that the first condition for removing discontent is to give it free expression. Indian law already gives power to deal with seditious writings. Surely that is all that is wanted. At all events if the gag is to be used in India, let those who put it on feel they do so under the eye of Parliament.

Mr. O'DONNELL moved a superfluous amendment saying the same thing in more offensive terms.

Mr. GORST could not see any justification for any distinction in the treatment of the British and Vernacular Press in India.

Sir G. CAMPBELL owned himself in a hobble. If he had as clear an opinion on the matter as Mr. GLADSTONE, he would have wound up with a stronger Motion. There was a great deal to be said for and against the summary powers given by the new law. So Sir GEORGE gave the House three-quarters of an hour's see-saw between the *pro* and *con*. of the matter.

Mr. SMOLLETT pitched savagely, after his manner, into the administration of India, and the British Press there, which he described as infinitely more pestilent than the Vernacular.

Mr. GATHORNE HARDY supported the Viceroy's Act.

Mr. SHAW LEFEBVRE laughed the inflated nonsense of the Vernacular Press to scorn. He would not strain law to silence bosh and bombast.

Mr. FAWCETT blamed the Act, and still more the way it had been forced on the Indian Council.

Mr. E. STANHOPE, for the India Office, hoped the Act would be kept *in terrorem*, like a rod hung on the wall, to frighten the Vernacular Press-gang into good behaviour.

Sir H. JAMES condemned the hurry with which the Act had been passed in India and approved at Home; and the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER promised that the Indian Government should be instructed to keep the Home Government informed of all proceedings under this Act, as, Lord CRANBROOK has, in fact, already intimated to Lord LYTON.

This in effect was equivalent to carrying Mr. GLADSTONE'S Motion, which was formally disposed of by a division of 208 to 152. The minority should have been 160, but for eight blunderers who got into the wrong lobby.

Wednesday.—A close day's work on Cattle Disease and Roads. Hard labour for such weather.

Thursday (Lords).—Their Lordships cordially concurred in making handsome marriage provision for Prince ARTHUR and his fair bride, the daughter of the Red Prince, whom Lord BEACONSFIELD, in a happy hymeneal oration described as "distinguished for intelligence and accomplishments, and for a winning simplicity of thought and manner." For the Duke's character he appealed to their Lordships.

"He sits among us as a Peer. He is known to the country for his spotless life, and he is devoted to a noble profession. He is not a soldier of parade, but of service. On a recent occasion, when the terrible contingency of war seemed to be hovering over the country, the Duke of CONNAUGHT was the first to express his hope that he might be allowed to be sent forth to defend the honour and the interests of his country."

The marriage, he said, was "a union of the heart and the affections."

Prosit!—says *Punch*, and begs to drink the health of the charming young couple in an iced cup of a coolness in inverse proportion to his loyalty.

(Commons).—Less unanimous in its loyalty, the Lower House mustered a few *Intransigentes* to protest against the grant of the £15,000 which it is proposed to add to Prince ARTHUR'S £10,000. The recalcitrants were led by the stern Baronet of Chelsea—Sir CHARLES of that DILKE—who thus avenges himself for the handle tacked by Royal favour to his name.

He contended, on an elaborate review of precedents, that there was no instance of holding out the Crown for a marriage portion—except in the case of marriages in a manner forced to raise Royal issue—till the present reign.

But, as was pointed out both by the leaders of the Government and the Opposition, backed by Mr. GLADSTONE, the precedents did not apply. The present arrangement by which the QUEEN comes to her Parliament for what she wants is the best for both. The allowance now asked for the Duke of CONNAUGHT is the same as was granted to the Duke of EDINBURGH. The country can afford the money; the Prince wants it; the QUEEN can't provide it out of the Civil List; and when that was settled, it was a bargain that allowances to the Royal Family should be given as required.

Sir CHARLES found only 33 to follow his lead into the lobby against 320—10 to 1 as nearly as possible—long odds, but not longer than the odds in favour of loyalty to Royalty in the House, and out of it.

Then much way was made with the phenomenal Irish Intermediate Education Bill—the one measure, as Major NOLAN pathetically pointed out, on which the Irish Members had been of one mind during the Session. Almost as strange, they have been of one mind with the Government. The Government opens the advantages of the Act to girls. A queer trio—Mr. E. JENKINS, Mr. NEWDEGATE, and Mr. F. COURTNEY disturbed the harmony of the evening.

Friday (Lords).—Rehearsal of next week's work in the Commons. The Government "heckled" by the Opposition.

First, Lord GRANVILLE, on the authority of HOBART Pasha, set Lord BEACONSFIELD to-rights as to the harbour-capacity of Batoum. Then Lord ROSEBERY fell foul of the Schouvaloff-Salisbury Agreement; and Lord CARNARON of the Anglo-Turkish Convention; and between them said harsher things of both than have been yet said in Parliament.

Lord SALISBURY did his best to parry an attack he could not answer. "Secret agreements" are necessary before going into Congresses, or these would come to nothing, or worse—to war. The despatch to Lord Odo RUSSELL was not a farce. All we were pledged to was not to *fight* for the Balkans, or for Batoum. The despatch to Lord Odo pointed out the line of argument, which actually led Russia to concede the garrisoning of the Balkan frontier by the Turk, and the conversion of Batoum from a war-station to a commercial port. We did the best we could for Greece, in urging her to patience first, and in keeping her fat out of the fire afterwards.

The Earl of MORLEY, the Marquis of BATH, and Lord HAMMOND vied with each other in saying nasty things of our part in the Berlin Treaty, and the Anglo-Turkish Convention. In short, it is impossible to imagine "a triumphant arrangement" more severely criticised. It is difficult to imagine what worse the Commons can find to say of it next week than the Lords did to-night. And the Government can hardly hope to find a more effective apologist in Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE or Mr. CROSS, than they have in Lord SALISBURY. Bad is the best.

(Commons.)—Sir W. HARCOURT baited the ATTORNEY-GENERAL with a whole pack of troublesome questions about Cyprus. Lord R. MONTAGU made himself disagreeable to Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE about the despatch to Lord Odo. Mr. P. TAYLOR announced that he would not divide the House again on the marriage allowance to the Duke of CONNAUGHT, on which he would leave the country to pronounce at the next General Election, a prudent example which Mr. MACDONALD declined to follow, and then the House got into Committee on the Cattle Bill.

The best part of the Evening Sitting was spent in debate on the interesting subject of Caffre Polygamy, which Mr. MCARTHUR wants the British Legislature to do away with. Parliament has more pressing business than interfering between a man and his wives—particularly savage man.

Legal Japanning.

THE Japanese Government has appointed an English Barrister, Mr. TARRING, as Professor of English Law at the University of Tokio.

It would seem that the Japanese are already not tarring, but tarred, with the brush of English Law; for we see the name of a Japanese graduate of Tokio among the winners of Scholarships at the last examination of our own Council of Legal Education.



SOUVENIR DE WIMBLEDON.

Adjutant (going his rounds at night). "PUT OUT THOSE LIGHTS!"

[Out go the lights.
[Music goes on.

Adjutant. "STOP THAT MUSIC!"

Adjutant (louder). "STOP THAT MUSIC, I SAY!"

Voice (from inside the tent). "IT'S NO GOOD, SIR! IT'S A MUSICAL BOX, AND WE CAN'T STOP IT! IT WILL GO ON FOR TEN MINUTES MORE!"

ACROSS THE KEEP-IT-DARK CONTINENT;

OR, HOW I FOUND STANLEY.

(By the Author of "Coompassie," and "Notamagdollar," "My! Phialloo!" &c.)

PART I.—CHAPTER VI.

Pursuit—Situation—Sang-froid—Sketching—Jeu de Mot—Spearing—Umbrella—Gulf—"Jump, pretty creature, jump!"—The Effort—The Flop—Escape—Diary—Landed—Old Friend with New Face—Chart—Guide—Plans for Future—Gratitude—Sleep.

M'YIONYU was in a perfect vapour-bath of fright—not a rain of terror, but a steam of it, as he ran, puffing and blowing, towards the edge of the cliff, while the savage yells of his pursuers could be distinctly heard in the distance.

With my usual sangfroid, I pulled out my note-book, and began jotting down a few musical ideas suggested by the situation, which was both dramatic and sensational, though, of course, on the stage, M'YIONYU would have to be idealised into a fragile heroine.

"Fly for your life!" I cried, from my covered and comfortable seat in Compartment 10 of the *Arkadia*, while still making my notes and sketching the scene (for the *Illustrated*, or *Graphic*,—it didn't matter to me which—or both) on the block that I always carry with me for such emergencies as this.

"I can't fly!" his voice came back, piteously.

"Then, run!" we sensibly suggested.

"I am running!" he shrieked, breathlessly. "But they're trying to spear me, and I haven't wind enough to get away! Do stop!"

"Dum Spiro Spear-o!" I called out to him, cheerily, as I gave

the last finishing touch to my graphic sketch; for even at this supreme moment my spontaneous humour overcame every other consideration—and, by the way, I really believe that the very best *bons mots* I've ever made, have all been uttered under some great pressure of immediate danger.

M'YIONYU, however, is not of my calibre, and did not relish the joke.

In another second the spears, flying like light'ning, were absolutely dark'ning the air. I made this joke about "light'ning" and "dark'ning" for the first time on this occasion, just as old M'YIONYU dodged to avoid a spear that was aimed at his head; but the movement was not of so complicated a character as to enable him to avoid a second spear, whose aim had not been at the same elevation, and he gave a bound that would have made his fortune as a ballet-dancer, at the same time giving vent to so clear and high a note, as would have secured him an engagement as first tenor at any Opera-house in the world.

"How often," I reflected, "does mere accident evoke our natural but unsuspected capabilities!" In M'YIONYU's case it was his caper-bilities that were chiefly brought into prominence, though the impetus of a spear showed that he had only to be taught to produce his voice to make him a second MARIO, or a TAMBERLIK Junior.

M'YIONYU finding the number of spears increasing,—for the savages were really treating him as if he were an Aunt Sally at a penny a shy, with some reduction made on taking a quantity,—put up his umbrella, but this only impeded his movements.

"Don't go without me!" he roared.

Whether we should be able to comply with his request, or not, rested, as I pointed out to him, from my seat in the boat,—entirely with himself.

He was nearing the edge of the cliff, about fifty feet above the deep pond where we were afloat, which formed the opening to the

northern end of the huge expanse of water, which I have since called "The Great Colonel's Gulf."

"Leave the *Spears*, and go for the *Pond*!" I cried, with more ready wit,—for I really was in the vein, and this was the third or fourth *jeu de mot* I had made this morning. "Jump in!"

"I can't swim!" he screamed, desperately. He really could do nothing.

"I can't spare anyone to swim for you," I replied, laughingly, just to keep him up while he was running down; "but you're fat enough to float, and the stream will do the rest."

At this instant a spear whose strength was, fortunately, somewhat spent in its flight through the air, warned him that further delay was dangerous.

"*Sans arrière pensée, sautez de haut en bas!*" I cried. "Leap, pretty creature, leap!" I added, by way of encouragement, to show him in what good spirits we all were. And indeed it was impossible to help laughing at the absurd distress of fat old M'YIONYU the Detective.

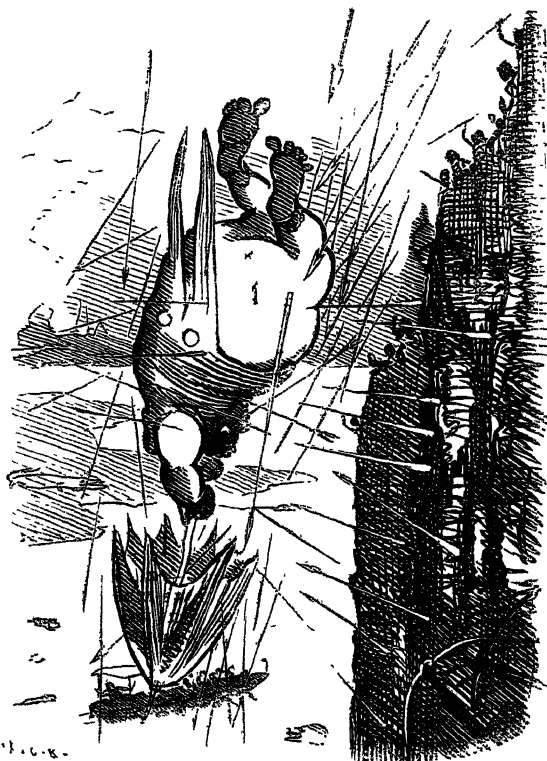
The savages drew nearer—their cavalry was out—they were all armed—all the equestrian tribes of Mijeejee were in full force; and the Elastic Bands of the B'UKMAKAS played their most inspiring war-strains, as they marched at the double-double towards the coast.

I saw, that, if they came on at the *pas de charge*, M'YIONYU would be stuck all over with spears like a pincushion.

"It reminds me," I said to my men, "of the terms for advertisements in the newspapers. They are making a big charge for insertion."

They all roared, specially the Printer's boy from Fleet Street, who enjoyed the joke professionally.

Two more spears from the advanced guard, and M'YIONYU, seeing no further hope, gave a tremendous leap—quite a superhuman effort in one so corpulent—and whirling through the air, anyhow,—upside down, and downside up,—fell, with such a splash, into the water, as to spoil the fishing for miles round, and, in fact, it nearly endangered the safety of our frail craft.



THE EAGLE SWOOP OF THE FAT DETECTIVE FROM "SPEARO POINT" INTO "COLONEL'S GULF." (*Vide Narrative.*)

We waited for him some time, but, as he did not re-appear, we concluded that he had been unavoidably detained below, and, hoping to see him later on in our journey, we set sail, got the steam up, and waving our flag, "The Golden Fleece," in the faces of the Emperor JOKKI and all his howling tribe, who were wild with rage, I sang out cheerily to him through the speaking-trumpet, "JOKKI *misboi ure Jokkidayntchu?*" Which being impossible to translate literally, means—"Moral: Who tries to do others, must himself expect to be

done." And I am satisfied, that, though JOKKI may forget a good deal of the instruction which I contrived to give him in private *conversational* lessons (so much the half-dozen—but he didn't pay), he will never forget the practical Christian teaching bestowed upon him by the Great White Colonel, Senior Warden, Blooming Brother and Double Ditto, of whom he saw the last this day at 4 P.M. [Weather threatening. Breeze being kicked up.]—(*Vide my Private Diary.*)

Next Evening.—Landed on an island. Saw a cove in the distance.

Went up cautiously, and whispered, "Mr. STANLEY, I presume?"

"You do presume," said a voice I at once recognised. "Behold me!" and removing his hat, with which came off at the same time his wig, whiskers, and nose, all in a piece, I beheld once again the form of M'YIONYU, the Dark Detective.

We were all very pleased to welcome him; and that night, from his account of the tides and currents, I was enabled to draw up a river chart, and the commencement of a table for finding the "Golden Letter" for the next three-years-worth of Sundays, which will be most useful to intending visitors. By the way, who *does* find the Golden Letter, and is it any use at the Bank? if so, which Bank? as there are always two.

I have already commenced my *Bradshaw's Guide to the Central African Railways*, with maps in special edition, and a vocabulary of useful words to those unacquainted with the language. I am thinking of the most attractive names for the stations, viz., the first is *Honeycomb Wood*. There are no bees and no honey, but it *sounds* well, and when you are trying to allure strangers, it would be worse than idiotic to call one place *Dryrock*, another *Dirty sand*, another *Scorchpoint*, another *Phever Marsh*. No; here is my list—*Honeycomb Wood, Blue Sea Bay, Shadynook Island, Pleasant Plain, &c.* All these are good names in a prospectus, and plots of land, freehold, will soon be purchasable. Orders for this invaluable work may be sent to me, under cover, to the Office, Fleet Street.

(*Extract from Diary.*)—Before retiring to rest, I registered the heat and took out a patent.

Night.—The camp is all asleep. The *Arkadia* in compartments forms excellent camping quarters. This is the first time I have been able to close my eyes for six weeks, and it is with a grateful heart that I place the hatful of coin, amounting to about £5000 (English), under my pillow, and with one hand on my revolver, and the other on my sword (both under the bed-clothes), I calmly sink off to the rest which I have so well earned.

One thing I do not forget. I do not know to what amount exactly STANLEY was done by the wily Emperor JOKKI; but if it was only a few dollars, or if JOKKI never saw STANLEY at all—for that sum, or for any other—then, in any case, I have amply avenged STANLEY's loss, and now I only long, more and more ardently, to come up with STANLEY, to recoup him, with interest, for his sufferings at the hands of the crafty JOKKI and the Mijeejee tribe. *Bonne nuit.* And as I drop off to sleep, I murmur, "Mr. STANLEY, I pre . . . sume?" (Snore).

N.B.—Correspondence between the Editor and the Illustrious Traveller, which the former thinks it due to himself at this point, and in view of future proceedings elsewhere, to publish. This *AVIS AU PUBLIC* is not meant in any offensive sense towards our most Illustrious Traveller, in whom we take this opportunity of expressing our implicit confidence, up to a certain point. But no one, in our responsible position, can be too cautious.

From Editor to Illustrious Traveller.—Your last communication, we notice, was dated on board the *Arkadia*. It came by hand. Where are you?

From Illustrious Traveller to Editor (by Messenger).—Here, on board the *Arkadia*, which I am now using as a sea-and-river-house-boat, where I can compile my Notes and Diaries at leisure. For reasons,—which a cheque in full from you would cease to exist,—I would rather not land just at present. My exs. in doing the K. I. D. Continent were terrific; and I relied on—well, no matter. The vast extent which I have explored, and which I shall christen *New Greenland*, will offer, to the speculator and investor, such chances as may never occur again. *It will be a big fortune*; so put your money on the right spot for once, and trust yours truly with early cheque. It's as much for your benefit as my own. I'm very unwell, and shall not be able to finish this exciting narrative for you, unless you are my doctor, and send me the draught which will soon set me on my legs again. Bearer waits.

From Editor to Illustrious Traveller (per Ditto Messenger).—Good simile that of yours about "doctor," and most graceful play on the word "draught." So novel and so refreshing. But you forget the Patient never prescribes what the Physician is to send him. As to investment or speculation, select a good piece of land and send us the particulars.

From Very Ill-used-traveller to Editor (per Return Messenger).—You mustn't press a simile too far. I am prostrated. I can scarcely hold my pen. If I cannot *raise the wind*, and get a *refreshing breeze*, you will hear no more from Yours Truly, who is at his last gasp. Bearer (who waits) is witness to the shattered condition of what, *pour ainsi dire*, I still call my "health." Few men can go through such trials and privations, in such a climate as that of the Keep-it-Dark Continent, and expect to retain their pristine energies. Coin first, plans of land after. Business is business. By the way, Bearer's been four times backwards and forwards this morning. Please pay his expenses one way (whichever way you like—you pay your money, and are entitled to your choice), and give him a little refreshment. I enclose some photographs,—they speak for themselves and for me! *Les Voilà!*



BEFORE I WENT TO THE KEEP-IT-DARK
CONTINENT.

I'm monarch of all I survey.
I go to the Op'ra and play,
I dine at my Club,
I win ev'ry rub,
Except when I lose, and don't pay.



AFTER I RETURNED FROM THE KEEP-IT-
DARK CONTINENT.

N.B.—*Couldn't keep it dark. It all came
off, except where the remnants appear.
Regard the lines with which care has fur-
rowed my brow.*

My head is bald, but not with years;
My eyes are dim, but not with tears;
My coat is worn, my linen frayed—
Behold a man who's not been paid!



AN EVENING OF "LIFE." AHA!

*Retrospective or Back View of Myself before
I went to the Keep-it-Dark Continent.*

"After the Opera was over."
"Come and be a Rollicking Ram!"
&c., &c.



The EVENING OF LIFE. ALAS!

*Present View (Back) of Myself after my
return from the K. I. D. C.*

Sinks to the grave with evident decay,
Procrastination gently slopes the way,
While all his prospects darkening very fast,
He's slowly going to the dogs at last.

N.B.—I think of publishing all these on a sheet separately, and selling them in the street on Lord Mayor's Day for the small sum of one penny. This would appeal straight to the generous and noble public of England. Good idea this, eh?—Yours ever.

*From Editor to Distinguished Traveller (by post).—*We are indeed deeply touched. We will whip up a subscription all round. Bearer has waited too long, and is no longer in a fit state to be trusted. So, to save time and expense I send you an I.O.U. (unsigned), of which you may make what use you like, and enter it to your own private account. *Il faut vivre*, my dear Sir, and you shall. Lord Mayor's Day a good idea. Why not go round yourself, with the hat (&c.), on the fifth of November? By the way, we don't quite know where you are. Have you returned to Jarneribar, or are you writing in Town? Send finish of your contribution.—Yours, Ed.

*Reply (by telegram) from Distinguished Traveller to Editor.—*Just had an offer to go to Cyprus. Think I shall do it. Send coin, or I'm sure I shall. I have not said a word yet. Cyprus speaks consent.

*From Editor to Distinguished Traveller.—*No. Don't go yet. STANLEY isn't in Cyprus. You'll find him here. All right. Send finish of thrilling narrative: coin by return.—Ed.

SUCCESS.

(With Apologies to the Shade of Cowper.)

"BENJAMIN DISRAELI rules the world."—J. A. ROEBUCK.

I AM Monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute;
From the Court to the Cot, for the day,
The claims of my rivals are mute.
"A First fiddle" to set in one's arms,
"Eclipse first, the rest nowhere," to place!
To lead men by the nose has its charms,
Though they be of the gross Gothic race.

I am far above rivalry's reach;
My career I must finish alone;
No more meet grim GLADSTONE in speech,
The one Peer I, a Peer, may not own.
The Lords who once jibbed 'neath my rein,
Now in harness submissive I see;
To wheel to my whip-hand so fain,
Their docility shocks even me.

Society's Lion and Pet,
Of the Hour I am clearly the Man;
Have I ought to redeem or regret
Of failure in purpose or plan?
My dreams from my own fiction's page
Are translated to far stranger truth,
To be swallowed by drivelling age,
And welcomed by rollicking youth!

Success! ah! what pleasures untold
Reside in that heavenly word!
The world as mine oyster I hold,
With my tongue and my pen for my sword.*
Ne'er such bouquet-clouds darkened the skies,
Ne'er Jingos so joyous appeared,
In the light rained from fair lips and eyes,
That my progress to Downing Street cheered.

Ye Whigs who once made me your sport,
Ye Tories who snubbed me of yore,
See me settle the Ottoman Porte,
And my party teach wisdom once more.
For the fools whose weak nerves one offends,—
The whites of their eyes they may show;
But the wise I may count on as friends,
While I've fishes and loaves to bestow.

How wide is the Empire of mind!
Who shall dare to set bounds to its flight?
Fortune's breath against it is but wind,
Weighed with it rank and fortune are light.
When I think of my Old Jewry youth,
I half doubt if such changes can be,
If the ermine enwraps me in sooth,
If the Garter I wear 'neath my knee.

My fame fills the East and the West;
At riddles the Sphinx I o'erbear;
If inclined on my laurels to rest,
Of green bays I've enough and to spare.
I've success, I've fools' Paradise—Place,
And success, be it solid or not,
Can even to gout give a grace,
And reconcile age to its lot.

* "The world's mine oyster which with sword I'll open."
Pistol—Henry IV.

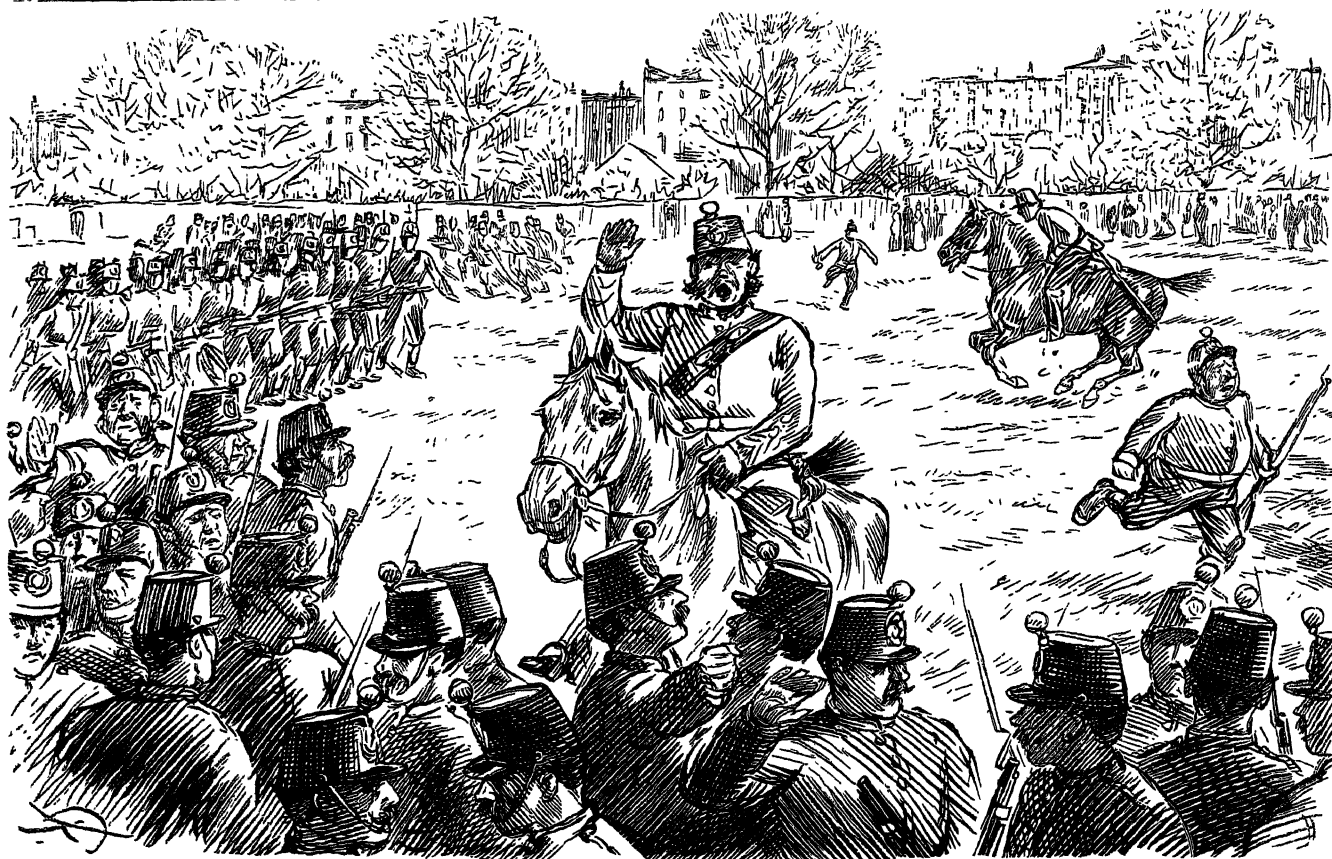
A Legal View.

"SIR," said Mr. BRIEFLESS, in his loftiest manner, "you may depend upon it, that Lord BEACONSFIELD's object in annexing Cyprus was to exemplify the doctrine of *Cy-près*. He could not have taken Egypt or Syria without offending France, and wished to do as nearly the same thing as possible without producing that most undesirable result."

Mem. after the Mill in the Lords.

(Between the Derby Pet and the Salisbury Slogger.)

PERSONAL Government the Briton dreads,
Nor likes to rank it in the actualities:
But Ins and Outs punching each other's heads,
Comes close on Government by personalities.



OUR RESERVES.

Colonel of Volunteers (having clubbed the Battalion several times during the Drill). "HAS Y' WERE!—'ALT!—MARK TIME! THE 'OLE WILL BEAR IN MIND THAT MY WORD O' COMMAND IS MERELY 'A CAUTION'!"

[A remark with which the 'ole of the Regiment entirely agreed.]

THE "PAS DE DEUX."

"She did praise my leg being cross-gartered."—*Twelfth Night*.

Beaconsfield (in the *pas de triomphe*, complacently contemplating his gartered leg). Well, CECIL, my boy, we are going it blazingly!

Salisbury (aside, not so complacently). Methinks a *pas seul* I should rather more relish.

Beaconsfield. An excellent fit, and becomes you amazingly.

Salisbury. A Garter's the thing a fine leg to embellish.

Beaconsfield. Humph! there I confess you have rather the pull.

Salisbury. You need not begrudge it, it's nearly my only one.

Beaconsfield. Well, surely the cup of your triumph is full.

Salisbury. I was thinking of DERBY, that outcast and lonely one.

Beaconsfield. It serves him quite right; he lost faith in my lead.

Salisbury. While I—(aside)—never thought to have you for my leader!

Beaconsfield. The man's a disgrace to his chivalrous breed.

Salisbury. He has met with the fate that befalls the seceder.

Beaconsfield (aside). Ah! there he speaks feelingly. (Aloud.) Out of the race!

Salisbury. Far better indeed to have been a non-starter.

Beaconsfield. How smartly you countered him;—straight in the face!

Salisbury. Well, he'll have to wait long enough for the Garter.

Beaconsfield (pirouetting). By Jove, they look well! Not a bad pair of legs!

Salisbury (walking round). Ah! dancing is better than kicking each other.

Beaconsfield. Of late ours has been like a dance among eggs.

Salisbury. Yes, but now we've free fling. Shall we just try another?

Beaconsfield (rather blown, but resuming his step). By all means.

'Tis a *pas de deux* worthy of VOKES.

Salisbury. Ah! VOKES et præterea nihil, we'll say.

Beaconsfield (making a wry face). Oh! sneer as you like, but I can't stand your jokes.

Salisbury (acidly). Well, I own my dear Earl, you're the joke of the day.

Beaconsfield. Much better; that's more in your natural form.

Salisbury (cutting a caper). Tchick! Houp-là! That wasn't a bad pirouette.

Beaconsfield (puffing). A-h-h! I'm older than you, and the weather is warm.

Salisbury. Pooh! pooh! there is life in the old DIZZY yet.

Beaconsfield. One more then; but mind, let us foot it together.

Salisbury (aside). Ah! yes, that's his cue. Am I hero, or martyr?

Beaconsfield (aside). Aha! does he wince at the gall of the tether?

Salisbury. Now for it! Keep step! One would not fly this garter!

[Left footing it.]

An Irish Bull in Action.

In the neighbourhood of a certain Irish city, which we need not identify, an unfortunate herdsman, at a place suggestively named Killbarry, was, the other day, gored to death by a bull. His master gave evidence before the Coroner's Jury, among other witnesses, which clearly proved the man's death by the horns of the animal. The Coroner's recommendation to him is worth quoting for its highly patriotic and national character. We recommend it to the admiration of MESSRS. BIGGAR and O'DONNELL:—

"CORONER.—I must ask you to part with the animal. Ship him. He is not fit to have about the place. If you sell him here you will likely have some more Irishmen killed. Ship him, and, if he is to kill any person, let it be an Englishman."!!

Race and Ribbon.

FROM the Winner, just weighing, look back to the Starter,

One name, if not one race, the blue ribbon shows;

From a Countess of SALISBURY came the first Garter,

The last to a Marquis of SALISBURY goes.

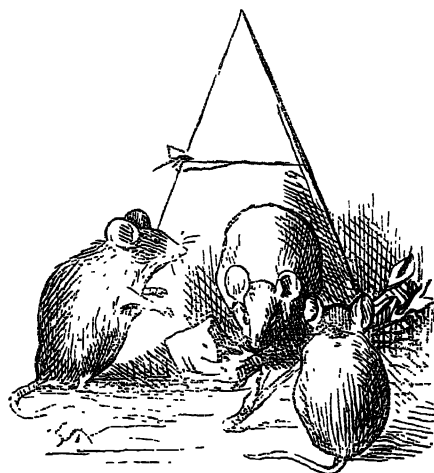
APPROPRIATE DRINK (for the Earl of Beaconsfield and Marquis of Salisbury at the Guildhall Luncheon on the 3rd of August).—"B. and S.—iced, if you please,—but not split."



THE “PAS DE DEUX!”

(FROM THE “SCÈNE DE TRIOMPHE” IN THE GRAND ANGLO-TURKISH *BALLET D’ACTION*.)

SPECULATION ON CYPRUS.



AMONG the disadvantages objected to Cyprus is its want of a natural harbour. This defect should be promptly remedied by the erection of a factitious harbour. Everything is possible to British enterprise and capital. But the powers of the most enterprising British Government are limited by considerations of supply. The House of Commons, even with its Ministerial majority, will hardly, perhaps, vote the superadditional income-tax necessary to make a harbour for Cyprus. As that would be a

work of such magnitude that it could be accomplished only by the agency of a Joint Stock Association, the constitution of such a body, with command of the requisite resources, is contemplated already.

A Prospectus will be published in due time, under the title of the "Cyprus Harbour Company (Limited)." That statement will be headed with a list of Directors, including the most eminent names in the commercial world, and a due proportion of well-known Members of Parliament, and distinguished Officers in the Army and Navy. It will embody a glowing account of all the particulars requisite to demonstrate the safety of the investment. Its promoters will look up in the *Court Guide*, the *Post Office Directory*, the *Law List*, the Medical, Clerical, and all the like Catalogues, the names of persons likely to be in possession of small savings, for which they would be glad of the highest possible interest, who will be duly provided, in the Prospectus sent them, with neat and handy forms of application for shares. By this device will be obtained subscriptions, expected to go some way to complete the advertised paid-up capital of three hundred millions.

The "Cyprus Harbour Company (Limited)," will be started immediately on the revival of commercial prosperity confidently anticipated to result from the Treaty of Berlin. The Directors will be utterly incapable of attracting shareholders by concealment or fallacious representation of the Company's prospects. None who invest their cash in reliance upon the Company's Prospectus, need fear to find in a few months that the concern has been wound up, and that its promoters have absconded with the money.

PICK'S POCKET PICKED.

It is, or used to be, a maxim of Law that there is no wrong without a remedy. What remedy, then, has Mrs. PICK, a lady committed for trial at the Sessions on a charge of picking pockets, by a magistrate whose decision was apparently determined by a purblind eye to a pun? For the Bill against Mrs. PICK was thrown out by the Grand Jury, and a thorough investigation of the case has since proved the accusation utterly groundless and false. And what remedy has Dr. PICK, Mrs. PICK's husband, for having had to find £1000 bail for his wife, and pay about £240 law expenses in her defence? None whatever, it seems, except such as may be obtained for them by a Committee, headed by the Earl of SHAFTESBURY, the Countess of RUSSELL, and Miss FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE, who "have taken the matter up, and now appeal to the public to express their sense of injustice by subscribing to a testimonial." But ought injustice of this kind to be left to be redressed by voluntary subscription? Have not the victims of false accusation a rightful claim on the public for damages to the amount of the pecuniary loss to which they have been wrongfully subjected in the public interest by stupidity or error in the administration of justice? As the case stands, it is not that Mrs. PICK unlawfully picked anybody's pocket, but that Dr. PICK's pocket has been picked by the Law.

A Cheap Pony.

WE are all familiar with learned pigs, but the following, from the *Manchester Evening News* of the 24th inst., suggests a new accomplishment, not in a pig, but in a pony:—

PONY WANTED, 11 or 12 hands, suitable for collecting rents: about £6; also a Trap and Harness for same.

THROWING THE SHOE.

THE Indian Troops, their European mission accomplished, are transferred to Cyprus, whence they will probably, in due time, be re-shipped to India. *Mr. Punch* has not yet heard whether Her Majesty's Government contemplate the commemoration of their Visit to the West by the erection of a monolith on Primrose Hill, the Goodwin Sands, or some other appropriate site. If they do, he is very happy to put the following inscription at their service:—

THIS IS TO COMMEMORATE

the importation into Europe
of a Portion of Her Majesty's Indian Forces.
Arriving quite unexpectedly,
to the immense surprise of Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE,
one morning at Malta,
by the direction of a Genius
who regarded the effect produced by their Uniforms
rather than the amount claimed for their Travelling Expenses.
They afforded to the Weekly Illustrated Papers
material for a Series of Admirable Sketches,
and cost the Country
THREE QUARTERS OF A MILLION!
Violating unconsciously by their advent
THE BILL OF RIGHTS,
and so earning, for all time, the genial gratitude
of Mr. GLADSTONE.

They were not paraded at Wormwood Scrubbs,
or utilised for sentry-duty in St. James's Street,
thus escaping a Shilling Ovation at the Crystal Palace,
and possibly
an acquaintance with other new and not less startling features
of Western Civilisation.

They obliged H.R.H. the Duke of CAMBRIDGE
to encounter the Mediterranean in rough weather,
and to admit,

in a subsequent Despatch
that their bearing was striking and soldierly.

SO, HAVING MORE THAN FULFILLED
the Expectations of those who imported them,
and who, after having transferred them to Cyprus,
found themselves considerably embarrassed
what next to do with them,
they were re-shipped, quietly and unobtrusively,
to the general Mystification of Europe,
for the Land of their Birth;

Whence,
though they have merited the Admiration of Some,
and the Respect of Many,
and have left behind them
AN ELECTION CRY TO ALL,

it is to be hoped they will never again visit
the Western Dominions of their Imperial Mistress,
who, through the mouth of *Punch*,
gladly bids them ADIEU!
not *AU REVOIR!*

A CASE FOR A COMPOSER.

THE plot of BELLINI's most popular Opera might, perhaps, have been modified had the librettist been acquainted with this interesting case related in a local paper:—

"An extraordinary case of somnambulism is reported from Headley. A young woman of the neighbourhood got up in her sleep on Sunday night, and, taking a carving knife from the kitchen, went to the fowl-house, where she cut off the heads of six fine cocks, and fourteen hens. She afterwards killed five choice rabbits, and concluded her somnambulant proceedings by mortally stabbing a favourite donkey."

These deeds of a sleepwalker seem suggestive of graver incidents, which, dramatised, and set to music, might have formed a *La Sonambula* of an intensely tragic character. The final catastrophe of the piece is obviously figured in the heroine's concluding act, of "mortally stabbing a favourite donkey." The analogue of that cherished animal would, of course, have been a hapless *Elvino*, fated to fall by the hand of his somnambulo sweetheart.

AFTER READING THE DEBATE ON THE VERNACULAR PRESS ACT.

"Or gagging Acts I, too," quoth TooLIE, "may brag;
The best part of my Acts is always gag!"

MRS. TAIT'S LAWN PARTY.—The Bishops' gathering at Lambeth.

"BIEN VENU QUI APPORTE!"



LINLEY SAMBOURNE. INV. DEL.

SWAIN. SC

VENUS loquitur.

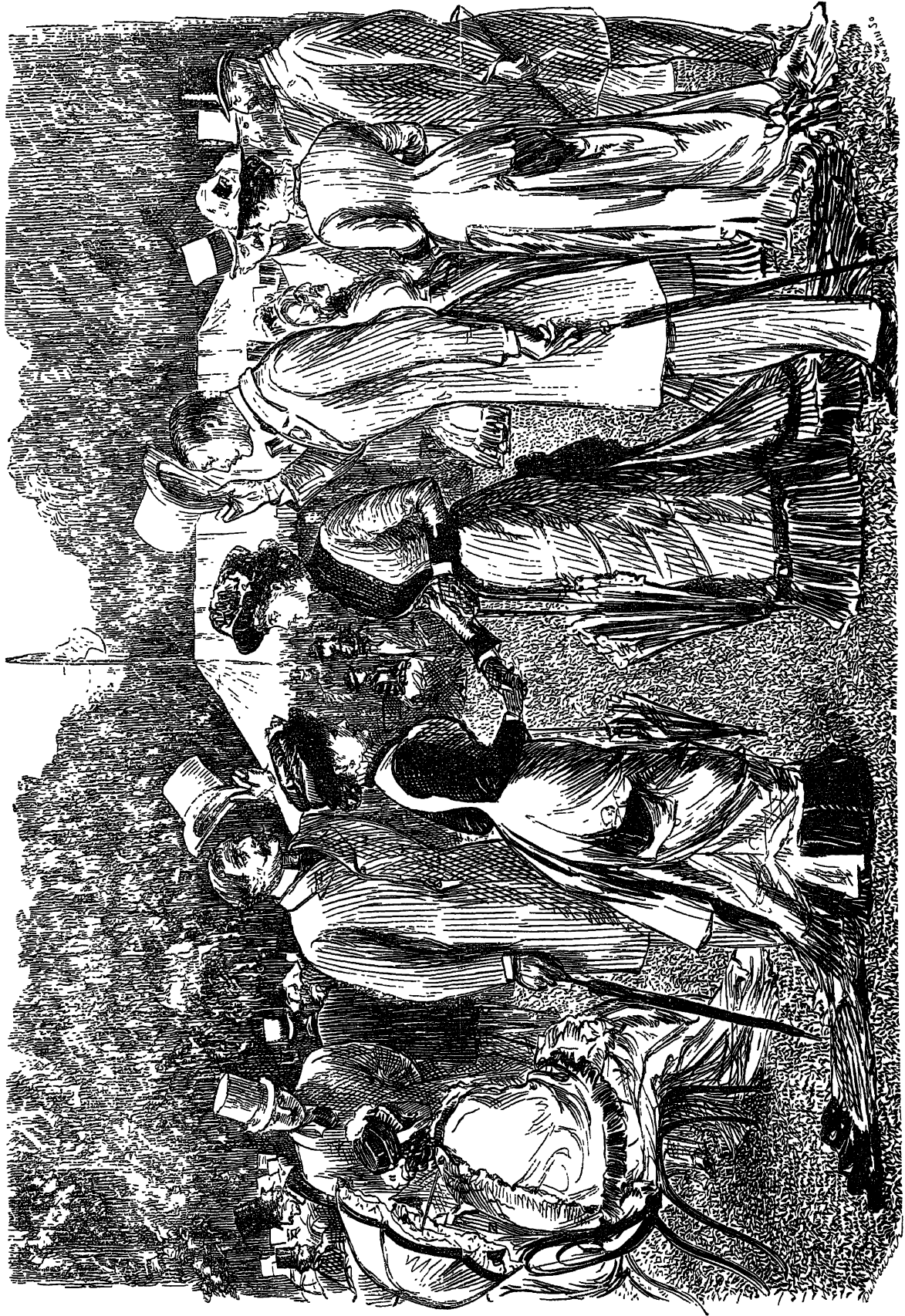
No pilgrims to my Paphian shrine
Now gather as of yore:
The gems, that through this isle of mine
Once sparkled, shine no more.

But more than all its gems of old,
My GARNET, comes with you,
Whose Government brings British gold,
My Cyprus to renew!

Emblem of might and right at home,
Emblem, abroad, of "swag,"
Lo Venus, daughter of the foam,
Draped in the British flag!

OVER THE LEFT.—In answer to many inquiries, we have to inform our Correspondents that the Garter is *not* put on the right leg.

SUBJECT FOR A SEA-PIECE BY MR. BOREAS WHISTLER.—"A disarrangement in green and flesh colour."



A SWEET DELUSION.

Little Lady Padma Phumpington (to the stately Mrs. Longlay, whom she fancies she resembles like a twin). "How do you do, Darling? I declare we are more like each other than ever, with these hats; and in looking at you I feel as if I were looking at myself in the glass. I suppose you feel the same yourself, Dear?"

RIDDLES FOR THE RECESS.



IVING different views on questions of the day for the benefit of the British Elector.

Is the Island of Cyprus "the fairest jewel in the British Crown," or "the 'Wapping' of the Mediterranean"?

Has the conduct of the English Plenipotentiaries at the Congress of Berlin "deserved the enthusiastic gratitude of an acclaiming Empire," or "ought it to be branded by all rational politicians as 'infamous and astonishing'?"

Will the secrecy with which Her Majesty's Government have conducted certain recent negotiations, "bear the enlightened scrutiny of reflective statesmen?" or, "drive every Englishman who values his liberties to ask himself

whether the volcano that produced *Magna Charta* is extinct?"

Was the importation of the Indian troops into Europe "a splendid and far-seeing master-stroke of Imperial policy?" or, "the vulgar and expensive antic of a spangled circus-pose?"

Has *The Earl of Beaconsfield* "added to the prerogative of the Crown a legitimate and lustrous splendour," or ought he "to be burnt in effigy on every village-green where the true principles of Constitutional history are discussed and digested?"

"Is *The Anglo-Turkish Convention* the crowning master-stroke of far-seeing and Imperial policy?" as the *Daily Telegraph* proclaims, or, "an insane proceeding, involving the country, without a word of previous warning, or an opportunity for national consideration, in great risks and incalculable responsibilities," as Mr. GLADSTONE contends.

And, ought *The Unhappy British Elector* "to listen to the violent partisan shibboleth that is being prepared for putting into his mouth on both sides," or "to take a sensible, calm, and impartial look round on his own account, and then give his vote accordingly?"

PREACHING AND PRACTICE.

At a medical conversazione, held after dinner, around the hospitable board of Sir WILLIAM JENKINS, attention was called to an appeal to the Faculty by a daily journal, in an article on "The Perils of Fashionable Life" those besetting "the fashionable dissipation of a London season" with its resultant evils; the damage done to the system by the giddy whirl of pleasures, late hours, constant excitement, over-heated, and ill-ventilated rooms, exposure to sudden changes of temperature, want of sleep, imprudent indulgence in stimulants—against all which medical men were invited to protest more emphatically and generally than they do—the invitation being especially addressed to "the majority of the busiest practitioners in the West End," who were urged "to steadily discountenance" these fast and foolish courses.

Dr. GUINEMAN said the article in question was quoted and endorsed in a professional journal, which admitted that they (the Faculty) "had not taken the subject up as they ought to have done. Public hygiene had monopolised too much of their attention, to the neglect of private hygiene; and they had witnessed with too much indifference those social abuses and irregularities to which many of the disorders among the higher classes are to be chiefly attributed." Very likely. Their attention to public hygiene had vastly improved the public health. The like consequence, no doubt, would result from equal attention to private hygiene. Yes; but how would that affect private practice?

Dr. PURSEY.—Fancy the effect, in a business point of view, of successful remonstrance against those unhealthy habits, which, as we know, produce nearly all the disorders prevalent among the higher classes. How could doctors live, if there were no diseases? That would be the necessary consequence of thorough attention to public hygiene, and private hygiene, too.

Sir CUTE SHARPLES.—The Profession are called upon to preach obedience to the laws of health. Preaching is the province of the

Clergy. But as to that, the cure of bodies differs materially from the cure of souls. If the souls are cured by it, so much the better both for the souls and the sermoniser. The Parson gets paid all the same. But the Physician's exhortations, in so far as they are effectual, impair his income.

Mr. ABERNETHY JONES.—True; but they are effectual in very few cases indeed. I speak from experience. My patients all belong to the better orders, so called—those that 'ARRY styles the "Upper Ten." I never cease pointing out to them the error and stupidity of their ways in respect of eating and drinking, late hours in heated rooms, impure air, and all the rest of it. What is the consequence? They give me great credit, but, for the most part, pay me not the slightest attention. My practice is never at all the worse for my preaching. In the mean time—*liberavi animam meam*—and I combine the enjoyment of an undiminished income with the satisfaction of a self-approving conscience.

[Roars of laughter, during which the host called upon the speaker to pass the bottle, and the conversation concluded.]

A CURIOUS CORRESPONDENCE.

(Non-Official.)

MY DEAR LORD B—D, Tuesday,
I AM delighted to see that you have received the reward you so richly deserve. But there is still a George to let.
Yours sincerely, S—Y.

MY DEAR S—Y, Wednesday.
A THOUSAND thanks for your congratulations. Yes, I think perhaps that I have earned it at last. You may remember that I refused it a little while ago. I had scarcely noticed that there was still one vacant. As you say there is, of course there must be.
Yours sincerely, B—D.

MY DEAR LORD B—D. Thursday.
I AM surprised that the vacant Garter has not been given to the other person who has so richly earned it.
Yours faithfully, S—Y.

MY DEAR LORD S—Y. Friday.
ANOTHER person has earned the vacant Garter? You surely do not mean Lord DERBY? I admit he has certain claims upon his party, but yet—
Yours, faithfully, B—D.

MY LORD, Saturday.
I DO not mean Lord DERBY. I mean myself. If you have got a Garter for the Congress, I ought to have one. Please see to this at once, or I too can take the Public into confidence—*verbum sat*.
Yours, &c., S—Y.

DEAR S. Saturday Afternoon.
CAPITAL! I was only joking. I am going down to Windsor on Monday. You shall have the Garter at once. It was through a mistake that you did not receive yours when I got mine. The announcement will appear in to-morrow's *Times*. Till then, believe me,
Yours affectionately, B—D.

Punch's Notes on his own Archdeacon's.

(See "Notes of my Life," by Archdeacon Denison.)

Most optimist of pessimists, John-Bullect of John Bulls,
Thou orchest of Arch-deacons, and most dear of High-Church DENISONS,
Punch his crown, the "cap and bells," to thy shovel-hat off-pulls,
And bids thy book, JOHN ANTHONY, the heartiest of benisons.

Hammer and Pen.

CHARLES MARTEL was christened "*Malleus Barbarorum*" after his defeat of the Saracens at Tours. After him we had a "*Malleus Maleficorum*," and more than one "*Malleus Hæreticorum*." So there is no lack of precedent for dubbing Sir LOUIS MALLET—who stood alone on the Copyright Commission in denying property in ideas, and sent in a report advocating the abolition of Copyright altogether—*Malleus Auctorum*.

ONE HEAD TO TWO LEGS.

"THE second vacant Garter has been conferred on Lord SALISBURY." Two legs are now provided for.

FROM A BRITHER SCOT.—The Itchiman Pass—the Brigg o' Perth.



WARRANTED.

Traveller. "YOU'RE SURE SHE'S QUIET, LANDLORD"—

Landlord. "QUIET—JUST TELL HER WHERE T'ARE GOING, HONEY, SAY NAE MAIR!"

THE PEOPLE ON PALAVER.

To the Honourable the House of Commons in Parliament assembled:—

The humble Petition of us, the People of England, Humbly Sheweth:—

That we, your humble Petitioners, are accustomed to read the morning papers in which the speeches of the principal Members of your honourable House, therein made in the preceding night's debate, are reported.

That those speeches altogether occupy as many as ten or twelve newspaper columns of small print.

That in every paper they are daily compressed within a space of larger print seldom exceeding a single column.

That the debates of a whole week in your honourable House are regularly condensed into about two pages of that incomparable publication, *Punch*, containing everything in them which is of any the slightest consequence.

That whilst it is true that a fool is known by his much speaking, it is equally true that the Members of the Collective Wisdom constituting your honourable House, are notorious for the very same thing.

Your petitioners therefore implore and entreat that your honourable House would be pleased to take such measures as to your wisdom shall seem fitting, for limiting the speeches of your long-winded Members within reasonable bounds, which they could easily be reduced to by being shorn of verbosity, tautology, rigmarole, irrelevant argumentation, bosh and bunkum.

In conclusion, your humble Petitioners humbly beg your honourable House to reflect and consider what the consequence would have been if her Majesty's Government had, out of deference to Constitutional principle, communicated to your honourable House their pro-

jected Anglo-Turkish Convention. Which had they done, the Convention would certainly not yet have been concluded, but would still remain a question under debate before your honourable House, and most likely never to be concluded at all. Your Petitioners therefore beseech you to oblige all Honourable Gentlemen addressing you to cut it short.

And your Petitioners, as in duty bound, will ever pay.

(Signed)

WE THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND BY OUR PROCURATOR PUNCH.

OLD CLOTHES FOR CLERGYMEN.

ACCORDING to the *Post*, Mr. COWEN, in moving an amendment to the Bishops Bill, expressed himself in terms which may be thought to indicate some slight confusion of ideas concerning the Ministers of the Established Church. Having said that what the people of England wanted was, not more Bishops, but a Church with complete intellectual freedom, and religious equality:—

"He also objected to increasing the number of a highly-paid hierarchy, while many of the working Clergy were so poor, that they were not able to have flesh-meat more than once a week, and on whose behalf appeals were made for old clothes."

Is the Honourable Gentleman quite sure that much of the abstinence and fasting amongst the parsons which he appears to have heard of is not voluntary, and practised on purpose to emulate Roman Catholics? This may well be, if it is also those Clergymen on whose behalf appeals for old clothes are made. Are not appeals continually made on behalf of the Ritualist Clergy in favour of copes, stoles, chasubles, and other antiquated sacerdotal vestments and embellishments? And what are all such fal-lals and paraphernalia but ecclesiastical old clothes?

OUT OF SEASON QUESTIONS FOR BEAUTIES.

How many balls, crushes, garden-parties, *matinees musicales*, and afternoon dances have you been to?

How many times have you been mobbed at the Zoo, the Royal Botanical Gardens, and the Royal Academy?

Enumerate the matches at which you have been stared at at Lord's, Prince's, Hurlingham, and the Orleans; describe your costume on each occasion.

How often have you danced at the Court Balls?

How many times have you been photographed in the Society journals?

State the names and addresses of the photographers to whom you have given sittings, distinguishing each photograph by (a) dress, (b) attitude, (c) expression of eye.

Describe your costumes and parties at Ascot and Goodwood.

How do you like running the gauntlet of fast men and faster women, of more money than brains and less character than either?

Describe the sensation of (a) being "taken up," and (b) being "let down."

Describe the effect of the beauty-woman's passing and questionable popularity, on (a) your health, (b) your happiness, (c) your income, (d) your manners, and (e) the feelings of your family.

And lastly (not that it matters much), state what has become of your husband?

Heads in Chancery.

(A Scene in Court.)

SAYS MALINS to GLASSE,

"I think you're an ass!"

SAYS GLASSE back to MALINS,

"I pity your failings!"

APPROPRIATE "PITCH" FOR THE MINISTERIAL FISH DINNER.—Billingsgate.

AFTER THE SEASON.—On the Seas.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



MONDAY, July 29 (*Lords*).—A smart little "set-to," growing out of an obscure interpellation of Lord STRATHEDEN's, calling attention (which did not come) to the Convention and the Protocols.

First those masters of tongue-fence, Earl GRANVILLE and Earl BEACONSFIELD, had a bout, in which they both showed their command of the weapon. Earl GRANVILLE taking up the report of the Riding School dinner speeches, twitted the head of the Government with himself abusing the practice of innuendo which he charged on the Opposition. He complained more especially of the offensive personal attack on Mr. GLADSTONE in the shape of a "*tu quoque*," dressed up in carefully prepared and painfully elaborated sentences, as violent, though not as powerful,

as attacks which were directed some thirty years ago against one of the most eminent statesmen of the century."

"As to dealing in innuendo," retorted Earl BEACONSFIELD, what was the noble Lord's whole speech but one long innuendo? If he *had* flung mud at Mr. GLADSTONE, it was in return for much mud thrown at him. (Head-Master *Dr. Punch* has spoken his mind about this low-lived mud-throwing in this week's Cartoon.) "If the noble Earl, and those who act with him, think the Anglo-Turkish Agreement 'an insane Convention,' it is their duty to ask the opinion of the House upon it, by motion. It is not by petty criticism, by asking little questions, and making long speeches not followed up by motions, that an Opposition can commend itself to the confidence of the country." Perfectly true, my Lord.

Then Lord NAPIER and ETTRICK dealt some well-aimed raps all round. "As for the Treaty, its settlement of Turkey in Europe was *unsettlement*: its changes are too big to please the Turks—too little to satisfy the Russians; its arrangements too complex to last. As for the Convention, it pledged the Turks to effect impossible reforms. People talked of popular education for the Turks. Why, it was not wanted; and was not to be got when wanted. And as for public works—where was the money to come from? How were the Turks to raise loans without security? Rest was what Asia Minor wanted—rest from the tax-gatherer, from the recruiting-officer, from the task-master; and the best thing we could do for her would be to multiply and improve our consuls; to send her as many soldiers as possible, and with experience of Indian work. See what had been done in the Lebanon. He did not object to our guaranteeing the Turkish frontier. It would tend to keep Russia quiet. As for our having concluded a separate Convention, joint Agreements were usually dead letters. As for the secrecy observed in the matter, that was quite right, and in accordance with precedent. Lord PALMERSTON stole just such a march on the French in the Treaty of 1840."

Lord RUPON was generally critical. The Treaty of Berlin gave up the defences of Turkey to Russia, and tended to provoke the war of the

future, in which the Convention bound JOHN BULL to take part. If the Convention was not "insane," it was one of the most dangerous and unwise engagements ever entered into by an English Minister. It was said to be the duty of the Opposition to attack the Government by specific motion. But how could they do that when the Government policy was kept dark till it was too late to oppose it?

The Marquis of SALISBURY reiterated his leader's complaint of the Opposition's desultory discussions, raised without the regular Parliamentary equipment of a notice in their foreheads, and a motion in their tails. Englishmen will never tolerate Russian supremacy on the Euphrates and the Tigris. The Convention tells Russia so in plain terms. To do this is to diminish, not to increase, the responsibilities of Great Britain, and to give plainness and frankness to British diplomacy. The European concert of 1856 has ended in a charivari: our more definite engagements are likely to be better kept.

Lord CARDWELL felt it was hard to bully the Opposition for asking questions, so long as they could not get answers. To be sure it was very kind of Lord BEACONSFIELD to teach his opponents, after he had so successfully educated his own party.

Lord CRANBROOK said the Opposition was very ready to blame all the Government had done, but why didn't they tell the country what *they* think ought to be done? We don't expect to turn Asia Minor into a Garden of Eden; but we think improvement is wanted there; we think improvement is possible; and we mean to help it forward. Criticism is all very well, but it is not a policy, and it won't re-make a party.

After a few passing remarks from Lord ABERDARE, Lord HAMMOND, and the LORD CHANCELLOR, and a last word from Lord



A DILEMMA.

Jones (a big, burly Man). "HERE! HI! THAT BIG BRUTE OF YOURS WILL KILL MY DOG! CALL HIM OFF!"

Brown (who always stammers when at all excited). "HE WON'T B-B-BITE HIM, SIR! HE'LL ONLY SQ-Q-Q-QUEEZE HIM A LITTLE!"

Jones. "CALL HIM OFF, I SAY! CATCH HOLD OF HIS TAIL AND PULL HIM OFF!"

Brown. "IF I CAT-C-CATCH HOLD OF HIS TAIL, HE'LL LEAVE OFF SQ-Q-Q-U-U-UEEZING YOUR DOG, AND B-B-B-BITE HIM INSTEAD."

Jones. "LOOK HERE, YOU STAMMERING IDIOT, I'M HANGED IF I——"

Brown. "D-D-D-D-DON'T C-C-C-CALL ME NAMES, PLEASE, OR HE'LL L-L-LEAVE GO YOUR DOG, AND C-C-C-C-C-C-CATCH HOLD OF YOU!!!"

STRATHEDEN—who, we are sorry to find, has no confidence in Austria, which, no doubt, will at once put up the national shutters—their Lordships rose, after an unusually lively evening, at the unusually late hour of twenty-five minutes to nine.

(*Commons.*)—In the meantime, the Commons had been having *its* go in at the same little game, but in less lively fashion.

Here the match was opened in regular form with a motion in the cool hands of Lord HARTINGTON. His indictment had been carefully drawn. Thankfulness for peace comes first; then satisfaction with the extension of liberty and self-government to parts of European Turkey; then regrets at the treatment of Greece; protest against the extension of our military liabilities by the Convention, and disclaimer of the responsibilities it imposes without indicating means to meet them, and all behind the back of Parliament.

The head of the Opposition deserves full credit for supporting the counts of his indictment temperately, clearly, and forcibly. But if Lord HARTINGTON was dull—as *Punch* is afraid he must admit—what word shall he find for the tediousness Mr. PLUNKET bestowed on the House in support of his amendment, expressing thankfulness for peace, and earnest hope that under Divine Providence the Government arrangement will avail to preserve peace, to ameliorate the condition of large populations in the East, and to maintain the interests of this Empire?

"And so say all of us." You could not say fairer, Mr. PLUNKET, or flatter. If a man's soul for his cause is to be gauged by the spirit of his pleading, your heart is but half in yours.

Sir CHARLES DILKE gave some spice to the debate. He thought it an insane Convention if it meant anything, but did it mean anything? He put very strongly the case for the Greeks, and against the Government that had thrown them over. Any effect our policy might have had had been destroyed by the clandestine character of the Convention. The Opposition were in a cleft stick. If they said Government had saddled the country with enormous responsibilities, they were told that those responsibilities meant nothing. If they treated the hopes reared on the Convention as illusory, they were

assured nothing could be more solid and serious. He, for one, did not think our responsibilities light.

"He believed that we had displaced the centre of gravity of the British Empire towards the East, and entered upon a course which, if persevered in, must lead to England becoming a sort of rich dependency upon the Indian, Imperial, and Military Crown."

Then the House emptied for dinner, and Mr. BAILLIE-COCHRANE delivered to a select House of seven a discourse worthy of his concentrated audience.

Mr. ASHLEY followed, too good a talker for dinner-time, and then, after an *intermezzo* by Mr. R. PLUNKET, Mr. GRANT DUFF spoke the speech of the evening—if not, indeed, of the debate—for pith, point, and sense pregnant with knowledge. He dealt with the Government policy from four parts of view. First, its effect on Turkey in Europe—dismemberment now, and defencelessness in the future. Then for its effect on Turkey in Asia:—

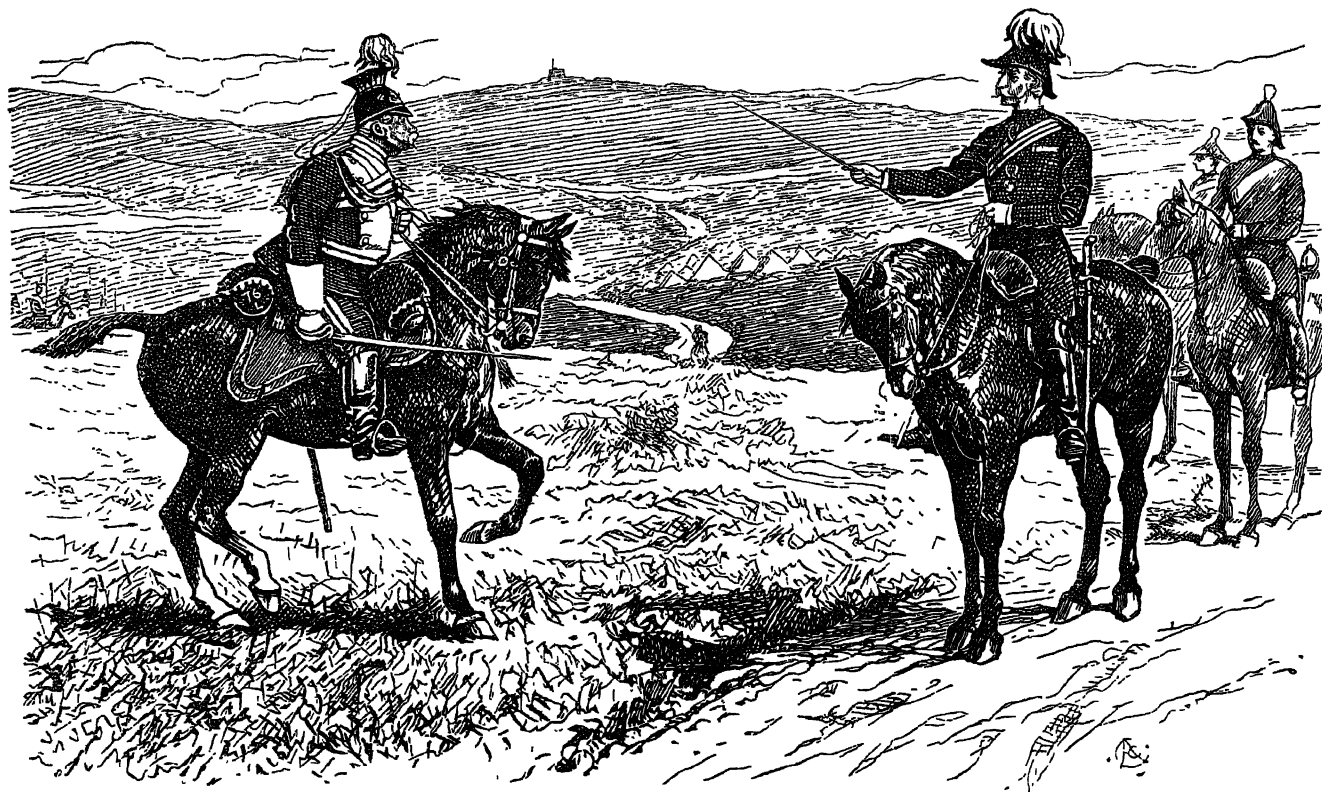
"The Anglo-Turkish Convention either meant nothing, or it meant something. If it meant nothing, it was altogether an imposture; if it meant something, it was well nigh an impossibility."

Then, as to the effect on Europe at large—

"Russia, of course, hated us cordially, and was biding her time. Austria was pleased or acquiescent. Germany thought we were what we always were—clever traders on high principles, with a weather-eye open to commercial results. France was persuaded that *perfidie Albion* was as ever *perfidie Albion*; and Italy, where, for a long time back there had been more popular sympathy for England than in any other European country, was thoroughly disgusted, and said that the pens with which the Berlin Treaty was signed were taken from the wings of four vultures, one Turkey, and two geese."

(*Punch* himself could not have put it better.) Lastly, as to the Constitutional question—

"No one doubted that the Crown had full power to conclude treaties without consulting Parliament, but that was a doctrine which wise Ministers would not push to its logical extremity. Our Constitution was good for nothing, if it was permitted Ministers, without the consent of Parliament, not



FROM THE SUMMER MANŒUVRES.

General (to Colonel of Cavalry—slightly inclining to embonpoint). "Now, SIR! UNDERSTAND THAT YOU ARE NOT CAVALRY AT ALL. YOU ARE A SKELETON ENEMY!"

[Stout Colonel does not feel the right man in the right place.]

merely to conclude an ordinary or even extraordinary Treaty, but to utterly revolutionise the whole policy of the Empire. That was what the Convention did, if it did anything, and was not a mere deliberate deceit practised on Turkey, on England, and on Europe."

Mr. BOURKE laboured, with intolerable long-windedness, to prove that the Plenipotentiaries had made the best of their bad bargain at Berlin, and that the obligations of the Convention were conditional on the Turk setting his house in order—whereunto we had undertaken only to advise him well and to assist him morally.

Before Lord SANDON moved the adjournment of the Debate, Mr. GREENE appealed pathetically to the House to cut short what he felt to be the dulllest debate he ever remembered. *Punch* is bound to agree with his friend GREENE. So it was, thus far. But on Tuesday matters looked up—not in the (Lords) where Lord TRURO complained, not without too good grounds, of the inefficiency of the Metropolitan Police, protective and detective, and was met, not as conclusively as *Punch* could have wished, by Lord ABERDARE and Earl BEAUCHAMP—but in the (Commons), where, after Lord SANDON had painted a *couleur-de-rose* picture of Turks in Asia under the Convention, with a background of schools, steam-ploughs, and smiling Arcadian fields, bright enough for the Realms of Delight in a Drury Lane Pantomime, Mr. GLADSTONE sounded the war-whoop in one of his most vigorous orations of two hours and a quarter. It would be idle in *Mr. Punch* to attempt compression, impertinent in him to adventure paraphrase, or still more, persiflage, of an impeachment of the Government policy which evidently came hot from the heart and head of the speaker. JOHN BULL must summarise this for himself.

Mr. GLADSTONE referred to the painful subject of this week's Cartoon, and read his own letter demanding explanations of his assailant, in a style of even superfluously elaborate courtesy. *Punch* is sorry to find that Lord BEACONSFIELD has not thought fit to follow his rival's lead. Those who wish to read the strongest that can be said against the "peace with honour" which Lord BEACONSFIELD claims to have brought us from Berlin, may be referred to the Liebig's Essence of GRANT DUFF's Monday speech, and the full flowing torrent of Mr. GLADSTONE's Tuesday onslaught. It is an indictment of Lord BEACONSFIELD for high crime and misdemeanour against the Constitution—a charge against the Government of having struck at the rights of Parliament, winding up with solemn utterance of a fear that

"The result of these operations of the Government—I will not give them a less respectful name—is likely to be an increase of responsibility, no addition, but rather a diminution of our strength, loss of respect abroad, with a shock to Constitutional instincts at home, and an augmentation of burdens on the back of a too-confiding people."

Unluckily, Parliament and the public, for the present, seem to like it. SIDEBOTTOM, after GLADSTONE, sounds in reading, as it sounded in hearing, comical.

Mr. CROSS, the other great gun of the night, fired, if he did not aim, low, and was altogether unusually under CROSS mark. The debate, though it had the aid of Mr. O. MORGAN, and Mr. STANSFELD, and the more questionable support of Messrs. BIRLEY and GOLDNEY, languished and died down in the socket, at an earlier hour than pleased Major NOLAN, with a promise from Mr. LOWE to give it a fillip at its reopening on Thursday.

(Wednesday.)—Was given up to the Duke of CONNAUGHT's Allowance, against which Mr. PLIMSOLL, who considers himself released from his obligations to the Crown by the prerogative claimed for Her MAJESTY—

"To pledge the lives and property of her people to the most unlimited extent, not only without the consent of the nation, but without its knowledge, as in the case of the recent Convention with Turkey,"

voted with twelve more *Intransigentes*.

Mr. FORSTER, who knows he will have to render an account of his vote to a popular constituency, explained that he voted for the Allowance, because if we have a Monarch, that Monarch must be maintained in a position suitable to Royal rank; because the incomes of the QUEEN and her family are small compared with great English incomes; but more than all, because an agreement was entered into at the beginning of the reign that these allowances should be given.

But *Punch* wishes to note that the two working-men representatives of working-men spoke strongly, though soberly, and voted, against the Allowance. It is evident that the present arrangements as to allowances to the Royal Family would be the better for overhauling, as soon as present understandings run out.

The Cattle Diseases Bill was passed through Committee. A good riddance of a bad business. And the Bishops' Bill was talked out, after a vehement "*Nolo Episcopari*" (translation—"I don't want to be bishoped"), from Mr. COWEN and Mr. E. JENKINS, a protest from

Mr. SULLIVAN and Mr. RICHARD against legislating for the Church in the House of Commons, and a plea for the Bill from Mr. CROSS, showing a good case in favour of allowing self-sacrificing bishops and devout Churchmen to reduce old over-sees and provide for new overseers out of their superfluity.

Thursday (Lords).—Lord CARNARVON protested against Lord BEACONSFIELD's imputation on him of having stuck to the Cabinet till it came to a prospect of fighting, and then having bolted. Lord BEACONSFIELD clinched the imputation in an elaborate statement. All depends on how you look at things. Lord CARNARVON and Lord DERBY worked for Peace and hoped for Peace. When, in spite of their hopes and their efforts, they saw the country brought to the edge of War, they protested, and parted company with Lord BEACONSFIELD. Lord B. puts this in the unpleasantest way. Lords C. and D. want it put in the pleasantest way for them. Naturally, the two views don't harmonise. Time must determine whether B., or C. and D., deserve to stand A 1. For the moment, the turn of the political wheel has distributed B. into the right box, and C. and D. into the wrong.

(Commons.)—The chiefs of the battle to-night may be classed as—High (Lord JOHN MANNERS); Lowe (*in propria persona*); Jack (Mr. CHAMBERLAIN); and the Game (Sir J. HAY, Messrs. HOLMES and STAVELEY HILL, Alderman COTTON, Major NOLAN, Mr. BALFOUR, and Mr. LAING, Mr. C. LEWIS, and Sir J. LUBBOCK.)

Mr. LOWE has seldom been more effective. Perhaps because his points stand out in sharp contrast with MANNERS'. He delivered a series of biting epigrams on Turkey in Europe dismembered; Greece sold; England professing to act impartially, with a secret Agreement in one pocket, and a secret Convention in the other; the "little game" with Lord ODO; the serious responsibilities of the Convention; the burden of Cyprus; the absurdity of preparing a defence against an impossible attack; the moral of Rome's decline and fall; and the straining of the Constitution and giving the go-by to the House of Commons. The QUEEN has the prerogative of treaty-making; no doubt, and so—

"The QUEEN has the prerogative of mercy, and could let loose every felon now confined in her gaols without anybody having the right to say anything against it; the QUEEN has a right to make treaties, and she could make a treaty ceding the Isle of Wight to France without any one having the right to object; the QUEEN is the fountain of honour, and she could make an earl of every cobbler in London if she thought fit, equally without any person having the right to object."

But we are satisfied she won't do anything of the kind, and so we sit at ease with the prerogative hanging over our heads.

Lord JOHN MANNERS, in reply to this rude shower of sharp-pointed shafts, harped tunelessly on the Imperial string. The British Lion was once more in his old form, and JOHN BULL rejoiced in him, and was willing to pay the bill.

The Treaty has made Turkey strong and England influential. The Convention has but given the Sultan a guarantee conditional on improvement. Improvement is possible; and we can help it. We have done nothing to strain the Constitution.

"When he says the prerogative of the Crown in making treaties has hitherto been safeguarded by the conduct and character of the Ministers who have advised it, and it has been so maintained because the Ministers of the Crown have had a knowledge of the sentiments of the people, I tell him it is precisely because this Government have had knowledge of the prevalent sentiment of the people of England that we are here (pointing to the Treasury Bench), and he is there."

It is a collision, said Lord JOHN, of Imperial policy and counter-policy, the latter

"—a policy which, if I understand it, is one of insular isolation and calculating selfishness—a policy shrinking from all risks, refusing all responsibilities for the future, and probably ending in failing to discharge those which are still admitted; and a policy which in the course of long years has made England a great and glorious empire—a policy which in a just cause and for noble objects will not shrink from risk and will not avoid responsibility—a policy which, as we believe and hope, if carried out, will bestow on the regions of Asiatic Turkey some at least of those blessings which America, Australasia, South Africa, and India have loved to associate with western civilisation and the glory of England."

Very well perorated, my Lord. That is very much how the British public is willing to have it put, just now—till the bill comes, and the balance has to be struck between anticipation and achievement.

Friday.—The last day of the week's weary battle—the four nights of great cry over spilt milk and little wool, though intolerable length of yarn. Lord ELCHO, Mr. FORSTER, Sir W. HARCOURT, and Mr. ROEBUCK, protagonists, with Sir STAFFORD for a stopper over all. Division, in a crowded House, 338 to 195.

So the Government has its triumph, and the Opposition has had its say. Events must and will decide between the two parties and the two policies.

A PAS DE DEUX.—The Father of Twins.

ANGELINA'S VIEW OF IT.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,



WHATEVER sour critics and sarcastic caricaturists may say, Earl BEACONSFIELD is a darling! There! If EDWIN sees this he will; be angry, for he does not believe in the popular idol. I do, and so do all the nice girls I know, except a few, a very few, who are under the influence of grumpy Radical-lovers. Lord B. said of the Greeks, that they "are an interesting people," and that's exactly

what I feel about himself. He is so interesting that I am sure he must be right.

I have been reading all his novels, and they are perfectly lovely, though perhaps a little puzzling. EDWIN says they are an amazing mixture of keen cleverness and tawdry rubbish; but at any rate they are far more interesting than horrid political pamphlets, all bad temper and big sentences. I don't say they are so nice as *Ouida's*, or so easy as Mrs. HENRY WOOD's, but I'm sure it's awfully condescending of a Statesman and an Earl to be intelligible at all. The romantic parts are simply delicious, and when I am puzzled by the politics and the mysticism, I feel inclined to say with TENNYSON, "I cannot understand; I love."

Indeed, it is this combination of mystery and niceness which is so fascinating in an Earl. An affable Sphinx in a ball-room is bound to be a success, and when the Asian Mystery curls his hair and talks pretty, who could resist him? And, dear Mr. Punch, since he has proved himself to be the greatest and most delightful of men, why cannot those aggravating Liberals let him alone? I am sure if the QUEEN, and the Court, and the Clubs, and, oh! everybody agreeable or of any consequence, are quite satisfied, that grim-looking Mr. GLADSTONE might be quiet.

Now there is a man I never could like, though EDWIN considers him the sublimest of heroes. He may be awfully high-principled, and all that; but a man with that mouth and nose could never be nice. If he would brush his hair, and not wear such enormous shirt-collars, would talk pleasantly, and not object to everybody and everything, well even then I don't believe he could ever be really interesting, but he might be tolerable. As it is, I do not find that anybody in Society has a word to say for him. But our Earl; oh! he is the universal pet! EDWIN says we women are ruled by personal prejudices, and have no grasp of political principles. He also says that the feminine spirit seems so to have permeated the politics of the day, that partisanship and personalities have for the moment beaten principle out of the field. I don't quite know what he means; but I do know that politics were never so interesting as now to

Your old Admirer,

ANGELINA.

P.S. If Mr. GLADSTONE had not been so very cantankerous, he might have had that other Garter, no doubt. Why doesn't he give up Radicals, and Dissenters, and principles, and post-cards, and other unpleasant things, and go in for being nice and popular, like our Earl?

Happy Thought.

THE Marquis of LORNE for Governor-General of the Dominion, and with more power to his elbow in the fair shape of the Princess LOUISE. A capital idea of Lord BEACONSFIELD'S. It shows he was determined not to put a duffer in to DUFFERIN'S place.

DOG (AND GUN) LATIN FOR THE DEATH OF THE SESSION.—Mo(o)rs!



IMPENITENT.

Jack (who has been put in the corner for misbehaviour). "MAMMA!"

Mamma. "WELL, SIR, WHAT IS IT?"

Jack. "WHAT REMARKABLY NICE CORNERS THERE ARE IN THIS HOUSE!"

A BAD EXAMPLE.

Head-Master Punch loquitur.

WHAT both of you at it? It's really too bad!
Of mud-throwing lately we've had far too much;
But to see boys like you flinging filth makes me sad:
Roughs may stoop to weapons that knights may not touch;
A Queen's Prize may not shoot with a Blunderbuss, WILL:
A rapier is better, my BEN, than a bludgeon.
You have met in too many a classical mill,
For either to take to dirt-slinging in dudgeon.
Faugh! *Noblesse oblige!* If a couple of cads,
Who fisticuffs funk, to the gutter descend,
Who cares? But a brace of high-spirited lads
Should scorn to such ill-smelling missiles to bend.
I don't care a jot who began it, or which,
Of your two odoriferous charges is worse;
There's certain defilement in touching of pitch—
You remember the proverb as pungent as terse?
"You aimed at his jacket and not at his face,
Whilst BEN threw the nastiness right in your eyes?"
Perhaps, but the plea, Sir, would come with more grace,
If you had steered clearer of personal shies.
You, BEN, should know better; I thought you had broken
Yourself of bad manners, and Billingsgate style;
This outbreak of *your* self-command is no token:
The smell of that last dirty handful was vile!
Come, shake hands, when you've washed dirty fingers and faces;
A gentleman temper and tongue should command.
The stateliest triumph foul language disgraces,
And the man who shies mud dirties more than his hand.

FROM OUR IRISH CORRESPONDENT IN PARIS.—Seeking a breath of fresh air between the acts in a Paris theatre this hot weather, is, literally, "Out of the frying-pan into the foyer."

ACROSS THE KEEP-IT-DARK CONTINENT;
OR, HOW I FOUND STANLEY.

(By the Author of "Coomrapassie," and "Notamagdollar," "My! Phillaloo!" &c.)

PART I.—CHAPTER VII.

Mossi—Gozlingi—Palace—Ventriloquist—Danger—Business—The Show—Disorderly Conduct—More Danger—Rush for Seats—Arrangements—The Spears—Indignation—Escape—Conciliation—All's Well—A Delicate Question—An Offer—Momentous—Dissembling—Meeting—Parting.

ON April 1st we reached Mossi, a soft, green spot, the residence of Queen UGANDA, whose son, Prince UGUSE, received us with much civility. He insisted on my living in his own palace, and provided me with his royal canoe as a means of transit from one fertile spot to another, within the somewhat circumscribed limits of the Queen Mother's dominions. The accompanying sketch will give a more than correct idea of what the palace was like at this time of year.

MOSMUGGINS, the Ventriloquist, who was in excellent voice, interested the Gozlingi (the tribes reigned over by Queen UGANDA and Prince UGUSE) to such an extent, that it was as much as I could do to restrain the simple people from performing a series of surgical operations on him with their knives, in order to find out where the other voices came from. It was, however, a big success; and the *Royal Arkadia* (drawn up on shore, and the compartments so arranged, as to form a good orchestra, stalls, pit, private boxes, &c., holding about £150 when full) was crammed every night.

M'YONYU also came out well, changing his dress behind a table, and announcing himself as somebody else each time he reappeared. If he had only kept sober, this entertainment would have been perfect, but he would refresh himself whenever he disappeared under the table, and, at last, he came up as two people at once, insulted the audience, fell over the table into the orchestra, which was well filled by myself, in a white tie, as Conductor, the Printer's Devil, with trumpets,



A BAD EXAMPLE.

DR. PUNCH. "WHAT'S ALL THIS? YOU, THE TWO HEAD BOYS OF THE SCHOOL, THROWING MUD!
YOU OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELVES!"

cymbals, and drums, and the rest of our party with dummy instruments, while the musical box was turned on underneath the stage, out of sight. Before appearing as Conductor, I had taken all the money myself at the

If this wasn't an attraction, nothing could be. I forgot to mention one interlude—a *pose plastique*—representing

THE BENISON OF THE DUKE OF ARGYLL,

with Scotch airs on an improvised bag-pipe (made out of the hollow sugar-canes and a leather foot-ball), played, at first, with much taste and discrimination by McSMUGGINS; but unfortunately he became so excited by the blasts of his national Highland air, that he shouted out something about "Auld Reekie" and "his foot being on his native heath, and his name Macgregor" (which it wasn't, being McSMUGGINS), and then took to dancing what he called a McCancean, while blowing with all his might and main, until I contrived to stick a knife into the foot-ball, and so to speak took the wind out of his sails, when he calmed down, and became rational, but exhausted. The entire show would have been a triumph if McSMUGGINS could only have been kept from the whiskey-bottle, or the whiskey-bottle from him, or the whiskey from the bottle, and if M'XIONYU had only known anything at all about the people he professed to be imitating. Even the Gozlingi stood it for some time calmly, but when M'XIONYU announced the twentieth Member of Parliament (Irish Home-Ruler this time), and spoke in precisely the same tone and made the same speech (he has no sort of invention), and came up from under the table in the same white wig and whiskers in which they had already seen him do Mr. GLADSTONE, Lord BEACONSFIELD, Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, Lord



QUEEN UGANDA & HER SON PRINCE UGYSE.

doors. Subsequently I had to explain that M'XIONYU's extraordinary conduct was simply an ebullition of Genius, which could not be controlled in very hot weather. The Gozlingi were quite satisfied; and the next night, being my benefit, and a "bespeak" by Queen UGANDA, and Prince UGYSE, was a real bumper. The women gave their gold ear-rings for front seats, beautiful pieces of workmanship, that had been in their families for ears—I mean for years. Men gave seal-rings, gold brooches, jewelled pins, gold-headed walking-sticks, and anything else they could lay their hands on, in order to be present on this the Last and Greatest Night of the Present Season, when in addition to a Concert (the musical-box, personally conducted by myself) there was to be an Exhibition of Paintings (by me), a Scene in the Circus by the Boy from Fleet Street, the Printer's Devil, whom I announced as—

PUERILLO IL DIAVOLO

IN HIS MARVELLOUS TRICK ACT ON THE
BARE-BACKED STEED.

Then a Special Entertainment, by M'XIONYU, who (if quite sober) was to give imitations, in character, of the various celebrities of the House of Commons, including the Member for Peterborough, "with a Song," after which a Ventriloquial Farce, interspersed with conjuring tricks, entitled—

TOMMY AND HIS UNCLE;

Or, *Cox and Box in the Dentist's Cupboard!*

This was to be followed by a farewell speech from the Bénéficiaire, myself, then a dance by all the Characters, and fireworks *outside* illustrating

THE TAKING OF FORT OWUNBARWUN

BY THE GALLANT WELSHERS!!!

AND

THE GRAND STAND

OF

THE BRITISH

ON

EPSOM DOWNS!!!



MOSSI
— THE RESIDENCE OF QUEEN UGANDA —

SALISBURY, and thirteen other notabilities, even these mild people couldn't control their righteous indignation, and threw spears at him, which they had brought in contrary to my regulations written up, "All spears, knives, &c., to be left with the Saloon-Keeper (myself)," so that he was glad to get under the table, and down through a trap, as quickly as possible. Luckily I had ordered a man to be ready for him with this trap, or he wouldn't have got off so easily. I appeased the infuriated people with the overture to the *Bronze Horse*, and McSMUGGINS (who was almost sober) made an omelette in the hat, which they devoured with avidity—hat and all. All passed off happily. *Cox and Box at the Dentist's* was good. We had to pretend that McSMUGGINS had fainted, and carried him home to his compartment. The *Arkadia* is a most useful boat.

The next day we were preparing to go when the Queen came to me, and said that she had understood I was a Christian. I answered cautiously that I tried my best, &c.

"If the White Colonel is a Christian, has he a wife?" asked Queen UGANDA, looking down at her toe-rings bashfully. She was fifty, if a day, but a fine woman, and, *before our arrival*, very well off.

"The White Colonel is a Christian," I replied, "and never tells a lie when he is at home. The White Colonel can only have one wife at a time."

"UGANDA will be the White Colonel's one wife," she said, modestly enough, but with a great show of determination.

"UGANDA does the White Colonel proud," I returned, making my politest bow, "but the White Colonel is afraid that the great and lovely Queen UGANDA is trifling with his affections."

No she wasn't: not a bit of it. She had taken a fancy to me, and that idiot,



EDUCATION.

Inspector of Schools. "IT STRIKES ME THAT TEACHER OF YOURS RETAINS LITTLE OR NO GRASP UPON THE ATTENTION OF THE CHILDREN,—NOT HOLD ENOUGH, YOU KNOW,—NOT HOLD ENOUGH."

Lancashire Magnate (who takes great interest in the Educational Movement). "NOT HOLD ENOUGH! LOR' BLESS YER—IF SHE EVER SEES FORTY AGAIN, I'LL EAT MY 'AT!!"

M'YIONYU (whose business it is to know everyone's private affairs), had informed her that I was a bachelor.

"Queen UGANDA loves the Great White Colonel, and will come with him to the end of the world!" she exclaimed enthusiastically, at the same time throwing her dusky arms round my neck, and shaking her nose-ring in my face, to the infinite amusement of the Printer's Devil from Fleet Street.

Now I said to myself, "Now or never! I must dissemble!"

Unfortunately the Prince, her son, was ambitious, and encouraged his mother in this sudden idea of hers, which, as far as my personal appearance is concerned, was neither strange nor unusual. In fact—but we are on a delicate subject—and all I have to say is, that I remembered the mission to which I had devoted myself.

"Pardon me, Queen," I said, quietly, "but I must find STANLEY!"

"I will find STANLEY, too!" she said, simply.

"You shall!" I replied. "You shall take the route to the South, while I take the route to the North. Then at a certain point we'll meet again. Farewell!" And, tipping the wink to my followers, who had been carefully putting together the compartments of the *Arkadia*, and to which *Old Scratch* the Dark Horse had been already transferred, and was drawing it down to the sea, I raised my handkerchief to my eyes, declared my heart was breaking; that parting was such sweet sorrow, that I would go away, and come to-morrow, — and then made for the boat like mad. In a second a something whizzed by my ear!

A spear! It came from her son, the Prince! It was the only weapon left on the island. We had taken all the rest, which we had collared either as payment for the Show, or when left at the doors with the cloaks and umbrellas, including those thrown at M'YIONYU. As far as spears could go—and they can go pretty far — we were safe.

"UGANDA!" he exclaimed.

"UGUSE!" she cried.

And in another second they were weeping in each other's arms.

The Gozlingi, with tears in their eyes, met to debate the question of what should be done with the Great White Colonel, who had spurned UGANDA's offer.

Fortunately the Gozlingi never proceed to deeds without a regular debate, or, as they call it in their language, a *kakkel*.

In the midst of the formal preliminaries we silently rushed *Old Scratch* (as good a mare as ever drew bathing-machine) down the shingle, with the *Arkadia* in tow, and in another second, without a word or a whisper, we had unharnessed and stabled the faithful animal, my crew had taken their places at the oars, and, with a hearty cheer (not above our breaths), we dashed, with a will, into the Lake.

We were all there; and with a grateful and a beating heart I lighted a cigar, and reclined on the cushions, while the Printer's Boy turned on a Selection from OFFENBACH; and McSMUGGINS playfully threw his voice overboard as far as the shore, startling the Gozlingi, by making Queen UGANDA suddenly sing, "*Ah, que j'aime les Militaires*," with admirable effect.

They all jumped to their feet; and as we sailed away almost out of sight, McSMUGGINS braced up his ventriloquial powers for one final effort, and sending his voice right in amongst them, he made the Queen say to UGUSE, "Mr. STANLEY, I presume!" How we all laughed! And how happy and merry we were as we sailed away from the simple, soft-headed people of Mossi!

(To be continued.)

Paying for a Pearl.

THE name of Margaret is generally known to signify Pearl. How comes it that Mr. PLIMSOIL, or Mr. BURT, or some other opponent of the Duke of CONNAUGHT'S Establishment Bill, failed to observe that the Princess MARGUERITE of Germany would prove a pearl of great price to Mr. JOHN BULL?

LEVEL CROSSING BETWEEN DOVER AND CALAIS.—For further particulars, apply to Neptune and the *Calais-Douvre*.

CLASSICAL SEA-SIDE TRIP.—Dance of Mermaids.

"ADVANCE. AUSTRALIA!"



"They are coming up, Master," cried *Toby* in a fever of excitement, "the entire Eleven."

"They are heartily welcome," replied *Mr. Punch*, with one of his most graceful bows as the Ambassadors from the Antipodes, with *SPOFFORTH*, *BOYD*, and the *BANNERMAN* Brothers at their head, entered the sanctum.

"Be seated, my dear boys," exclaimed *Mr. Punch*, cordially.

The eleven sunburnt heroes looked at one another and smiled.

"We will sit down with pleasure," said the spokesman, "but our favourite practice is to make a stand. You should see us at Lord's."

"I have seen you both at Lords and Commons," returned *Mr. Punch*, with enthusiasm. "I have seen you North, South, East, and West; I have seen you all round. A splendid team! Australia may well be proud of you, and England too, as branches of the British willow, though grown at the Antipodes."

"H'm, I don't know," answered the spokesman; "we are pretty well. But there are lots as good or better where we come from. Still, I think that we have given you a fair taste of the Cornstalk."

"Before or behind the wickets, in the field,—everywhere,—as the artfullest of bowlers or the best of bats,—you are simply magnificent!"

"Oh no, we are not," continued the spokesman, with modest pride. "As you may have seen by reading the report of the speeches at the dinner the other night, we don't consider ourselves by any means the top-twigs of the Australian willow. But, as I say, we are pretty well, and quite equal to teaching our grandmother—if not your own *Alma Mater*—a thing or two."

"Ah! Cambridge was rather too much for you, but think what an

Eleven it was! You should have tackled them at the beginning instead of the end of your campaign. But never mind that—"Don't be put out," said *Mr. Punch*, good-naturedly.

"We never are, except after a long innings," returned the spokesman. "Still, we don't think you quite understand us. Now, Sir, you are certainly the best informed man in the Old Country."

"Undoubtedly," replied *Mr. Punch*, who never finches from the truth.

"Well, Sir, what do you know about Australia? Now don't look it out in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, but tell us off-hand."

"Australia is a magnificent country," returned *Mr. Punch*, with enthusiasm. Then he added, with a little hesitation, "and it's famous for all sorts of things."

"What things?"

"Oh, gold, and Australian beef, and kangaroos—and 'possums, wombats, and ornithorhyncuses, black swans, black fellows, and bush-rangers, and—" then *Mr. Punch* came to a full stop.

"I thought so," said the spokesman, with a smile, "your ideas about Australia are of the most Zoological-Gardenish character. Are you aware, Sir, that our cities are full of magnificent buildings? Are you aware, Sir, that trade and commerce are nowhere more prosperous than they are in our quarter of the globe? Are you aware, Sir, that with us all the learned professions are represented by the ablest men, and that our Public Schools and Universities are pat-



THE FAULT OF THE FOWL.

SCENE—Coffee-Room, Hotel, Guernsey.

Visitor (gazing at a Guinea-Fowl's egg). "WAITER! CAN YOU TELL ME WHAT EGG THIS IS?"

Waiter. "OH, SIR, IT'S A GUERNSEY EGG. THEY SOMETIMES LAYS THEM LIKE THAT. IT'S NOT DONE IN THE BOILING!"

ON THE BOIL!

(Between Cardiff and Newport. Proceedings in Parliamentary Committee Rooms this Session.)

THE biggest parliamentary railway fight that South Wales has known since coal was discovered there, has just been concluded. The object was the establishment of a connecting link-line for the general benefit of the several Welsh towns with unpronounceable names by the ordinary Saxon, and for the special benefit of the Newport Alexandra Docks. Of the importance of this place, the outsider can judge from a speech of the President of the Newport Chamber of Commerce, Mr. J. C. PARKINSON, J.P., who is reported to have said, "We have at the Alexandra Docks the great advantage of practically *boundless space*." Not bad that for Docks.

"Open Docks,
Whoever knocks!"

Room for the shipping of several worlds and many undiscovered continents within this "*boundless space*!" The President wishes, he observes, in the preface to the report, "the two ports to be allies, not opponents, in ministering to the trade of South Wales, and in promoting its development," which are "good words," fair and friendly to both. And, *in re Ports*, both Ports ought to be much obliged to him for these *re-ports*, as he was clearly on the right tack,—which "Port it is, yer honour!"

The advantages of the scheme were so evident as to have led one to suppose that there would be no opposition to "getting up steam" from anyone, least of all from a gentleman rejoicing in the appropriate name of BOYLE. Yet, to quote DICKENS's commencement of *The Cricket on the Hearth*, "Kettle began it" and Kettle went on with it, and Boyle'd over, but ultimately Boyle'd down, simmered, and subsided.

The result has been most satisfactory for the Alexandra Docks; henceforth proved to be not the "*needless Alexandrine*" that "*ends the Line*." On the contrary, it can now boast that its affairs have assumed the fairest and healthiest complexion, so that the present state of the case may be summarised in a couplet, which we present, with our compliments, to the successful Newporters—

"The angry *boil*, by means direct and simple,
Has vanished!—what remains is scarce a pimple."

terms which might be imitated with advantage in every quarter of the globe? Are you aware, Sir, that our Press is as free, as enterprising, and as respectable as the Press of Great Britain? Are you aware, Sir, that—

"Stop! stop!" interrupted Mr. Punch, "you overwhelm me. Believe me, I am quite aware that Australia has taken gigantic strides in the march of civilisation, from the date of her first European settlement!"

"You are alluding to Botany Bay, Sir."

"Not at all, not at all," returned Mr. Punch, quickly.

"But we accept even the past of Botany Bay, Mr. Punch," said the spokesman. "It is our boast that we currency-folk have been so sound at the core that we have been able to absorb your convict refuse without contamination from its criminal leaven. After all, it is only what our Old-Country ancestors did about a thousand years ago, when they took to absorbing Danish pirates first, and Norman cut-throats afterwards."

"Then you know something of early English History?"

"I should rather think we did! Even before it had the Green light thrown upon it. What we complain of in the Mother Country is—that it's not nearly English enough to suit our tastes."

"Come, come," remonstrated Mr. Punch. "Surely England takes the lead in everything."

"I like that!" replied the spokesman. "Why, who taught you the blessings of the Ballot Act? Who taught you—?"

"Well, you may, perhaps, be a little ahead of us in politics," interrupted Mr. Punch; "but all social reforms begin in England."

"You dare say that, when you know that SPIERS and POND came from Australia! Oh, Mr. Punch! we blush for you!"

"Well, your hearts are in the right places, at any rate."

"I should rather think they were! We love the Old Country. We know how to handle the oar—as TRICKETT has taught you—as well as the bat; and as for the rifle—*should* the time come—'We don't want to fight; but, by Jingo—'"

"If we do, dear boys, JOHN BULL would rather, by a long

chalk, rely on Australian Volunteer Riflemen than Indian Sepoys. But a truce to all Jingoism; let us hope that is settled by the Berlin Treaty. Believe me, my dear boys, when I assure you that I love you so that I have had serious thoughts, on the invitation of a branch of my family settled in Melbourne, to pay you a visit."

"You had better not; for if you came, we should certainly keep you. And although your presence in Australia would be the climax of our triumph, we don't want to ruin the Mother Country right out."

With this pretty compliment the Australian Eleven after hearty handshakes all round, withdrew.

"Our counterparts, though our Antipodes; and no blind side to them, big bats as they are," said Mr. Punch. "No doubt about their nationality. British Lions every one. Birds of a feather with the old cock, and no mistake! May they and their great country, of a still greater future, prosper!—and may 'Advance, Australia!' long be the best description of her career, as well as the device of her escutcheon!"

The Police in the Furlieu.

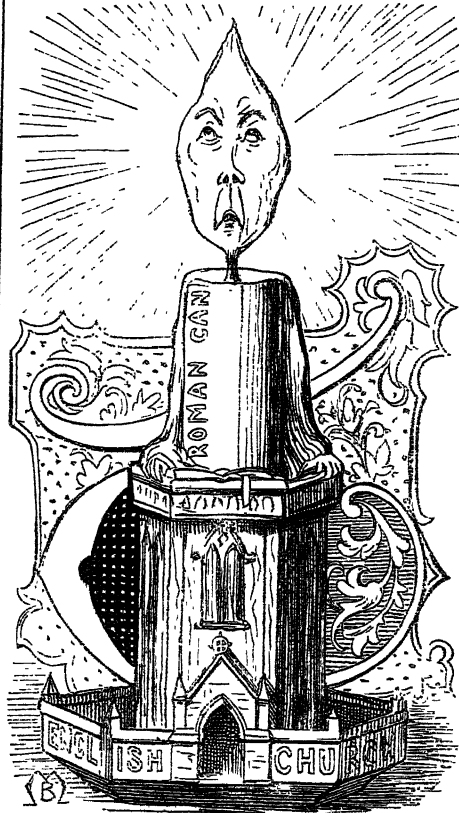
THE frequency of suburban robberies occasions the inhabitants of the suburbs to cry aloud "Where are the Police?" Echo answers as usual; but a more distinct reply is returnable by the peripatetic observer. The Police are mostly stationed about the public-houses to look out for infringements of the Licensing Act. Wanted, in the neighbourhood of this Metropolis, a sufficiency of Policemen to attend not only to public, but also to private, houses.

Diva Potens Cypri.

(An Adaptation.)

"Bella gerant alii, tu felix Anglia amores;
Nam quæ Mars alii, dat tibi regna Venus."

THE LEGAL ROPE BROKEN.



HE Church oncemore rides triumphant over the Courts. The Queen's Bench—by two Judges to one—and the two including Chief-Justice COCKBURN—has cut the rope with which Lord PENZANCE, as Chief Judge of the Court of Arches, had suspended the recalcitrant "priest" of St. Alban's, Mr. MACKONCHIE, for disobedience to the monition of the Privy Council.

So new Mother Church laughs at old Father Antio, the Law; and LUSH stands at judicial daggers drawn with COCKBURN and MELLOR; while Chief Justice gives a slap in the face to Lord Chancellor and Privy Council. It is a very pretty kettle of fish—Legal and Ecclesiastical—and *Punch* can only point to it in blank bewilderment.

When doctors differ, who shall decide? A Chief

Justice, and a Lord Chancellor "shooting in each other's mouth," is a startling spectacle. Themis may well stand aghast at the cross-lights shown from the two highest peaks of her domain!

What COCKBURN thinks of CAIRNS's law his judgment proclaims; what CAIRNS thinks of COCKBURN's, perhaps he will find an opportunity of letting us know even before the end of the Session; what MACKONCHIE thinks of both we need not inquire. *Punch* can hardly doubt that his uppermost feeling must be that let the Law give him never so much rope, he *can't* hang himself; and so he is free to snap his fingers at Common Law, and Statute Book, at Chief Justice, and Lord Chancellor, at Privy Council, Court of Arches, and Queen's Bench, with larger impartiality of contempt, and priestlier pride of defiance than ever.

BETSY PRIG AND THE MUSE OF HISTORY.

"The Muse of History, who has a good many reasons to favour the great City of London, arranged the order of events so happily that the magnificent majority which has endorsed the policy of Her Majesty's Ministers was obtained and hailed through the length and breadth of the land just in time to render the civic banquet a commemoration as well as a compliment."—*Daily Telegraph*.

So I writ in my moment of joy, when my buzzum with victory burned,
And I thought, like my BENJY's Philippic, 'twas panted and pootily turned.

Then I nodded and napped o'er my nip, and a sort of confugion come o'er me,
And Clio 'erself—that's the Muse!—stood in *propy persony* afore me.

She were much more sewere in 'er looks than I'd always been led to suppose,
A trifle more tight in the lips, and a leetle more red in the nose,
She didn't look werry elated, nor eager to bust into werse,
And no more like the party I'd pattered than Mars to a old monthly nurse.

"Ow d'ye do, Mum?" I sez, "which I'm proud to receive sech a werry old friend!
Take a cheer! If so be you're disposed for a drop—" (here my 'air stood on hend,

For she gave me, oh, Lor! *sech* a look! 'twas as sharp and as straight as an arrer,
Wich it seemed to go in at my buzzum, and frizzle me slap to the marrer.)

"BETSY PRIG," she observes, orful 'orty, "my name you've been takin' in wain"
(I can't ketch her style, not exactly), "I beg you'll not do it again.
You're a fulsome and foolish old woman, which that I can freely excuse,
But you stick to your own gushing cackle, and don't interfere with the Muse."

I felt myself bilin' with wrath, and a-shiver with fear all at once.
"Well," I sez, "this 'ere 's 'ardly perlite, Mum; you're settin' me down as a dunce!
Which the triumph of BEN and them big City feeds was ewents, I *did* think,
As was worthy your finest gold pen and your werry best wiolent ink."

"BETSY PRIG," she replies, "you presoom! I prefer to choose themes for myself.

What *you* fancy the chiest of chaney to me may seem commonest delf.

If you think I shall follow your lead or consult your great City's desire,
You are awfully out in your views of what Clio's high functions require."

I sez, "You'll excuge me, I 'ope, but my BENJY now! ain't *he* an 'ero?"

His fame is at glory-pint now, while his rival's is right down to zero.
(All along o' not taking *my* tip! Wot a obstnit himidge it is!)
Now you don't mean to say you'll begrudge a big page in your record to DIZ?"

"Not at all, BETSY PRIG," she replies, "but my werdiet may often reverse

The noisy awards of to-day, and applaud where the mob may asperse.

The chords your BEN touched have responded, those struck by his rival seem mute;

But which would have made noblest music is open at least to dispute."

"But," I sez, "ain't it lovely to see 'ow BRITANNIA's improved 'er position,
Since BENJY 'picked up the dropt threads of Old England's imperial tradition'?"

She 'as wrote with the pint of 'er sword on the bleak Balkan ranges—oh, Lor!"

Here I stopped, for she give me a glance as confuged me and filled me with hor.

"Fine phrases and flatulent figures," sez she, "are the charlatan's tools;

But the wise are not duped by sham watchwords which rally the legions of fools.

Imperial? Many-sensed word that makes music in many long ears!
The Muse is not fired by its sound. Better wait till its *meaning* appears!"

She said it that scornful and cold, I was riled, and felt game for a row,
But somethink as quite shet me hup seemed to shine from 'er ragiant brow.

Then she wanished like smoke, and I woke—or leastways I suppoze 'twas a snooze.

But if that there cool party was Clio, I do not think much of the Muse!

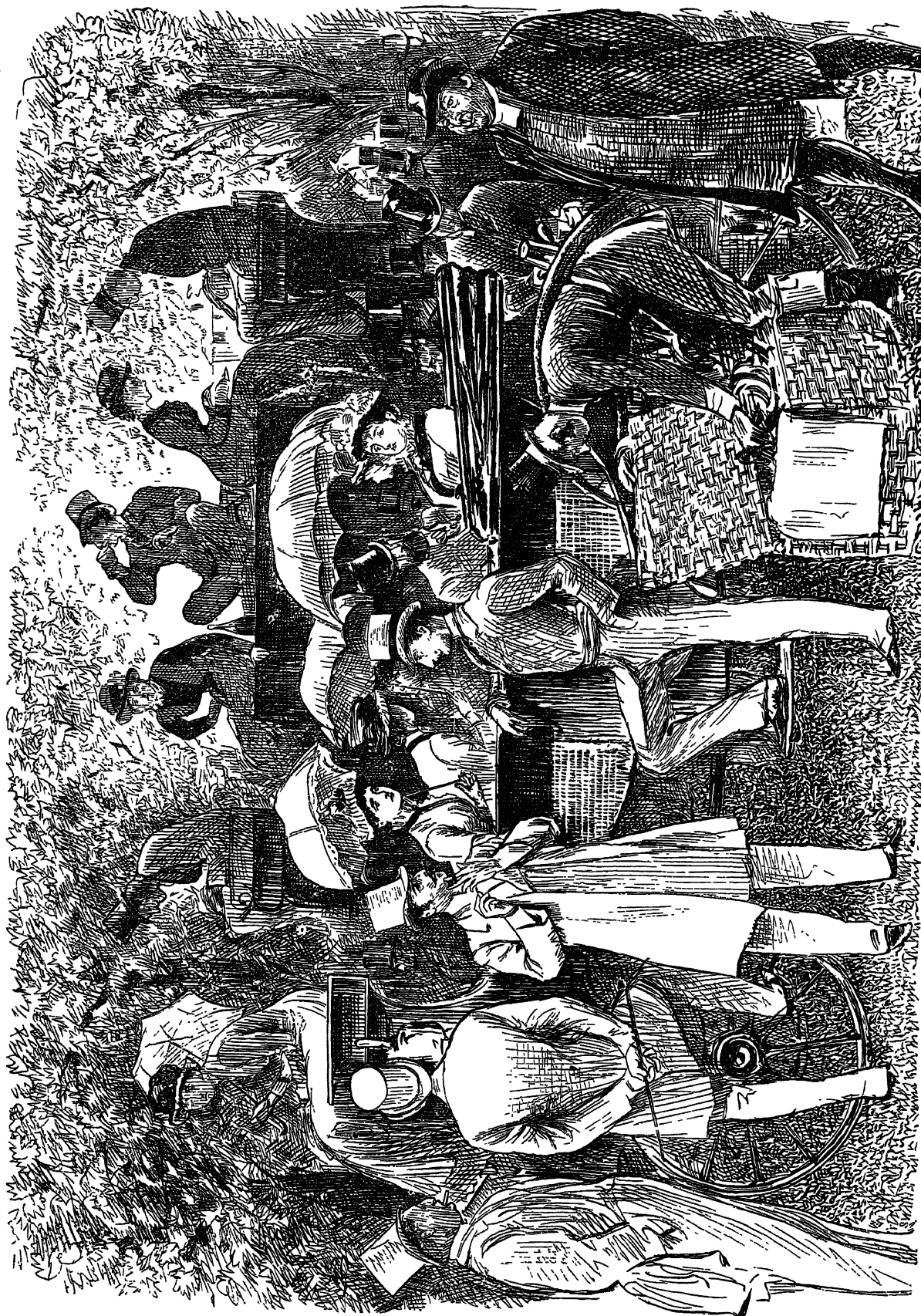
Drummed Out.

MR. YEAMAN, who misrepresents Dundee, as *Ginx's Baby* represents that Liberal borough, has been struck off the Liberal List by the Opposition Whip. He has gone so often into the wrong lobby, that it is felt he had better stay there. In fact, his "Yea" has been "Nay" and his "Nay" "Yea" on so many critical divisions, that many think his name ought to be changed from YEAMAN to NAYMAN, as well as his party label from Liberal to Conservative.

A PARALLEL.

(For the last week of the Session.)

WHY is the House of Commons unlike the *Eurydice*.
Because it will soon be pumped out.



A REMINISCENCE OF LORD'S CRICKET-GROUND (ETON V. HARROW).

Charles (*postprandially*). "AW!—AWFULY JOLLY, IF IT WEREN'T FOR THE CRICKET, AIN'T IT?"
 Fred (*ditto*). "YAS. CRICKET'S AWFULLY SLOW. IF IT WERE ONLY *ROUNDERS*, NOW—OR *SKITTLES*, YOU KNOW!"

TEMPLE BAR REDIVIVUS.

(For the Reception of Lords BEACONSFIELD and SALISBURY by the City, Saturday, Aug. 3.)

RUSKIN came along the Strand—
 Heigh-ho, the floppage o't!
 Where Temple Bar the way once spanned—
 Heigh-ho, the stoppage o't!
 When, lo, on either side the street—
 Heigh-ho, the uncleanness o't!
 A new-reared arch his gaze did greet—
 Heigh-ho, the meanness o't!
 Their painted canvass still was wet—
 Heigh-ho, the newness o't!
 On either top a Griffin set—
 Heigh-ho, the blueness o't!
 Of papier-mâché and tin-foil—
 Heigh-ho, the stagger o't!
 With mouths that gape and tails that coil—
 Heigh-ho, the swagger o't!
 From forth their shaky claws did rise—
 Heigh-ho, the wagging o't!
 A pair of poles, sustained by guys—
 Heigh-ho, the straggling o't!
 And stretched from pole to pole did go—
 Heigh-ho, the tying o't!
 A strip of white glazed calico—
 Heigh-ho, the buying o't!
 Whereon, in six-inch letters sewn,—
 Heigh-ho, the sagging o't!
 The motto, "Peace with Honour," shone—
 Heigh-ho, the bragging o't!
 RUSKIN gazed, in wonder lost—
 Heigh-ho, the enjoying o't!
 Then cried, "I wonder what it cost!—
 Heigh-ho, the buying o't!
 'Peace with Honour' brings Lord B.—
 Heigh-ho, the puffing o't!
 But 'Peace with Honour' here I see—
 Heigh-ho, the duffing o't!
 This last piece of Temple Bar—
 Heigh-ho, the downing o't!
 O'er the old Gate has honour far—
 Heigh-ho, the crowning o't!
 While the Bar the way did stop—
 Heigh-ho, the pinning o't!
 Ne'er such Griffins graced its top—
 Heigh-ho, the grinning o't;
 Ne'er such wealth of Calico—
 Heigh-ho, the measure o't!
 On its reverend front did show—
 Heigh-ho, the pleasure o't!
 Ne'er such canvass clothed its bones—
 Heigh-ho, the figging o't!
 Ne'er such bare poles crowned its stones—
 Heigh-ho, the rigging o't!
 Only one thing works me woe—
 Heigh-ho, the grievance o't!
 The true Griffin would you know—
 Heigh-ho, the achievement o't!
 In my *Stones of Venice* look—
 Heigh-ho, the hatching o't!
 There the beast I've brought to book—
 Heigh-ho, the catching o't!
 If true Griffin there you've got—
 Heigh-ho, the framing o't!
 Then true Griffins these are not—
 Heigh-ho, the shamming o't—
 Griffins these of propriety—
 Heigh-ho, the scumbling o't!
 As in Pantomimes you see—
 Heigh-ho, the tumbling o't!
 Griffins on the Council's plan—
 Heigh-ho, the baseness o't!
 Griffins à la Alderman—
 Heigh-ho, the crassness o't!
 Griffins painful to my eyes—
 Heigh-ho, the affliction o't!
 Griffins that are more like Guys—
 Heigh-ho, the fiction o't!"



"RISKS."

Shrewd Clerk (with an eye to his per-centage). "TAKE AN ACCIDENT INSURANCE TICKET, SIR?"

Passenger (nervously). "WHA' FOR?!"

Clerk. "WELL, SIR, NOTHING HAS GONE WRONG 'TWEEN THIS AND LONDON FOR THE LAST FOURTEEN MONTHS; AND, BY THE HAVERAGES, THE NEXT SMASH ON THE HUP LINE IS HOVERDUE EXACTLY SIX WEEKS AND THREE DAYS!!"

[*Old Gent forks out with alacrity.*]

HOW TO SPEND AN UNHAPPY DAY IN LONDON.

7 A.M.—Awake to the rumble of the vegetable carts and the cries of the milkman, the hearth-stone vendor, and the early coster-monger.

8 A.M.—Pay your first visit to Covent Garden Market. Note the vegetable slush, the dead lock of vehicles, the bad language of their drivers, and the general air of dirt and confusion. Dodge the carts, cabs, and waggons. If you do not get run over, put your handkerchief to your nose, your fingers to your ears, and bless the Duke of BEDFORD.

9 A.M.—Take a train from Portland Road to Moorgate Street in a carriage containing double its complement of passengers. Inhale the sulphurous atmosphere, and compose a letter of indignant remonstrance for to-morrow's *Times*.

10 A.M.—Spend an hour in crossing from the Bank to the Mansion House. Fill up your spare time in avoiding the importunities of shoe-blacks, flower-girls, and perambulating petty tradesmen.

11 A.M.—Return to the West End by the Thames Embankment, and study the practical jokes of the London rough as exhibited between Somerset House and Charing Cross.

12 Noon.—Walk in St. James's Park, carefully dodging the stones playfully thrown at each other by thousands of children from the Westminster slums. Should your hat suffer, be thankful that it is not your head.

1 P.M.—Pay your second visit to Covent Garden Market, which you will find dirtier, noisier, and more unsavoury than ever. Spend your time as before, and again bless the Duke of BEDFORD.

2 P.M.—Take a cab north or south, and enjoy the peristaltic motion of the lower viscera induced by the wheels of your conveyance catching in the grooves of the tramways.

3 P.M.—Go to Westminster Hall and enter one of the Courts, first feeling the Usher to carry you out in the probable event of asphyxia.

4 P.M.—Pay your third visit to Covent Garden Market. Observe that the dirt of the place is now increased by another day's vegetable refuse. Fight for your life as before, and repeat your blessing of His Grace of BEDFORD.

"MUCH WOOL AND LITTLE CRY."—Motto for the seat of the Speaker of the House of Lords.

5 P.M.—Take an excursion train on the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, and look out for accidents.

6 P.M.—Dine on lukewarm viands in a fearfully overheated restaurant, to the music of an overpowering orchestra.

7 P.M.—Push your way into the overcrowded pit of a popular theatre, and sit out the fun of a "playing-in" farce.

8 P.M.—Pay your fourth visit to Covent Garden Market, which you will always find a safe draw for discomfort. Exercise your Christian charity in blessing the Duke of BEDFORD for the fourth time in twelve hours.

9 P.M.—Spend an hour at Charing Cross dodging the omnibuses, cabs, and fire-engines. If you have time, examine the character of the passengers lounging about the platform of the Railway Station, and its approaches.

10 P.M.—One more visit to Covent Garden Market. Take stock of the dirt of the day, and then home, miserable, to bed.

ACROSS THE KEEP-IT-DARK CONTINENT; OR, HOW I FOUND STANLEY.

(By the Author of "Coompassic," and "Notamagdollan,"
"My! Phillaloo!" &c.)

PART I.—CHAPTER VIII.

Log—Entry—Bodega—Curious—Very—Odd—Rather—Amphibious—Shelling—Shot—Details—Dylemma—Description—Danger—When—Why—What from—How—Who—Stanley—Sketch—Diagram—Theory—No Extra Charge—Remarks—Diamond Rings—Panes and Penalties—Jokla Island.

Water—Log on board the *Arkadia*.—To-day, after a week of very dry weather, M'YONXU managed to come up with a magnificent specimen of the Bodega, just within sight of port. I should much have liked to have brought over one of these curious creatures to England. The Bodega, which, when on shore, has often been mistaken in the dark for a mermaid, scented our approach, and I was raising my glass (a very strong one, a kind of binocular of double strength, multiplying the ordinary power of vision by two), when it came up out of the Lake, and made a tremendous charge, for which none of us were quite prepared. However, the Bodega didn't get the best of an old sportsman like myself, who soon gave the creature the benefit of a couple of barrels, and, in less than it takes me to tell, the amphibious brute was staggering on the plain. [Note.—I have subsequently discovered that a Cockle Shell fired right in among a number of these amphibious creatures, is the best remedy for getting rid of them.] Presently he dropped, then rose again, but a few more drops finished him. The Bodega, being something between a whale and a hippopotamus, affords both meat and drink, but chiefly the latter to the fortunate traveller. Unluckily for us, the Bodega, having died hard, its flesh was absolutely uneatable. On examining his hide, we came to the conclusion that he had been engaged in a terrific combat before our arrival, from which he had come off the victor, as we found the distinct marks of two horns of a Dylemma. This warned us of the probable proximity of a herd of these dangerous animals. The Bodega is of a tawny yellow colour, with a leathery hide, and a sort of casque over its head, with which, when on shore, it butts at you fiercely. It is also furnished with three sets of scales, major, minor, and crow-matic—the latter being a protection against these birds (hence the name), which attack it when sleeping. It was impossible to secure a live specimen, as my men were all too tired and footsore to move on; and so, after giving directions as to their all keeping a careful watch for a few hours while I slept (for in these regions it does not do for everyone to sleep at the same time), I retired to my Arkadian Hut, and, as the Printer's Boy was working the punkah with one hand and turning the musical-box with the other, I sank into a profound and delicious slumber.

Diary (Extract).—A memorable day. I think I've seen STANLEY. It was blazing hot, the sun at 160° (which is about 90 premium, *ex div.*), and I had just finished my *stojjero*, as the natives call it, meaning a sort of light, midday meal, consisting of a little cockaleekie, broiled lake *char* (which are caught here in abundance by the native charwomen, who go down to the banks in their carts, made for the purpose, and called *char-ar-bongs*), some buffalo beef, with mixed pickles, chutnee, and an excellent tomato salad, (for which I have a patent receipt, worth millions to a public caterer, and which I can part with for a moderate sum, giving private lessons into the bargain, if the purchaser will ask me to dinner,) some prawns stewed, iced venison cutlets—venison far superior to anything in England, and as plentiful as chops in the Southdown country—a tart, made of native berries, and some fresh undercurrants from a neighbouring stream (for I have a sweet tooth—in fact, several sweet teeth, I'm glad to say—and can relish where others would starve), which, mixed with a desert-spoonful of a rich cream (obtained from limes, and far superior to anything a cow can give), makes an *entremet* fit for a Lucullus, and altogether represents a *menu* that would

gladden the heart of many a noble Amphitrite, or Amphi-try-on—I forget which—it may be the "try-on"—but I mean a classic Gentleman, who used to get up first-rate Entertainment Scenes, in the Social Circle, perhaps, as there was something of the *Amphi* about him,—at all events, to sum up, I had finished my *stojjero*, and, just to finish with, had taken my forty winks*(picked out with a pin, an admirable digestive), when in the distance, about 40° N. by 50 S., I saw—a shadow!!!

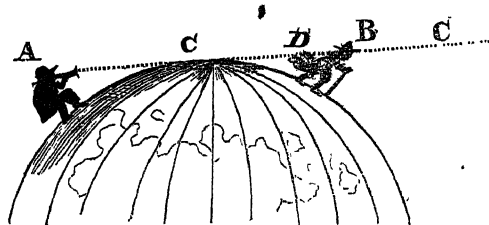
Only a sketch can give any idea of the situation.



Description of Sketch.—I think I see STANLEY about 500 miles distant, longitude 50°, and any amount of latitude allowed. From a drawing taken on the spot. (N.B.—Fine opportunity offered for advertising in my book of travels. Terms easy.)

The trees represent the marvellous distance, but the two black spots disappearing over the equatorial line are represented as they appeared to me through my binoculars, and are, no doubt, the extreme points of Mr. STANLEY's coat-tails as he was running away down-hill.

On second thoughts, he was *not* running away: but his vanishing points of coat-tails prove to me indisputably the globular shape of the earth. Had the earth been flat, I could never, with my binoculars, have lost sight of the object of my indefatigable search. A simple diagram will explain my theory:—



A, myself.

B, STANLEY walking against the wind.

C, line of sight.

D, STANLEY's coat-tail points blown out by the wind. His head, being well forward, is out of the line of sight, which passes, horizontally, through his shoulders, but in its first direction is stopped by the two points of coat-tails. Had these not cut the line of sight, it is evident that I should have seen STANLEY's shoulders; and, had he stood erect, probably I might have recognised him by the back of his head.

In any case, I consider my theory of the earth's shape satisfactorily proved, and should be glad to receive a gold medal from the Royal Geographical Society, which might combine with the Humane and other Societies to give me five hundred a year for life, as a valuable consideration for Discoveries Received as per invoice.

To rise from my hammock, to wave my handkerchief, to raise my hat, and call out in a stentorian tone, through my speaking-trumpet,

"Mr. STANLEY, I presume!" was the work of a moment. But, alas! he had gone from my gaze—gone from my GAZE—like a *Cook's Tourist* (*jeu de mot*, made in diary, even under the most trying circumstances); and once more I am all alone in the Great Desert.

More from Diary.—When I write "*More from Diary*," it occurs to me that this reverses the order of things: it ought to be *Diary from MORE*—at least we always have an *Almanack from MORE*, and the *Diary* generally goes with it. *Toujours gai! Allons donc!* The idea occurs to me, perhaps STANLEY is coming back. "He will return—I know him well" (Song); but, perhaps, I don't know him well enough, and he won't return.

Leaving this spot about ten P.M., we came in the cool of the evening to Jokla Island. This I have rechristened *Joe Miller's Men*. On all the rocks I have inscribed my name with a pen-knife. This I do wherever I go; and sometimes I scratch it on a pane of glass with a diamond ring. In lieu of any other legal and prior claim this signature confers proprietorship on the cutter. And can't I cut with a diamond! On such occasions it is of very little moment who cuts after me. "What shall he do who comes after the King?" Catch him, if he can. They want to make me king of the Jokla Isles, with a salary of two thousand puns' *per annum*. I am considering the proposition. I should send over to Italy, and secure the services of one of the Grimaldi family for Prime Minister. I should take the title of King JOCOSUS THE FIRST. If it comes off, I'll send you my Civil Service List. Talking of cuts, look at this one:—



THE EXTRAORDINARY GRINNITE ROCKS ON JOKLA ISLAND.

[From a photograph taken on the spot, and, with a view to a future advertisement picture, two well-dressed gentlemen are shown in the foreground, representing the experienced and well-informed person in a tall hat always seen in this style of illustration kindly pointing out to a weak but deeply-interested friend ("CHARLES—his friend") the wonders of the newly-discovered island. On the right is the *Arkadia*, with a new weathercock. On the left are the natives, just out of their beds. N.B. I think, on my return, I shall start a studio at South Kensington, open from 10 P.M. to 2 A.M., as a Night Nursery of Art. Best of liquors supplied. Good waiting. Harmony.]

Further Extract from Diary.—Copy of Letter sent to Editor, which ought to have been received by him.*—"I am now on to finding STANLEY. I am going for him, with all that inborn courage and latent energy, for which I am remarkable. A friend will call on you for cheque, and save you all trouble and expense of sending it, as he knows where I am, and will come out direct to me. Send tin, or I might find STANLEY before it arrives."

12:30 (same day).—To the above letter I have as yet received no answer. I am sweeping the horizon with my glass.

1:30.—I have swept the horizon for an hour. Capital exercise. The horizon, after so much sweeping, is now quite clean—not a speck of dust to be seen on it anywhere; in fact, you might eat your dinner off it. I wonder how I should feel after dining off a horizon? New idea. Must try it. Forwards! to STANLEY!

* But wasn't.—ED.

(To be continued.)

SOMETHING LIKE A WELCOME!

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

10th August, 1878.

I APPEAL to you. Have not the claims of the ancient historical town with which I have the honour to be municipally connected been inexcusably ignored? Do not the two junior Knights of the Order of the Garter owe their present proud position as much to the action of the Provinces as to the influence of the Metropolis?

Sir, we expected Lords BEACONSFIELD and SALISBURY to visit us. We had made magnificent preparations, strictly governed by precedent. Those preparations are now useless. We have lavished our money upon costly signs of welcome, and the men who were to be fêted have never turned up! But a time will come; and Lords BEACONSFIELD and SALISBURY may yet have reason to rue the hour when they ignored the claims of Little Peddlington! Sir, I will give you the programme we had arranged.

First, we had decorated our town in the most magnificent manner. Flags waved from our shop-windows by the dozen, with the most appropriate devices. Our principal Grocer displayed, with a "Welcome to Lord BEACONSFIELD," a gorgeous banner bearing the legend, "Try our Best Mixed, at 3s. 6d.," and our leading Baker's shop-front was covered with placards informing the world that "England rejoices in Peace with Honour," and that bread was "Down again to Fourpence!" In this way we symbolised the close connection of the event of the day and its heroes with commercial and mercantile prosperity, and while doing honour to our expected guests, did not omit the tradesman's duty—of advertising himself.

But our happiest thought was the decoration of the town-pumps. Last year they fell into decay, and the order was given that they should be removed. We determined to restore both on this occasion to their original grandeur. We covered them with canvas, painted in imitation of stone, and tin-foiled their handles. But 'this was not all. Taking our town architect into council, we had prepared and set up two models, in tin-foil and papier-mâché, of our municipal crest, an owl.

Need I say that we had a Guard of Honour of Volunteers? Our citizen soldiers suggested by their presence the celebrated Motto of the great Jingo Party, "Defiance, not Defence."

But we kept our greatest *coup* for the bouquet—the speech of our Vestry Clerk. To this intelligent officer we entrusted the duty of welcoming the two Plenipotentiaries on their appearance to receive the freedom of our town. I have much pleasure in sending you a draft of the speech which our Vestry Clerk had composed, and got off by heart, for this interesting occasion.

My Lord BEACONSFIELD. I have much pleasure in welcoming you to Little Peddlington. Take it all in all, your Lordship has not done badly. Born without any advantageous circumstances, and having to battle against the unreasoning prejudices of rank and caste, you have risen from the lowest stratum of society to equality with the nobles of the land. Having commenced life as a clerk in an Attorney's office, you would doubtless (had you stuck to that branch of the legal profession) have risen to the Bench. You have also written some highly successful novels, and have thus made the trade of literature nearly respectable. I will now give you my ideas about things in general, and foreign politics, in particular. I think, &c., &c.—(Here came the opinions)—I think the proclamation of Sir GARNET WOLSELEY to the Cypriots very neat. And now, my Lord, we propose giving you a good dinner at the Mayor's house. Be honest and true to yourself and others, and you may rest assured that you will long retain your present very respectable position.

My Lord SALISBURY.—We have honoured Lord BEACONSFIELD; and, in common fairness, we will honour you—in a minor degree, of course, as your Lordship played only second fiddle at the recent Congress. My Lord, some of your ancestors were Aldermen; and, doubtless, had you followed in their footsteps, you might have become (who knows?) a Mayor. But though this honour has not been brought within your reach, you have done very fairly; and your present position reflects the highest credit upon you. I can assure you, my Lord, that we have no reason to blush for you; and you know, as the old proverb says, that when two men ride upon a horse, one must ride behind.

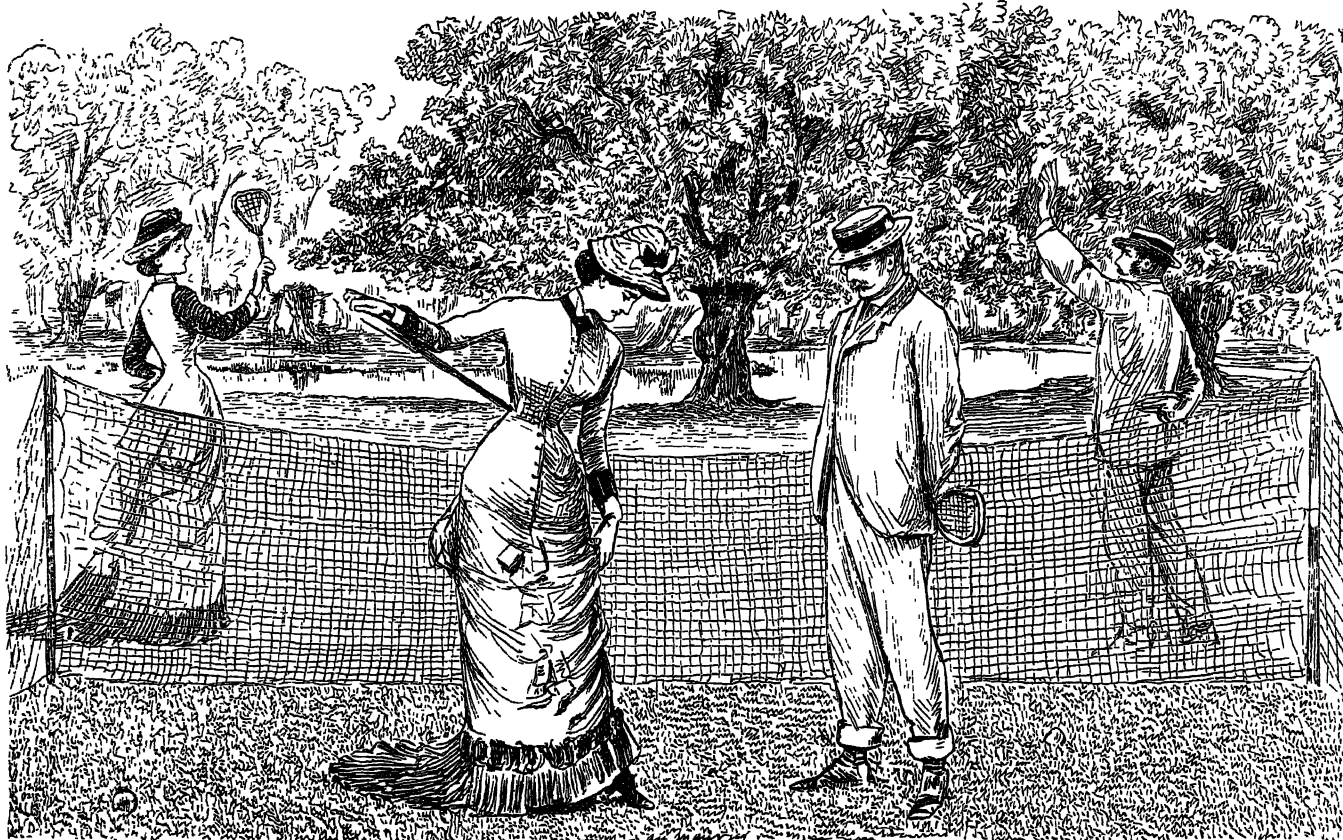
"And now to both of you, my Lords, I offer the right hand of municipal fellowship. Believe me, my Lords, we are not proud in Little Peddlington."

There, Mr. Punch! Now I put it to you candidly—Do you not think that in our decorations, and, still more, in our Vestry Clerk's speech, Little Peddlington would have run London hard in municipal welcomes, had our ancient and worshipful Corporation had the chance of entertaining the Hero of the Day and his subordinate, the Foreign Secretary.

If you do not think so, Sir, why then I am not

Yours, respectfully,

BOANERGES BUMBLE, Alderman.
The Town Hall, Little Peddlington.



PROFESSIONAL JEALOUSY.

Miss Matilda (referring to her new Lawn-Tennis Shoes, black, with india-rubber soles). "THE WORST OF IT IS, THEY DRAW THE FEET SO!"
 Our Artist (an ingenious and captivating youth). "AH, THEY MAY DRAW THE FEET; BUT THEY'LL NEVER DO JUSTICE TO YOURS, MISS MATILDA!" [Sighs deeply.]

ARRANGEMENTS IN BLACK AND WHITE, FROM A STATESMAN'S NOTE-BOOK.

Used.

W. E. G. A sophisticated rhetorician, inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity, and gifted with an egotistical imagination, that can at all times command an interminable and inconsistent series of arguments to malign his opponents, and glorify himself.

Ready for Use.

J—B—. A political nonconformist, puzzled by the responsibilities of his own incongruous position, and distracted by the devious demands of a paradoxical party, either feverish in factious opposition, or inebriated by frantic anticipation of unattainable office.

R—L—. A pedantic professor, imbued with the acrimony of his own cynical utterances, impotently aimed at reputations beyond his reach, but judiciously reticent of all reminiscences of his own short-lived, though long-lamented official career.

SIR C—D—. A titled plebeian, swollen into imaginary importance by the gaseous inflation of a self-dishonoured name, and armed with a pachydermatous insensibility to the righteous contempt of the sages of the Senate, though not insensible to the titillation of hustings popularity, and suburban pot-house applause.

EARL G—. A mercurial dawdler, idly consistent in defence of a desperate cause, and consequential with a wrangling wit, which, when aimed at the shield of the Statesman, recoils, to find its target in the motley of the fool whose bow launched the bolt.

LORD R—M—. A shallow babbler, ever struggling between the remorse of the renegade, and the conceit of the sciolist.

MR. P—. A laughing philosopher, fed fat by the fertility of his own unequalled fancy, and gifted with a splendid imagination, which is the key to an inexhaustible armoury of wit, humour, and satire, whose shafts delight, instead of distressing, the fortunate objects at whom they are aimed, and who, while overwhelming his opponents, immortalises himself.

"PEACE WITH HONOUR."—"Si non è vero è Ben trovato."

CYPRUS BE-RHYMED.

For a rhyme *Punch* has still held a butt reason good:
 And the best sort of butt's one of Wine in the Wood.

SOME Ninny has offered—at least so 'tis said—

A cask of the sweet wine of Cyprus

To whoe'er finds a rhyme with the Isle's name to chime
 Where Lord B. stole a march on the sly Pruss!

Though RYLANDS may hoot, and FAWCETT may shoot

At the bargain with venom quite vip'rous,

The Convention is made, and the Bill must be paid,

And whoe'er the Turk bullies by BULL shall be stayed,

So you'd better put *that* in your pipe, Russ.

Then grin, grumblers, grin, and dissentients conform,

And no longer, indignant economists, storm

O'er the costs of "conveyance" of Cyprus.

Recipes from a Decoration Cookery-Book.

How to Make a C.B.—Mix up an equal amount of civility and firmness, and allow the mixture to simmer for ten years. Boil at Berlin, and garnish with newspaper trimmings. Serve hot at a National Banquet.

How to Make a K.S.M. & S.G.—With some hundreds of inspired questions mix a few partisan personalities. When the questions have served their purpose in clearing the mess, draw them off. Serve up on a European Commission for the organisation of an Eastern province.

How to Make a K.G.—See *Mr. Punch's Pictorial Life of Lord BEACONSFIELD*.

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN WORSE.

THE country has been put to the expense of £6,427,000 for the preservation of peace. A high price; but how many millions more would war have cost us, by Jingo!



MAKING THINGS PLEASANT.

POLITE CREDITOR. "ONLY OUR LITTLE BILL FOR FIREWORKS, MR. BULL! BUT IT'S NOT OF THE SLIGHTEST CONSEQUENCE! IT CAN *STAND OVER!*!"



MUCH PLEASANTER FOR ALFRED.

Constance (adding the last straw). "THERE, DARLING! I HOPE I'VE FORGOTTEN NOTHING. AND OH, ALFRED! HOW MUCH, MUCH PLEASANTER TO CARRY OUR THINGS OURSELVES, AND BE ALONE TOGETHER, THAN TO HAVE A HORRID SERVANT TROTTERING BEHIND US, AND LISTENING TO EVERY WORD WE SAY!"

OUR AUGUST REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

(In Town—Out of Season.)

THIS is the time of year to be in Town. We are *en famille*. People give just as good dinners as they did in the Season, and there's no crush: it's all *sans façon*, and a good diner-out just now confers a special favour on a host.

Now one can wear anything in London, without inviting objectionable remarks. I've a hat which only appears at this season of the year in London—my August hat. It has done so for years, and is uncommonly becoming,—I mean, "becoming uncommonly" old. I've also a coat, so worn out, that the only time I can wear it *out* is in August. I think of getting up a subscription to revive it. If so, to insure success, I need only go round with the hat.

MR. HOLLINGSHEAD'S electric light, bright as daylight, outside the Gaiety Theatre, is an attraction to thousands of day-lighted spectators. The entertainment within is just as brilliant. Walk up! Walk up! Shall we soon arrive at illuminating our streets with this superb light, or is it to be only a question *de Lux(e)*? Your health, MR. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD! "I *lux* towards you."

"*Batti! Batti!*"—I mean GATTI, GATTI—for whom MR. ARTHUR SULLIVAN, M.D., does the batti-batti-ing—have started their Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden. With the eminent M.D. (this is Doctor of Music—not Medicine, *his* compositions being the very reverse of nauseous) for Conductor, the "*bus*" ought to go on well, the Conductor singing out, "Full inside! All right!" (N.B.—To outsiders; "*bus*" in professional parlance is short for "business." No further explanation of the joke will be given.)

"Conductor, MR. ARTHUR SULLIVAN, assisted by MR. ALFRED CELLIER," says the advertisement. How does he assist him? Does he give him a pick-a-back up the stairs? see him carefully into his chair? fan him when he's hot? liquor him when he's dry? put *eau de Cologne* on his pocket-handkerchief, and when the first part of the concert is over, does he with his friendly arm aid the exhausted *Conductor-en-Chef's* tottering steps down-stairs

again, and then turn on a lavender spray till he is quite recovered? I must go and judge for myself. But *my* night shall be a Classical Night. In this overpoweringly hot weather give me a Classical Night, and the lightest possible drapery of a Grecian pattern. Expect me, DR. SULLIVAN, on one of your Classical Nights. I shall come, with a boy carrying the latest edition of the Classics; as, if in appropriate costume, I sha'n't have any pockets. Yes, DR. SULLIVAN, you will "meet me once again," and I shall catch your eye when you're "looking back."

At the meeting of the Alhambra Company (Limited)—"limited," you'll observe, for the line must be drawn somewhere, and probably the members of the *corps de ballet* are not included in the Alhambra Company when "Limited"—it was triumphantly announced by the Chairman that this "was the first time in the history of the Alhambra when there was £1,600 profit on the operations of the musical and theatrical entertainments." Hitherto "the only profit had been on the liquor!" "Drink, pretty creature, drink!" seems, up to now, to have been the feature of the Alhambra's success. But how was this £1,600 profit obtained? Well, it appears from the jubilant Chairman's speech, that, among various economical items, they had saved £320 for Authors and Royalties. Hang the Authors! but who were the Royalties? Surely, H. R. H. or the Royal Dukes can't be supposed to charge so much "for attendance"? If so, the Alhambra must have saved considerably by the continued absence of these Royalties. As to Authors and Composers, they can't have got much out of the Alhambra lately, as there is nothing to pay for *La Fille de Madame Angot*, and this piece appears to be their staple commodity. Why don't they start something new? Or, if they want to be still more economical, why don't the Shareholders, who pay their Directors handsomely enough—"their remuneration amounting to £2,200" (as MR. BOLTON showed, and complained)—why, I say, do not the Shareholders insist upon the Directors writing an Opera among themselves,—the Vice-Chairman could do something with *The Vicar of Wakefield*,—and, if necessary, as a further economy, singing it themselves, finishing up with a magnificent ballet danced by all the Directors, who would then be really doing something for their money. The ballet should be called, out of compliment to one of their most energetic Directors, *Leda*. "An' bedad, Sorr," says an Irish friend, "instead of a swan, ye might substitoot an *agle*."

MR. NEVILLE is appearing as *Pierre Lorange* in *Proof* at the Adelphi; and he ought always to have played it. There is something in the bills about town (only 'tis too hot to read details) about the piece being "re-mounted." Is there any arrangement made for running it with real horses?

SOLVITUR AMBULANDO.

It may be found difficult to adjust the grievances of the Parisian Cab-drivers now on strike, for it is hardly in the nature of Cabmen to be satisfied when offered what is only fare. In this country, at least, they always want more than that.

SMOLLETT'S COMMENT.—"Works of irrigation in India! Nonsense! Works of super-irrigation, I call 'em."

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



(Monday, August 5).—End of the Session in sight. Talk slackening and shortening; work thickening and quickening.

"We do not care for the people of India. This is a heavy indictment, but how else account for the facts about to be given? Do we even care enough to know about their daily lives of lingering death, from causes which we could so well remove? We have taken their lands and their rulers into our charge, for State reasons of our own. Nay, the hour is coming, and even now is, when for State reasons we are annexing, or preparing to annex, or to reorganise, or to perfect—by whatever name we call it—huge and immeasurable territories, because they lie between us and them. But for them, themselves—these patient, silent, toiling millions of India, who scarcely but for suffering, know their right hand from their

left, and yet who are so teachable, so ready to abide by law instead of resisting their enemy the law,"—for *their* daily lives and deaths we do not, as a nation, practically care. Or should we not, as a nation, practically rise *en masse* to see that the remediable things, to which good public servants have so vainly called attention, shall be remedied? Have we no voice for these voiceless millions? What is the saddest sight to be seen in the East—nay, probably in the world? The saddest sight to be seen is the peasant in our own Eastern Empire. But we do not look at this sight—no, not even those few who travel in India."

These are not light words lightly spoken in debate, not an extract from the discussion raised in the *Lords* on Monday, by Lord NORTHBROOK on a Calcutta Petition, signed by some of the best in



PRO BONO PUBLICO.

Brown (Passenger by the Glasgow Steamer, 8.30 A.M.). "I BEG PARDON, SIR, BUT I THINK YOU'VE MADE A MISTAKE. THAT IS MY TOOTH-BRUSH!"

McGrubbie (ditto). "AH BEAG YEARS, MUN, AH'M SURE. AH THOUGHT 'T BELONGED TO THE SHEEP!!"

formed and most highly-placed natives of Bengal, on the subject of recent increase of taxation and expenditure on military charges and public works—but the beginning of the saddest note ever uttered by NIGHTINGALE, an article by FLORENCE of blessed memory on the People of India, in the *Nineteenth Century* for August. What weightier comment on her complaint could there well be than this, that the Indian Budget is postponed to the very faggest of the fag-end of the Session, and fixed for the day of the Naval Review, when it will be listened to by a handful of weary Members, whom *Punch* could count on the fingers of two hands—if not of one.

We commend those who read Lord NORTHBROOK's Monday speech, and Lord CRANBROOK's reply—brook calling to brook, but with little refreshment for the poor parched Indian ryot between them—to turn to FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE's sad song in the *Nineteenth Century*, if they wish to see what is the normal state of the ryot of Madras and the Bombay Deccan between money-lender and drought, and the pitiless grind of the Government tax-gatherer and the Local Law Court—how he hangs habitually on the edge of famine, to fall helplessly

into its gulf, under the least downward impetus; unable to save, or to do more than secure the barest subsistence in the best years, and with no margin of strength to hold him up against the burden of the worst, till the end is written in the appalling fact of a famine-mortality in Madras of between five and six millions. If JOHN BULL has to answer for this, and there seems too much ground for fear that he, or at least the Government, has to answer for it in a great degree, it ill becomes him to be taking upon himself the reform of Turkish Government in Asia Minor. Who shall say that with all its sins of omission and commission, it may not cause less human misery than our finely adjusted, and inexorably working Indian machinery, which drives life down to starvation-point, and never relaxes its pressure till the poor starved ryot drops dead out of its elaborate wheel-work.

(*Commons.*)—Mr. GORST called attention to the case of a native of Tanna hung aboard the *Beagle*, on very doubtful proof of complicity in the killing of a white man. He objects to the system by which naval officers are turned into judges of Assize, and Her Majesty's ships into perambulating gallows. This brought down the ATTORNEY-GENERAL's bludgeon, clumsily rather than heavily, over Mr. GORST's knuckles. After Sir JOHN's usual style he did his best to convert defence into attack, and to maintain positions which have been abandoned by his official superiors. If Mr. SMITH had got up at first, instead of at last, to say that the Admiralty had sent out a despatch calculated to put a stop to the practice complained of by Mr. GORST, the Government would have saved its credit, and the ATTORNEY-GENERAL would have escaped another bad mark.

Lord G. HAMILTON, in moving the Education Estimates, gave a highly satisfactory Report of Education progress since Mr. FORSTER's Act was passed in 1870, as measured by all its landmarks, money spent, numbers of pupils, schools, and teachers. If only one could gauge the effects of the education as well as the figures!

Tuesday (Lords).—All the steam powers in Tramway Orders Confirmation Bills were knocked on the head by Lord HENNIKER, Lord NORTHON chief mourner over them. My Lords, who drive their own carriages, don't love trams—steam-trams, least of all.

The Earl of CAMPERDOWN asked for returns of the Reserve Men who had been turned out of civil employments, through turning-out in obedience to Royal summons. Lord BURY hoped there were none. So does *Punch*. If the return of Reservists to the ranks is to mean starvation of wives and children first, and loss of employment afterwards, Lord CARDWELL's hopes of the System would seem *couleur de rose* indeed.

(*Commons.*)—After questions, the House resolved itself into Committee of Ways and Means.

Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE presented his little Bill—the first instalment of the cost of peace with honour. The Government has spent some £400,000 over the Six Millions. There is a deficiency of £4,306,000 to be met, of which rather more than half will have to be raised, the other half being already provided for. But Sir STAFFORD does not mean to come upon JOHN BULL for the money. The little Bill can stand over. The Two Millions will be provided by Exchequer Bills. Something will turn up in the course of the next two years to wipe 'em out without our feeling the operation. Everything is for the best in the arrange-

ments of this best of all possible Governments. So, in spite of a groan from Mr. GLADSTONE, and a growl, accompanied with a good show of damaging precedents, from Mr. CHILDERS, the House jumped to Sir STAFFORD's proposal to renew the little Bill instead of paying it. Of course Mr. RYLANDS doesn't like it. But what does he like—a nasty cantankerous person? And Mr. E. JENKINS wanted further explanations; and Sir G. CAMPBELL, and Sir G. BALFOUR were disagreeable as usual.

Major NOLAN called attention to the insufficiency of the allowance to the wives and children of Reserve Men. He pointed out that while sixpence a day to the wife, and twopence a day to each child, is the sum now allowed wives and families of men serving in India, they have rations and quarters besides.

While Colonel STANLEY was speaking in reply, the deep voice of the Major was heard chorussing each sentence with a "hear, hear" so sonorous that nobody could hear anything else. Called to "Order" by the House, and bade to desist by the SPEAKER, the Major refused point-blank, alleging his right to call "hear, hear," after every comma, if I choose, and every semi-colon." Pressed to give way, he hardened his heart, and re-asserted his right in still stronger terms. Ajax defying the Brand of Jove, is the only parallel that occurs to us of the Major braving the Brand of the House—the awful and omnipotent SPEAKER, who in vain called on him for an apology.

In the end, the last reserve of the SPEAKER's power was called into play—the reluctant bolt was hurled—the Major was "Named." This awful exercise of authority is so rare that the memory of it is confined to a few of the oldest inhabitants of the House.

This "solemn duty," as Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE very properly called it, having been discharged, it devolved on him, as Leader of the House, to move that the Honourable and gallant Member, for his disorderly interruption and disrespectful conduct to the Chair, be directed to withdraw.

In vain the chivalrous O'CONNOR POWER, and the self-sacrificing Sir P. O'BRIEN strove to induce the mighty O'GORMAN to change the Major key for the Minor; in plain English, to apologise. He preferred to withdraw, and take the as yet unimagined consequences.

Dr. O'LEARY pleaded that the Major was labouring under strong excitement "by considerations of professional wrong," as Sir P. O'BRIEN was careful to explain, "lest the excitement should be attributed to any other cause." In spite of an effort to get the words "disrespectful" and "disorderly" struck out of the Motion, it was carried, with another, that the matter be considered to-morrow, when the Major should be summoned to attend. Then the House calmed down sufficiently to return to business.

Mr. HATYER hoped the Government did not mean to adopt the recommendation of the Joint Committee of the War Office and Civil Service Commissioners to give marks for athletics in examinations for Commissions. Major ARBUTHNOT thought a combination of physical and intellectual examinations would work well. Mr. CAMPBELL BANNERMAN thought otherwise.

Colonel STANLEY would give the matter his best consideration, which hitherto he had not been able to do. But he thought the *onus probandi* lay on the Committee. There had been no complaint of want of stamina, activity, or aptitude for athletics on the part of the competition officers.

(Surely, exclusion for physical incapacity would secure all the athletics necessary, without giving thews and sinews undue pull over brains.)

Wednesday.—Plank-beds in Irish prisons again on the tapis. Mr. MITCHELL HENRY wished to know whether the Irish Prison Board was going by the Board? Mr. LOWTHER holds on to the Board, but would be willing to allow an indentation in it in the case of female prisoners. But bed-clothes and a night-dress are permitted.

(The sooner the Government gives up this stupid piece of severity the better.)

Then followed a touching scene. The Major apologised, and was restored to the bosom of his afflicted family.

What a subject for the Artist who in the Commons House of the Future is charged to paint the most memorable incidents that have transpired in the Commons House of the Past!

Mr. DILLWYN asked for a Select Committee to winnow the Estimates. The House said No, by 64 to 46.

Mr. HATYER moved to reduce the Supplementary Army Estimates by £25,000, the charge for huts at Cyprus, by way of drawing the Government of any information in its possession about that highly interesting island. The Marquis of HARTINGTON followed suit. He wanted to know what was the meaning of sending the Indian force to Cyprus? The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER says the garrison will be 2,000. Why send 10,000? How about the health of the force—their accommodation? "He would not be surprised to hear that neither the Admiralty nor the War Office could give any detailed information." This Captain STANLEY proceeded to prove, by admitting as much. General chorus of "*Que diable allez-vous faire dans cette île de Cythère?*" Nobody seems to know. Perhaps, as the occu-

pation goes on, the Government may find out. Occupation by the troops will breed occupation for them.

For the present, all is in the dark, beyond the fact that there the troops are, and very hot they find it, and that a good many of them are down with fever.

Thursday (Lords).—Several Bills advanced a stage towards the happy dispatch of Royal Assent.

(*Commons.*)—Captain PIR, that "simple sailor," on Naval Reserves. Messrs. MACDONALD, BURT, and the HOME SECRETARY on the very unsatisfactory subject of Colliery Explosions—for which somehow nobody ever seems to get punished—the poor ignorant reckless miners, who are to blame for so many of these catastrophes, because they are generally the first sufferers; and the careless proprietors or managers, who are infinitely less excusable, because of the difficulty of getting the deaths laid at the right door.

Mr. FAWCETT wanted more light on the principles that would guide the Government in carrying out the Anglo-Turkish Convention, and the guarantees for the needed reforms. So did Mr. E. JENKINS.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER replied that

"What the Government hoped was to bring about an agreement with the Porte by which certain specific reforms would be introduced into the judicial revenue, and police systems, which, it was believed, would give a prospect of improvement to the country."

Brave hopes! But how about guarantees?

Friday (Lords).—Cattle Diseases Bill back, as amended. The Duke of RICHMOND could hardly have known his child, yet he welcomed it with every sign of affection, notwithstanding that the "stain of the Commons is over it all."

(*Commons.*)—Bishopries Bill pushed merrily through Committee—undamaged by the assault of the *Nolo-episcoparis*, COURTNEY and CAMPBELL, and COWEN and JENKINS.

Final Vote in Supply taken, and—

"Last stage of all,
That ends this uneventful history!"—

Appropriation Bill brought in. The Ministerial Fish Dinner stands for Wednesday next.

Finis Sessionis clear in view, after eight months of more cry and less wool than in the memory of the oldest inhabitant of St. Stephen's.

HOW TO ENJOY A HAPPY DOG-DAY.



6 A.M.—Rise and take a well-iced tub.

7 A.M.—Dress leisurely in white linen.

8 A.M.—Breakfast off a cup of iced coffee and a wafer.

9 A.M.—Read the first line of the first Leader of the *Times*.

10 A.M.—Read the last line of the last Leader of the *Times*.

11 A.M.—Calmly think over what you have read.

12 A.M.—Go to sleep in a refrigerator.

1 P.M.—Go to sleep again.

2 P.M.—More ice in the refrigerator, and more sleep.

3 P.M.—Dine off a cut from an iced quail and a couple of nectarines.

4 P.M.—Unlimited claret-cup.

5 P.M.—Lie on a sofa and look at another man smoking.

6 P.M.—Get into an ice-tub and doze.

7 P.M.—Get out of your ice-tub and rest.

8 P.M.—Go to bed in a hammock slung between two bushy trees, and sleep, if you can, till next morning.

CANADA (after the departure of Lord Dufferin).—FOR-LORN.

WHEN THE BILL COMES IN.

A BALLAD FOR JOHN BULL.

AIR—"When the Tide comes in."



BEN rode away,
alert and gay;
The outlook
seemed most fair;
I heard the Jingos
hoarse hooray
Rise on the Sum-
mer air.
"Friend JOHN," he
cried, "keep up
your pride.
I'm off to far
Berlin!"
I joined the shout;
but feel some
doubt,
As the Bill comes
lengthening in.

Fresh claims I see,
they crowd on
me,
Like flocks of
hungry birds.

My heart sinks low, cooled down from glow
Of BEACONSFIELD's big words.
"Oh, BEN," I sigh, "canst tell me why
I'm bled of all this tin?"
"The 'why' you'll know, and the 'wherefore,' too,
By the time the Bill comes in."

BEN winks so sly, while piling high
New burdens on my back,
With that fine smile of winning guile
Of which he has the knack,
I scarce dare groan, so bland his tone,
Yet midst the Jingos' din,
I feel each cheer will have cost me dear—
By the time the Bill comes in!

REGINA V. REGINA.

(Everybody intervening; or, the next Case on the List.)

THIS was a case of some interest arising out of an application on the part of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council to the final Court of Appeal, to restrain the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court from issuing prohibitions against their monitions. The Parties appeared in person.

The Lord President commenced his opening statement by saying he knew a prejudice existed against a plaintiff who insisted on conducting his own case; but as he wished particularly to test his own judicial status, about which so many highly unpleasant things had been already said, he was determined at least to find out "who he was."

The Lord Ultimate Justice interposing, said he hoped there would not be any attempt at elucidation of any individual Judge's status introduced into the argument. The question before the Court was, "Who on earth are the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council?"—That at least was the only issue to which he could direct his attention.

The Lord President.—I think, my Lord, it would be just as well if you were to direct your attention to the limits of your own jurisdiction. We shall certainly raise that question at a later stage.

The Lord Ultimate Justice.—That is a very candid announcement, my Lord President; and though I and my learned brother constitute, I believe, the highest Court of Appeal in the kingdom, I have no hesitation in saying that I am disposed to join issue with him on every possible aspect of this amusing and confusing case. What, I should like to know, is the value of a judgment passed by such a tribunal as what used to be called the Court of Queen's Bench?

The Lord Chief Justice submitted that that was not the question before the Court. The Court of Queen's Bench had rather a more respectable foundation, he hoped, than the Court of Archæes. *(Laughter.)*

The Lord Ultimate Justice.—Or, as no doubt the defendants in this cause would add, the House of Lords. *(Renewed laughter.)*

The Lord President then proceeded with his case. He said that, after all, the question submitted to the Court was a very simple one. It might be broadly stated as follows: Ought a set of Judges, who are handsomely paid in order that by their precept and example they may exalt the dignity of Justice, to descend to what he must term

"procedure by practical joking?" It was too bad. He and his learned colleagues regarded the late action of two of the Justices of the Queen's Bench Division as nothing short, at least, of this. He could only say, on behalf of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, that if the Court to which they now appealed could give them no remedy, and they were to be held up as a laughing-stock without any sort of redress, they should know how to take their revenge. The Exchequer Division had had far too quiet a time of it lately; and he would like to know, for one, what was the present market value of a decision of the Lord Chief Baron.

The Lord Chief Justice objected. If this sort of sifting were to go on, they should soon get a definite view of their respective jurisdictions, and he appealed to the Court to say whether this would be likely to add to the solemn mystery of justice, or to exalt the public respect for that complicated procedure which was, if not its brightest, at least its most costly jewel.

The Lord Supreme Baron here interrupted. He said: I think it right, upon hearing that statement, to mention that I have, during the progress of this case, been indulging in some considerable scruples as to my own position in this Court. I shall therefore, now refuse to grant any application until I am assured as to the nature of my jurisdiction. The rule must be refused.

The Lord Ultimate Justice.—Nonsense. I don't concur for an instant. I am only too happy to add to the confusion of this cause. You may take a rule—or two, if you like.

The Lord President.—Yes, my Lord, if we can find them. *(Great laughter.)*

The proceedings then terminated.

THE ARMS OF CYPRUS.

"It is interesting to note that the arms of Cyprus are borne on one of the shields on Queen ELIZABETH's tomb in Westminster Abbey, viz., *Barry of ten arg. and az., over all a lion rampant gu., crowned or.*"—*Athenæum.*

WHERE good Queen BESS's honoured bones
Sleep in the Abbey's gloom,
The Arms of Cyprus grace the stones
Of her emblazoned tomb.
In argent fair and azure bright
Barry of ten behold;
O'er all, a lion rampant, dight
In gules, and crowned with gold.

Fair emblem of the happy fate
That now on Cyprus shines,
And in our rich Protectorate,
Re-opes her long-closed mines.
And what if British Lion's gules
Be toned to a dun-brown?
Besides the crown upon his head,
His purse holds many a crown.

Sharp Cypriotes, who Jews can squeeze,
Armenians confound,
That Lion of his crowns to ease,
And eke half-crowns, are bound.
With cunning thus in coat of feud,
Punch Heralds' pardon begs,
If he with deference suggest
The Isle's Arms should be Legs.

A Missing Link.

JOHN EVANS, D.C.L., &c., &c., in his Address, as President of the Geological Section of the British Association at Dublin, refers to one member of the group of quaternary *Mammalia*, as "far more abundant in Ireland, than in England or Europe—the *Megaceros*—which has rightly received the appellation of *Hibernicus*." It is strange that Mr. EVANS should have omitted to notice another distinguished member of the same group, which ought to be far more abundant in Ireland than in any other part of the world, the peculiar family of the *Bos Taurus* which has also won world-wide fame under the epithet *Hibernicus*.

If the Irish Elk be so common in a fossil state, surely fossil specimens of the Irish Bull ought to be forthcoming, if sufficiently looked for.

Greece Asking for More.

GREECE has a past; who denies or defames it?
Greece has a future, 'tis Lord B. proclaims it.
But besides past and future, Greece asks for a present,
Epirus, Crete, Thessaly! Isn't she unpleasant?

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



"PEACE WITH HONOUR"

SATURDAY, August 10.—Rare day for rarer deed. At an uncommon sitting of the Commons the Irish Sunday Closing Bill was carried by 63 to 23, with the five principal cities of Ireland exempted from its operation; about the biggest Irish bull of the Legislative breed that was ever got through the House of Commons. The Lords have since passed it, too, under the leading of Lord O'HAGAN.



"THE UNKINDEST CUT OF ALL."

The Major. "Would you advise me to have these few hairs in front cut off?"

Haircutter. "U—m—Well, Sir—I should 'esitate before I sacrificed my honly Hornament!!"

Monday, August 12.—St. Grouse's Day, and Parliament still sitting! No wonder the birds are buoyant under their brief respite from the Parliamentary great guns. Alas, "*Peine*,"—like "*Plaisir*"—"*différée n'est pas perdue*," as the poor grouse will find next week.

(*Lords.*)—Lord TRURO on the Police Force. *À quelque chose malheur est bon.* Frequent burglaries on his mansion at Blackheath have given Lord TRURO an intelligent interest in the Force that so lamentably fails him. He now comes forward as the friendly critic of the Bobby, and as the "Parent, Guide, Philosopher and Friend" of the Commission which is about to sit on him. He suggests *inter alia* that Model Lodgings should be provided for the Police, when Metropolitan street improvements are a-making. At present our view of the Bobby at home is chiefly in the character of warming-pan of the "House to Let," or *locum tenens* for the family out of town. It would be much if the public could see the Force as the model Lodgers of Model Lodging-Houses, A-1's in their interiors, and never on the beat at home, as but too many males of the married masses are apt to be.

The Duke of RICHMOND said the Commissioners should have the benefit of Lord TRURO's wise warnings and sagacious suggestions.

(*Commons.*)—"Have the Russians crossed the Oxus, on their way to Merv, in dangerous proximity to our North-West Indian frontier?" asks Sir C. DILKE. "Has a Russian Resident been received at Cabul?" asks Mr. C. B. DENISON. "Not knowing, cannot say," answers Mr. BOURKE, for the Foreign Office. "But if they are up to any little game on the Oxus, or in Cabul, the Foreign Office has its Eastern eye on them, and will, no doubt, in due time know all about it." For the moment F. O. knows nothing about anything, or knowing, cannot say. Further questioned, through said Honourable Mr. BOURKE, F. O. declares that it has not heard that the Porte has refused, or means to refuse, Greece any rectification of frontier, for all the recommendations of Congress. Sir CHARLES means to go on asking questions, till he arrives at more satisfactory answers.

Mr. GOURLEY, thus encouraged, has also taken to ask questions, about the departure of the British Fleet from Turkish waters. "BRITANNIA will withdraw her chickens," says the CHANCELLOR of

the EXCHEQUER, "when Russia calls off her bears"—which he hopes—and so do the Turks, and so does *Mr. Punch*—will be soon. As yet Chickens and Bears confront each other.

Mr. FORSTER procured the House the painful pleasure of hearing the history of a little Bill, birth-strangled between Lords and Commons. The tragic tale is beyond the grasp of prose—*Facit indignatio versum.*

THE TRAGEDY OF THE POOR LAW AMENDMENT ACT (1876)
AMENDMENT BILL.

Mr. C. Lewis.

"MELLOR had a little Bill;
If not dead, 'tis living still.
Where is MELLOR's little Bill?"

Chancellor of the Exchequer.

"Twice the House has talked its fill
Over MELLOR's little Bill.
Twice the Lords that Bill amended;
Twice the Commons-House, offended
Lords should so their work undo,
In their face the Amendments threw:

Twice the Lords, too proud to bend
Their Amendments to amend,
In the Commons' face, full smack,
Their Amendments flung them back;
Till, as Lords and Commons crost,
MELLOR's Bill, betwixt them tost,
Caught in Lords and Commons strife,
Yielded up its little life.
New life for it none may see—
Dead it is, and dead must be!"

Intermediate Irish Education Commissioners named. A happy family—three Catholics, three Episcopalians, and one Presbyterian. ("They don't want to fight, but, by Jingo, if they do!")

Mr. C. LEWIS for the boys of Londonderry, Mr. NEWDEGATE for the High and Dry Protestants of Warwickshire, Mr. COURTNEY for the Doctrinaires of Devon, *non obstantibus*, the Bill passed triumphantly through Committee—the one "rapid Act" of the Session, and that an Irish Act!—amid an unprecedented chorus of discordant voices for once harmonious. Well may the poet say,

"The sweetest music is from discord bred."

The Bill is to secure payment by results. If its result be to show us for once Roman Catholics and English Protestants working together in harmony for the promotion of better Education—in the schools of both—who shall say that any payment can be too high for such a result, though it took two millions instead of one of the



GRATIFYING.

Young Person (applying for Housemaid's place, where a Footman was kept, objected to Children, was engaged to, and visited by, a most 'spectable Young Man in the 'Orse Artillery, and with a fortnight's Character from her last Place, but who altogether does not exactly suit). "I REALLY HAM SORRY, M'UM, FOR I RATHER LIKE YOUR APPEARANCE, M'UM!!"

Irish Protestant Church surplus. But what a Nemesis! The proceeds of that Church employed to pay the expenses of an Education scheme by which Irish Roman Catholics will chiefly benefit, and that by the Act of a Conservative Government!

Tuesday.—Lords and Commons at sea—dancing attendance, to the music of waves more rough than was agreeable, on BRITANNIA'S Naval Review of Her Coast-Guard brood of chickens, the "Particular Service" Squadron, under Admiral KEY, at Spithead. It was very spiteful of BRITANNIA not to rule the waves straighter for the occasion. She and NEPTUNE and rude BOREAS spoilt the show between them.

While the Commons were steaming back sick and tired from Portsmouth, a House had been kept, by Black Rod's summons of a handful of the Commons to the House of Lords to hear the Royal Assent given to a batch of belated Bills. And then, to a beggarly account of empty benches, Mr. STANHOPE rose to disburden him of his Indian Budget—the concluding farce of a played-out House and an expiring Session.

Mr. FAWCETT criticised Mr. STANHOPE'S figures, and protested, in the name of economy, against reckless expenditure and cooked accounts, with a courage and spirit worthy of a better House and a more attentive audience.

Who cares for Budget or critic? "All's well" (says Mr. STANHOPE),—"That ends well," add Mr. FAWCETT and Mr. *Punch*.

The thin House, says Sir STAFFORD, is no proof of languid interest in the entertainment of the "Indian Balance-Sheet," so long as the few who come understand what they are listening to. India is not to be governed in England. The thinner the House when the Indian Budget is up—or down—the more proof that England, if she understands nothing else about India, understands what is best for her great dependency—to be left, unhampered by House of Commons critics, to the Viceroy and Indian Secretary of State, and their respective Councils.

As to economies in Army and Public Works, and provision for Famines, past and future, let the House of Commons leave such matters to those whom they concern. The best thing the House can do for India is to stand aloof, and trust her to the tender mercies of an enlightened Empress and a paternal Government. "So it is willed, where Will and Power are one." And who is FAWCETT, that he should fidget himself, or England?

Wednesday (Lords).—A Sign of the Time. My Lords sat at three o'clock, and, after a few minutes' work, "adjourned during pleasure." Met again at six, and adjourned again (during pleasure, we presume), at five minutes past. Yet in this brief time they knocked off a Second and a Third Reading and three Committees. Only let the Commons go and do likewise two or three nights a week, and they might "adjourn during pleasure" for the rest of the Session.

(*Commons.*)—How about sickness among our soldiers at Cyprus? It is hard to reconcile Colonel STANLEY'S reports, and *Daily News'* Correspondent's. Here is the latter's hospital return:—

"The 42nd Regiment has 170 on the sick list; the 101st has 130. Six artillery officers are down. Of 136 sailors and marines sent to Nicosia 84 are fever-stricken. One officer and 19 marines sent to Baffo were there for three weeks, and are now all in hospital. A detachment of sappers sent into the interior was found helpless in a farm-house, every man being delirious with fever. In all about 25 per cent. of the white troops are fever-stricken. About two-thirds of the medical force are also down. The fever is not deadly, but those attacked cannot quite recover while they remain in the island."

How the SECRETARY for WAR can say, in the face of these figures, that he cannot say there is any cause for anxiety, it is hard to understand for those outside "the Office," who do not know the difficulty of disturbing the normal serenity of the official mind. The poor soldier in Cyprus may sing—"In me tota ruat Venus"—at fever-heat, too; and all the calm confidence of Colonel STANLEY, and the *couleur-de-rose* reports of Sir GARNET will neither cool his burning brow, nor moisten his parched lips, still less give comfort to his anxious friends at home. As *Punch* said last week, "*Que diable allaient-ils faire dans cette île de Cythère?*"

F. O. knows nothing yet about the dispatching of a Russian Resident to Cabul. It seems likely enough that the reports of Russian movements, both Diplomatic and Military, in Central Asia, refers to the pre-Peace Congress period. None the less our Jingo journals are keen in working them up into war-material.

Mr. SAMUELSON called attention to a painful subject, which demands more notice both from the Government and the Public, than it has yet received, the murder and mutilation of Mr. OGLE, the *Times* Correspondent, in Thessaly. Our Government have directed and held an inquiry, but as they could not, or, at least, would not guarantee impunity to the witnesses, it seems very doubtful if their inquirers have got, or could have got, at the truth. They have promised to direct fresh inquiry, with powers, it is to be hoped, to ensure due protection to witnesses. The friends of Mr. OGLE have good reason to be grateful to Mr. SAMUELSON for bringing the Government to this point. So have all British subjects who feel it of moment that foreign, and, above all, barbarous Governments, should be taught that the life of a British subject is a sacred thing. When that British subject happens to be a man discharging dangerous duty in a heroic spirit, his life should be doubly sacred. As it is, there has been a nasty disposition visible to impute blame to Mr. OGLE for his very courage and humanity, and to add something very ugly like, "Serve him right!" to the vague official verdict of "Found Killed; but how, when, or by whom, no evidence is forthcoming."

Bishoprics Bill read a Third Time by 63 to 20,—*Ginx's Baby* protesting to the last.

Thursday (Lords).—Last day's work. Sing "O be joyful!" Standing Orders dispensed with for once—pace even Lord REDESDALE. Appropriation Bill and Expiring Laws Continuance Bill rattled merrily through all their stages in a sitting.

(*Commons.*)—Notices of Motion—for next Session. Thank the House's stars, and *Punch's*, loose points are being "flemished down," and ends of questions coiled away. *Punch*, happy in the prospect of his holiday, bursts into song, like his own little bird:—

"The Government don't mean to find, nor yet to make, occasions To re-establish with the POPE diplomatic—or other—relations; The Turkish troops still hold Batoum, which F. O. much amazes, But England has no intention of taking in the *Lazes*. Sir AUSTIN LAYARD will do his best—Herculean operation!— To induce the Grand Vizier to take Crete into consideration. There has been a good deal of fever among the Cyprus garrison, But, on the whole, it has been drawn mild, and is now "*en procès de guérison*."

Sir G. BOWYER shot a last shot at the Territorial Waters Jurisdiction Bill, but missed his mark; and the Bill was read a Third Time. Henceforth, when a foreigner violates our law within three miles of our shores he will be punishable for it, as he ought to be.

Lord C. BERESFORD gave a full account of the operations for the raising of the *Eurydice*, and the difficulties which had retarded them. The poor ship is out of the hole at last, and everybody's wish must be that her unfortunate captain and the Dockyard Authorities who have had to do with the sinking of her, first, and the raising of her afterwards, should be in the same position as the ship.

So let bell be rung,
And *De Mortuis* sung!

The persistent COURTNEY had a last pitch into the dealings of the South African Government with the Transvaal. *Punch* can only sing,

"Annexation is vexation,
Division is as bad—
SLEEPSTONE (Sir T.) he bothers me,
And the Boors they drive me mad."

Never was a harder BEECH-nut for the industrious Secretary for the Colonies to crack. "Of two evils choose the least" is a good rule. The difficulty in this case is to say, between annexation and independence, which evil is the least, they are both such whoppers?

Friday.—Parliament Prorogued by Royal Commission. Commons whipped into Lords' House by Black Rod to hear Queen's Message:—

MY LORDS AND COMMONS,

Far off seems the day

When, wishing peace, we met to face affray.
To calm the twitters bred of War's alarms,
We gladly threw ourselves in India's arms;
But as they're happily not wanted, home
We've packed them, post-haste, o'er the Red Sea foam.
May the Monsoon and heat no cholera bring,
And then "All's well that ends well!" we may sing.

The Powers for Congress at Berlin have met;
High hands have there to protocols been set,
Whence, let us hope, the flower of peace may bloom—
For which, just now, see Bosnia and Batoum.
Greek has met Turk, but not for tug of War—
The tug of Peace Hellas finds harder far.

We with the Turk have signed our own Convention,
Which, like a certain place we never mention,
Is paved, throughout, with the best good intention.
By it we're bound to guard the Asian border,
Within which he binds himself to keep order.
These obligations both alike accept—
We must ask Time to show how they've been kept.
Meanwhile, to mark the end of Europe's quarrels,
A Cyprus wreath we've twined for lack of laurels.
"*Pax cum honore*" at Berlin we've won;
And "*Tax cum onere*" has now begun.

GENTLEMEN OF THE COMMONS,

Thanks all round;

We've asked for money: money you have found.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

Too well one knows

Queen's Speech "*propose*," but Parliament "*dispose*."
Of English Bills passed into Acts the amount
Upon one hand's four fingers you can count.
There's one for Factory Laws consolidating:
One that provides for Road-repair and Kating:
One with what's left of Cattle Plagues' big Bill:
And one to make four Bishops, if you will—
But by *quite* voluntary contribution—

The thing to save the Church from dissolution!
Of the three Acts for Ireland—favoured nation—
One—that for Intermediate Education—
Passed, wondrous to relate, with no opposing;
Not so the one for Sunday-shebeen closing.
That such Acts *should* pass is a thousand pities—
True, it leaves out the five chief Irish cities.
The third Act makes the Public Health its care;
For *that* there's room in Ireland, and to spare.

For Scotland,—happy land of oatmeal-cakes,
Where no Home-Ruler's clique disturbance makes,—
From tolls on bridge and road henceforth made free,
To good account she'll turn each saved bawbee.
Her Education Acts, too, have been bettered,
Her schools and hospitals from clogs unfettered.

Now to home-pleasures, and home-duties fall—
So, good-bye! Happy holidays to all!

ANOTHER NAVAL REVIEW.



THERE was one Naval Review on the twelfth; there is another before *Punch* at this moment, being a Review by HENRY F. WATT, Master Mariner, "of the State of the Navy, 1878," printed and published at Liverpool. This little book of seventy-one pages, with not an idle or superfluous word in it, deals exclusively with our unarmoured ships of 1000 tons and upwards. The writer gives very clearly and calmly stated reasons for his conclusion, that this portion of the Navy is not what it ought to be, and that a great deal of the money spent upon it is wasted. In proof of this, he goes through the list of our wooden ships built since 1867, comparing the strength and speed, power, cost of building, and repairs, and actual performances of each, with those of first-class

merchant vessels of the same tonnage. This comparison lands the Admiralty and its Constructors awfully on the wrong side of the balance-sheet.

Another section of the book, devoted to the important question of Naval Education, gives reason for the writer's conclusion that the Admiralty is as much out in its building up of Queen's officers as of Queen's ships.

Now, it is no doubt easy to find fault. But it is *not* easy to give such fair and forcible reasons for your fault-finding as H. F. WATT seems to *Punch* to have given in his Naval Review. And not to *Punch* only. A Rear-Admiral of longer and more various sea-service than any officer of his rank and standing, after reading Mr. WATT's pamphlet, said in *Punch's* hearing, "He is right, as far as I can make out, in every point, except in his over-insistence on lengthiness as a quality in sea-going ships. *That*, I think, he pushes too far. For the rest, I go along with him, from stem to stern."

This rather startling, but decidedly well-written and well-reasoned brochure *Punch* would earnestly recommend to his nautical readers in general, and to Mr. T. BRASSEY in particular. Something ought to come of it.

RITUALISTIC RUMOURS.

THE triumph achieved by Mr. MACKONOCHE over Lord PENZANCE and the Public Worship Act, has of course tended very much to encourage Ritualist Clergymen to set the law at defiance. It is said that they have the following steps in contemplation:—

To erect in every Church a Roodloft enriched with Images.

To adopt the use of Holy Water, and to provide every Church with a receptacle for that fluid.

To set up a Confessional Box in all Churches and Chapels.

Habitually to wear all the vestments in use amongst the Romish Clergy—especially tiaras exactly resembling the Triple Hat of the Roman Pontiff, by way of symbol that not a man of them cares a *Benedicite* for his Bishop, but that every one esteems himself his own Pope.

Surplice and Surplus.

(C. LEWIS and NEWDEGATE *loquuntur*.)

THE Irish Education Bill

Can you wonder we run down—
Irish Church Surplus when it turns
Into a Jesuit's gown?

Between Advocates and Architects.

(*High and Low*.)

SURELY it would be possible to conduct the controversy between high-pitch and low-pitch roof at St. Alban's without getting into such a high-pitch of temper and low-pitch of courtesy; in short, without such a flinging of pitch by the advocates of either style of roof at those of the other.



INDUCTION.

Sylvia. "THERE GO UNCLE GEORGE, AND AUNT MARY, AND THE BABY! WHAT A FUSS THEY MAKE ABOUT THAT BABY, TO BE SURE!"

Daisy. "PEOPLE ALWAYS MAKE A FUSS ABOUT THEIR FIRST-BORN, AND ALWAYS HAVE EVER SINCE THE WORLD BEGAN."

Sylvia. "I DON'T SUPPOSE ADAM AND EVE MADE MUCH FUSS ABOUT CAIN."

Daisy. "WHY NOT?"

Sylvia. "WELL, THEY'D NEVER SEEN A BABY BEFORE, AND MUST HAVE THOUGHT HIM QUITE AN IDIOT!"

GLEANNING GONE BY.

(*Mr. HAWFINCH warbles.*)

I REMEMBERS the Gleaners when I wuz a buoy,
In a smock-frock and trousers o' striped corduroy;
What the rippers had left, then the farmers could spare;
And the poor and the needy went in for their share.

I thinks I can zee 'um, when harvest wuz done,
Afield mongst the stubble in evenun's slant sun,
The women and children in countree array,
Or to whoam wi' their bundles o' grist on their way.

The moor mouths by the projuice o' gleanun wuz fed,
The less rates wuz required to supply 'um wi' bread.
O, BUMBLE, friend BUMBLE, bear that in thy mind;
The moor gleanuns, the fewer the paupers to grind.

Then the words wrote by MOZUS wuz took for plain truth,
Likewise all as we rades on 'bout BHWOOAZ and RUTH,
And to strip the fields bare when the harvest was o'er,
Wuz condemned as no better nor plunderun' the poor.

But the times for the Farmer wuz differ'nt from now
In the days o' my youth, when I foller'd the plough.
Competition 'a then hadn't none for'n to fear,
And to vooce 'un to rake up and scrape up aitch ear.

'Twuz by hand that they farmerly cut all the sheaves,
Too much carn, arter gath'run, machinery leaves.
All as went to the gleaners, now, therefore, by means
Of the hoss-rake, their own selves now the husbunmen gleans.

'Twixt the fields the old hedgerows wi' flowers once so gay
High farman has purty nigh sweep all away.
To impoveridge his ground a chap can't let 'um stand;
As a needs for to till every strip of his land.

We that lived in the old world now lives in a new,
The commandment o' which is to scramble and screw.
We sims sent into it only Life's battle to fight,
For the most that we can, to the best of our might.

'Twuz a fur differ'nt tale as we used to be told;
But this here is the new world, and that wuz the old.
And the gleaners be gone, and their gospel as well;
And Ruths as goes gleanun now finds it a sell.

NEWS FROM CYPRUS.

THE *Daily News* Correspondent in Cyprus states that in two days nearly ten per cent. of a certain detachment of troops were struck down with fever. If that rate of sickness continues, it is to be hoped that the retreat of the Ten Thousand may not be long delayed. Mr. FORBES goes on to say, "General WATSON is effecting a sweeping reformation in the sanitary state of Larnaca." But surely something deeper than a mere *sweeping* reform is necessary. There must at least be a thorough draining reform before the risk of fever can be lessened. Unfortunately, this Reform Bill will have to be settled by British taxpayers. But if Great Britain is to be allowed the distinguished honour of draining Cyprus, she must not grumble at being called on to pay the piper. And, thanks to the Anglo-Turkish Convention, it is not at all unlikely that Turkey may eventually return the compliment by draining England. Such are some of the advantages of a spirited foreign policy.

A Tale and its Root.

THE *Times* is authorised to give an "unqualified contradiction" to the report that Mr. ALEXANDER BERESFORD HOPE is about to be raised to the Peerage. *Punch* is happy to add that it was *not* HOPE who "told the flattering tale."



ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

(AFTER THE PERFORMANCE.)

“The Earl of BEACONSFIELD has arrived at Hughenden Manor for a few weeks’ rest.”—*Morning Post*.

HAPPY CYPRUS!



THE following letters have been received during the last ten days at 85, Fleet-Street. To save postage-stamps Mr. Punch publishes them with his minutes for answer:—

7, Prospect Place, Bethnal Green, West.

MY DEAR PUNCH,

You are a friend to all good fellows, and I am sure you will be a friend to me. I feel that I am a man after your own heart. I am always ready for a lark or a liquor up. Just now I am hipped—down on my back, don't you know—and I want you to set me up again.

Ever since I spent what my father left me, and determined not to be a burden on my mother and sisters, I have been trying all sorts of things.

A friend bought me a commission in the Army, but I found soldiering an awful bore. Besides it was expensive, and so I had to sell out to settle with the more pressing of my duns. Then one of my uncles put me into a Government Office. But I got sick of that in a week. Fancy being tied to one room and one desk from ten to four! So I threw it up, and somebody did something for me in the City. Need I say that I hate the City? You will not be surprised to hear that I soon came West again, and with the assistance of a friend had a go-in at the wine trade. The wine trade is a mistake from a commercial point of view. How can you make anything when all your old pals keep dropping in, all day long, for nips? To make a long story short, I have had my passage paid to Australia, and have come back by the next return boat but two. I have been offered a share in a scientific farm, and once helped the sub-editor of a weekly paper for nearly a fortnight. In fact I have had all sorts of openings, but somehow or other all the openings have closed again before I could make my way through them.

And now, my dear Punch, comes the pith of my letter. I know you have any amount of interest. I want you to get me an easy and lucrative post at Cyprus. You can if you like, so be a good chap and do, and ever oblige,

(Signed)

A. ROLLINGSTONE.

Mr. P.'s Minute.—Bad shillings are not in demand in Cyprus. The export trade in ne'er-do-weels may be safely left in the hands of the native and neighbouring Greeks. Request refused.

246, Kensal Green Villas, North, North Kensington.

SIR,

Don't you think that the Antiquities of Cyprus should be looked up, somehow or other? I am rather hazy about the character of these Antiquities, and I don't quite see what is to be done with them when found, beyond making a note of. But I shall be happy to serve on a Commission or a Committee, or anything of that sort. I don't quite know what the duties of the Commissioners would be, except—I am tolerably clear on this point—to receive their salaries; but still I feel something ought to be done. At least, don't you think so? Cyprus must be thoroughly gone into—prehistorically as well as historically, classically, mediævally, and modernly, don't you agree with me? If so, do kindly say a word for

Yours sincerely,

(Signed)

PETER VAGUE.

Mr. P.'s Minute.—Judging from some recent appointments, Mr. VAGUE seems to be the very man for the post he suggests. If Cyprus has no opening for his services, his name might be added to the list of the City Charities Commissioners; or, better still, he might be put on one of the new Eastern Boundaries' Commissions.

Please address, Post Office, Basinghall Street.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

OUGHT we not work together? Cyprus, that freshest, if not finest gem of the British diadem, is quite ready for operations of a philanthropic character. We really must do something for our new

dependency. So to speak, the Cypriotes are waiting to be done. Let us be up and doing at once. Enclosed you will find a few prospectuses of a philanthropic description. I would call your attention to the Cyprus Children's Bank, intended for the savings and "little alls" of the Cypriote widows and orphans; the Cyprus Glove Company, for furnishing Cypriotes moving in society with white and lavender-coloured kids; the Cyprus Wedding Cake, Mince Pie, and Hot Cross Bun Association, for extending to our swarthy fellow-subjects the blessings of English Civilisation; and the Cyprus Anti-Prodigal and Good Samaritan Discount Corporation, for lending wealthy Cypriotes (on really good security) small sums of money, at the rate of, say, two hundred and twenty-five per cent.

The capital for working these excellent institutions will have to be raised in England. Will you join me in these and kindred plans? We would halve the proceeds. As to the work, you might represent the Companies in London, while I proceed to survey our field of enterprise in Cyprus. Is it a bargain?

(Signed) Yours, respectfully,

JEREMIAH DIDDLE.

Mr. P.'s Minute.—Proposal declined. Perhaps if Mr. DIDDLE refers to recent advertisements, he will find that some of his benevolent schemes have been anticipated by equally disinterested philanthropists.

THE COVENT GARDEN OBSTRUCTIONISTS.

THE *Daily Telegraph* lately gave us this information:—

"COVENT GARDEN MARKET.—In accordance with an order issued by the Duke of BEDFORD a fortnight ago, all Sunday trading is henceforth to be prohibited at this market."

If the Duke of BEDFORD can issue such an order—which sounds uncommonly hard for those whose work only permits them the convenience of an early Sunday morning for their marketing—let him go a step farther, not out of Covent Garden, but in it, and round it, and round about it. Covent Garden is an unsavoury obstruction, the roadway round it is almost impassable, and the "Odour Covent Garden" is worse than the "Odour Cologne" itself in its own native place. Let his Grace of Bedford determine to deal with this Dis-grace of London, and until we can have an entirely new Market (the great Hebrew Race will go in for plenty of entries for such a New Market), let him get a new broom and sweep it clean, as also the streets round about, which are the Market's tributaries. Such a state of Stinkomalee as Covent Garden now represents ought to be an impossibility in our Nineteenth Century London.

Order in the East.

It has been truly said that "one of the difficulties in Eastern Roumelia will be to prevent the rival zealots from attacking one another." The measures about to be taken for that purpose seem the reverse of promising. The European Commission is to provide a local militia and a police force of Christians and Mussulmans in proportion to the number of the sects in the several districts. Let us hope that militia will not fire on militia, nor policemen run in policemen.

High and Low Water.

"ALEXANDRIA, Aug. 15.—Mr. RIVERS WILSON will to-morrow present to the KHEDIVE a preliminary statement concerning the labours of the Committee of Inquiry into the Egyptian revenues. It refrains from entering into any administrative details."

EGYPT's financial prospects are spry,
Though the Nile be low, while RIVERS stands high.

More Power to Him.

WHY is Mr. FORSTER like the CZAR?

Because he declines to be stopped by the Caucasuses.

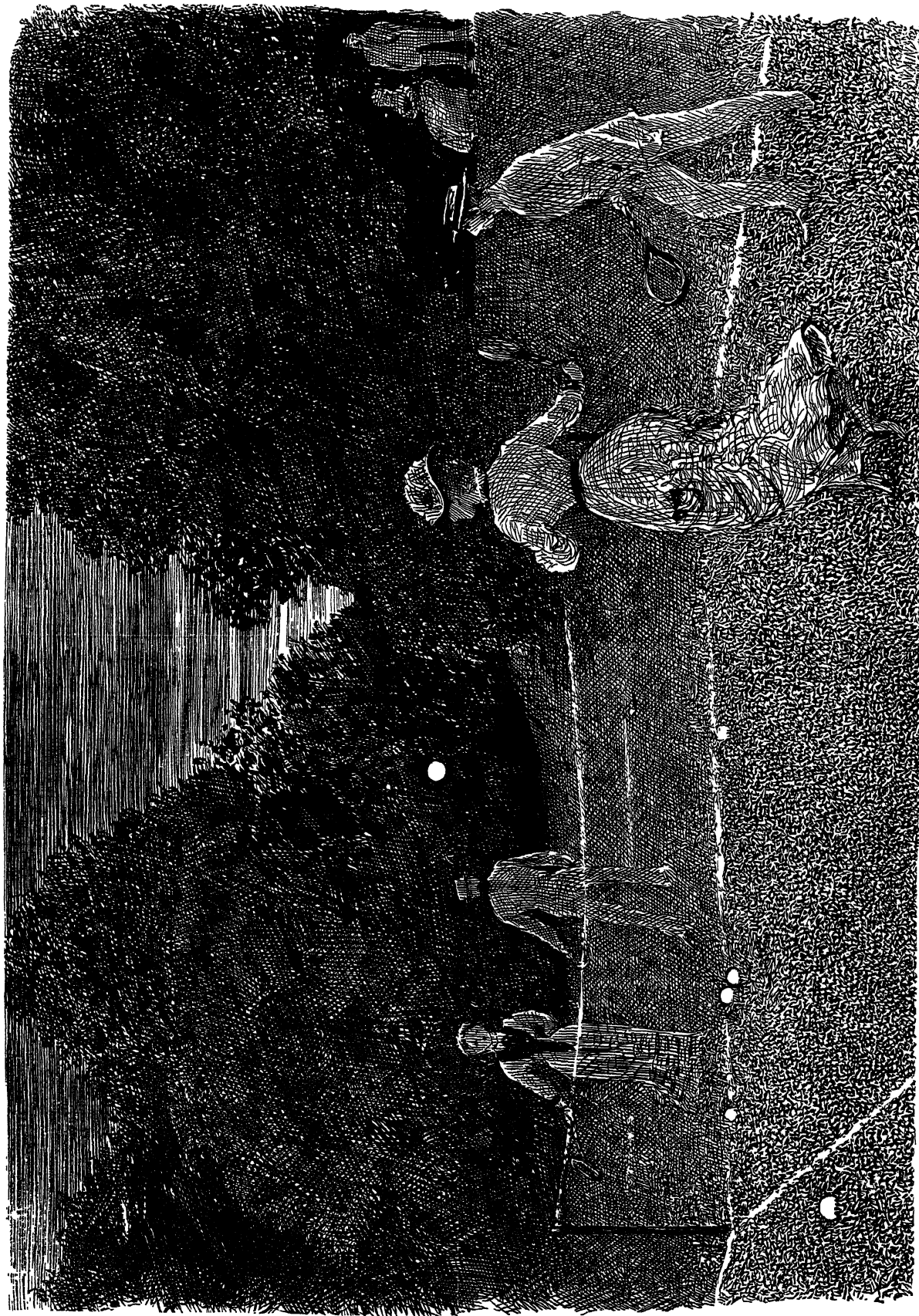
[See the late Correspondence between the Right Hon. W. E. F. and Mr. A. ILLINGWORTH—may be had for a penny, but is really a shillingworth.]

ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY.

SIR ERSKINE May—SIR ERSKINE must get better. Neither the House of Commons nor the Country can afford to lose him.

HOW TO KEEP THE WOLFF FROM THE DOOR.—Make him a G.C.M.G., and send him to organise Eastern Roumelia.

BOSNIANS AND TURKS.—Begg and Beggars.



“WHERE THERE’S A WILL THERE’S A WAY.”

NOT PLAY LAWN TENNIS IN THE DARK? STUFF AND NONSENSE! ALL YOU’VE GOT TO DO IS JUST TO MARK OUT THE COURTS WITH PHOSPHORUS, AND RUB THE BALLS WITH THE SAME.

ACROSS THE KEEP-IT-DARK CONTINENT.

OR, HOW I FOUND STANLEY.

(By the Author of "Coompassie," and "Notamagdollor," "My! Phillaloo!" &c.)

PART II.—CHAPTER IX.

Summit up—Champagne—Kings—Mum—Natives—Leaving—Cake—Race—Heads—Too Many—Off—Description—McSmuggins's Wit—Rowing—Heat—Haven—Old Joke—American Visitors—Chief of the Tribe—Who?—Brigand—Dumcrambo—Terror—Hesitation—Ollendorfan—Onwards—Row, Brothers, Row—The Meeting—End of Act—Curtain.

FROM the summit of the hill, we had now before us, for thousands of miles and miles, a magnificent champagne country, which, in accordance with my own feeling at the moment, I at once christened *Trayseck*.

The King of this country, who bears the name of RHEO BOU, came out to meet us with his brother, JERRI BOU—no relations, as I subsequently ascertained, to the gentleman who used to have the Cremorne Gardens—and accompanied by the two Prime Ministers PUMMERI and GRAYNO, and all the MAGNUMS of the place, as well as by an elderly lady, the Queen Mother, whom both the Royal Brothers respectfully addressed as "Mum."

They seemed a very uppish set, with a strong family resemblance among them; in fact, as the Printer's boy remarked, in his own graphic way, "there seemed to be only one sort of 'phiz' among the lot."

At first I thought we had met with a most intelligent specimen of the savage; but, though they made a great noise at first, they were very soon drunk, and then I discovered them to be the emptiest set I had ever come across.

We came away with a few dozen of the wine of the country, and as much more as we could conveniently carry.

Before leaving, I made a sketch of these extraordinary people.

It was necessary to press forward, as, up to this time, I had not yet found STANLEY.

At this point we came upon the extraordinary Tapcook Falls, above the lower basin.

Here the natives, a very cleanly race, came out to meet us, and offer us refreshments, of which we stood much in need. After helping ourselves freely from the exquisitely scented contents of the *sôpe*-dishes (the *spécialité* among this people, who are amply provided with the material in question), and having regaled ourselves with a few *barthbuns* (a sort of rich cake), we witnessed a race between three of the native *Tow*-losses, who ran a course without any jockeys. The first *Tow*-loss was much cheered as he passed the Grand Wash-stand, where we were seated, but the race being a flat one—more than usually flat—did not interest me much. Besides, I wanted to get on. When I intimated this, the simple people replied that I couldn't "get on," except at a hundred to one. This I courteously, but firmly, declined, adding, with unmistakable irony, as I politely bowed myself out, "Mr. WALKER, I presume!"

They were a small, but sharp, tribe; and, after counting heads, I found that they just exceeded my own party by one. This decided me. They were one too many for us; and so I determined on leaving as quickly as possible.

Their costumes were indescribable. One line will, sportingly, sum up this curious tribe—i. e., *A small race, with nothing on.*

After dipping in the lower basin, with another refresher from the *sôpe*-dishes, we took, as McSMUGGINS the Ventriloquist said, (quoting from an entertainment of his own), "our dip first, and our dip-arter," and congratulated ourselves on getting clean away.

After a few days' rowing in the *Arkadia*—with myself seated under the awning, cheering my men, and keeping them up to their work, which I must say was none of the lightest, considering that the thermometer stood at 120° in the shade (i. e., under the awning)—we passed one of the pleasantest-looking islands I have ever seen, offering a vast haven of rest to the weary and sun-burnt traveller.

"Now who will o'er the downs so free?" I sang out cheerily to my men, who really wanted encouragement—"I mean, who's for shore?"

They all held up their hands, except TIDLWINKI, the native Guide, who implored us not to attempt a landing on this spot.

"Why not?" I asked, casting a longing glance towards the cool inlets of water, sheltered by umbrageous overhanging trees.



"Because!" he replied, as though he were answering a riddle—"because, Master, that place has a very bad reputation! It is full of shady coves."

It was with great difficulty that I managed to save WINKI from the vengeance of the crew, who, having all heard the joke years before, in their early childhood, would have torn him to pieces for cruelly reminding them of home and comfort, by his ill-timed levity. McSMUGGINS, the Ventriloquist and Entertainer, was specially indignant, as he had used the joke so often in his entertainments, that he had come to look upon it, quite affectionately, as his own.

TIDLWINKI protested that he had meant what he had said, but promised, at an intimation from me, not to do so again.

"Yes!" I murmured, half-unconsciously to myself, "I should like to do the island!" "You must get up very early in the morning, Master," answered the snubbed TIDLWINKI, "if that is your intention!"

"I have been there and still would not go," he presently added, with a sigh, "for they know, only too well, under which thimble is concealed the little pea; they are perfectly up to the right card to choose out of the three; and they are old hands at the Confidence Trick."

The fact was that some American Missionaries had been there, and judging from our thermometer, had found the place too hot. They left early.

"Who is their Chief?" I inquired; for his account of the place awakened my interest.

M'YIONYU smiled.

"Who is it?" I repeated, sternly, for, when I am in my imperative mood, I am not to be trifled with.

"You do not know, Master?" asked TIDLWINKI, in utter astonishment.

"I do not," I replied, sternly, from the steerage.

"I will tell you," said M'YIONYU, with an air of importance. "It is DUMCRAMBO the Brigand!"

At the mention of this redoubtable name, the Printer's Boy gave a whack on the drum, TIDLWINKI clashed the cymbals, and McSMUGGINS imitated a chord on the violoncello. All the others threw themselves into various poses indicating intense terror. It was a tableau calculated to strike with awe natures less impressionable than my own.

When they had recovered, I asked,

"Who will go with me?"

A dogged silence was the only answer.

On repeating my question, and obtaining no reply, I said aloud, as if to myself, in my bitingly sarcastic Ollendorfan style.

"Good. The Sailors will not go with the Captain. The Captain will go without (sans) the Sailors. The good Captain will have all the gold, and the silver, and the diamonds, and the jewels, and the beautiful treasures in the mines of this island. But the Explorer's companions (i. e. the companions of the Explorer) will have nothing. Let the bad Sailors row to the shore. The good Captain commands the bad Sailors to row to the shore."

They obeyed my order with alacrity.

"Master," exclaimed TIDLWINKI, suddenly, "I will go with you. We are here to-day and gone to-morrow; and what was to be, and what isn't to be, won't be," he added, with true Mahommedan fatalism. "If we lose you, Master, we lose everything," said the grateful fellow, as spokesman for the rest. He acted as Spokesman, on account of his now being the man at the wheel.

After half an hour's hard pulling, I leapt ashore, and, my men being exhausted,

I carried away with me the oars, mast, sail, &c., and then loosened the fastenings of the *Arkadia*, which at once came to pieces. I left



the rudder with them, and, as I had got all the bolts with me, I knew they couldn't make a bolt without me, and so felt satisfied.

Rising early, I went to the top of the hill, and saw a man striking an attitude. Having always a sympathy for the weak, and noticing that the man was about to strike it again, and this without the smallest provocation, I interfered.

The person, thus interrupted, in his cruel sport—for every savage thinks he has a natural right to strike his own attitude as much as he likes—was in evening dress, and began, forthwith, making signs of amity to us.

"He has been out all night," said McSMUGGINS, suspiciously.

"I know him," cried M'YIONYU, the Detective, "from information I've received, it is —"

"Who?" I asked, breathlessly.

He replied in a thrilling whisper,

"DUMCRAMBO the Brigand!"

DUMCRAMBO, THE NATIVE BRIGAND,

In Evening Dress, making Signs of Amity to us.

(From a sketch taken on the spot. N.B.—Notice the eye, which is well dotted, and gives a double or treacherous expression to the Brigand's countenance.)

THE NEXT NAVAL REVIEW.

(By Telegraph.)

PORTSMOUTH, 8 A.M.

THE morning is fine, the sea calm, and the leaves are perfectly still. Not a breath of wind, fortunately. The Authorities, however, are rather anxious. Some of the sailors of the *Omnipotent* have not learned to walk upon the tight rope, and it is feared that they may cause that powerful Ironclad to lose its finely adjusted balance and capsize in consequence.

10 A.M.

The Authorities are in high spirits. The whole of the Ironclad Fleet has moved nearly a dozen yards without serious mishap. The *Thunderbolt*, however, very narrowly escaped a terrible accident. Some careless Seaman allowed a heavy shot to roll on one side, causing the vessel to heel over in a most alarming and dangerous manner. A light-weight Midshipman, with the assistance of a small balloon, was, however, able to repair the mischief before the ship turned turtle.

12 NOON.

Another mishap! Some silly Artillery Volunteers have just fired a gun. The concussion has caused a distinct breath of wind. The Ironclads are rocking and rolling in the most violent and perilous style. They have had to be anchored; and now the Authorities are talking about using Russian air-bags as a further precaution.

2 P.M.

A great disappointment! The Naval Review has had to be postponed! Sufficient wind has sprung up to blow out some of the flags. Besides, it is beginning to rain.

FAIR GAME.

ACTORS v. AUTHORS was played at Lord's last week. We believe there is to be a return match. The following is our list of the two Elevens, open to correction:—

Actors.

Mr. BENJAMIN WEBSTER (with a very long innings, and "not out").

Mr. J. B. BUCKSTONE (also a long innings—stumped).

Mr. JOHN HARE ("caught"—Theatre).

M. H. IRVING (long leg).

Mr. S. BANCROFT (who will score some splendid runs).

Mr. J. L. TOOLE (in two pieces—one being *The Cricket on the Hearth*).

Messrs. JAMES and THORNE (one run between them).

Mr. PHELPS (long stop).

Mr. HENRY NEVILLE (point).

Mr. ARTHUR CECIL (Captain).

Mr. DION BOUGICAULT (will appear as *The Vampire*, a new version of *The Umpire*).

For the Authors, Messrs. BOLTON and SAVILLE ROWE will go in together, and obtain two runs. Mr. PLANCHÉ will be Captain and long stop. Mr. WILLS will exhibit his well-known play. Mr. ALBERT will also give us a notion of his play, "not out." Mr. PALGRAVE SIMPSON will "adapt" himself to circumstances. Mr. H. J. BYRON will make a big hit, and Mr. W. S. GILBERT several with his Harlequin "bat." Mr. E. L. BLANCHARD, Umpire. Messrs. FARNIE and REECE will stand in and make some good catches. And should any assistance be wanted, a messenger will at once be sent to fetch the Editor of *Vanity Fair*, T. G. BOWLES, or Mr. MORTIMER of the *Figaro*, who would provide the players with stage-directions for his *Little Cricket*.

Rule, Britannia!

HERE is the latest assertion of our naval supremacy:—

"A YACHT RUN DOWN.—The *Lively*, one of Her Majesty's despatch-boats, had landed a party at East Cowes yesterday afternoon, and as she was 'slewing' round to go away, she carried away the outwater and other parts of the Royal yacht *Alberta*. The *Lively* proceeded on her course, and had not gone far when she came into collision with a yacht that was 'for hire or sale,' and immediately sank her, a portion of her mast only remaining above water. This occurred in broad daylight. Fortunately no person was on board at the time. The *Lively* then ran aground."

After showing such deadly liveliness, suicide seems quite the correct thing. But should not such despatch-boats be called "Happy Despatch" boats?

Branding a Buck.

MR. A. J. ROEBUCK has been made a Privy Councillor, and in that character may write "Right Honourable" before his name. But both as to the "right" and the "honour," under the circumstances, opinions are likely to differ. The QUEEN is, happily, not the fountain of "right," whatever she may be of "honour," in the conventional sense of the word.



ST PARTRIDGE'S DAY IN OUR PARISH.

Sporting Rector. "SATURDAY BEING THE FEAST OF ST. EUTHYCHUS, THERE 'LL BE MORNING SERVICE AT ELEVEN. TO-MORROW, THERE 'LL BE THE USUAL BIBLE MEET—"

Ditto Clerk (in a loud whisper). "HOLD ON, PARSON! THU'S FORGOTTEN T' PARTRIDGES!"

Rector (hurriedly). "HEM!—THE USUAL BIBLE MEETING WILL NOT TAKE PLACE.—LET US SING," &c.

DARWINISM AND DOGMA.

(Song for the "Anthropological Section.")

'Twas the Sun that stood still, GALILEO declared,
And the Earth that around him was moving;
And we know how at Rome the Philosopher fared,
Fact, but heresy likewise, for proving.

Astronomy threw Mother Church into fits
By what seemed to her lore contradiction.
Now it chimes so with chapter and verse, she admits,
That 'tis taught free from priestly restriction.

Then Geology made out this Earth's age more vast
Than a Sunday School Teacher supposes;
And divines, for the most part, awhile stood aghast
At apparent discordance with Moses.

But when Saurians extinct could no more be denied,
Nor the "flint in the drift"'s proof confuted,
They found truth scientific and text coincide
Both chronologies rightly computed.

By-and-by, if we find our first parents were apes
That 'tis proved to each soul's satisfaction,
Words received in new senses, things taking new shapes,
Will be squared with man's simious extraction.

And 'twill then be thought only a bit of bad taste
To inquire if as apes die so men die?
Faith and Science, at odds howso'er they seem placed,
Will aye find out a *modus vivendi*.

ON HER MAJESTY'S SERVICE.

Q. WHY is the Queen's livery scarlet?

A. Because it has such frequent cause to blush at its treatment.

BULL AND THE SCARLET CLOTH;

OR, THE BADGE OF DISGRACE.

(An anything-rather-than-laughable Farce in numberless Acts.)

SPECIMEN SCENE—*The Coffee-Room of a Country Inn.* Cloaked Stranger surrounded by delighted Diners (who have left their own Tables to listen to his amusing conversation) discovered discussing a modest meal.

First Diner. Ha, ha! A very capital story, Sir! You must have travelled much?

Cloaked Stranger. Ay, Sir, indeed have I. I know India by heart, the Cape of Good Hope is as familiar to me as the platform of Clapham Junction is to him y-clept its Station Master; and as for Gibraltar, Malta, Canada, or Aden, why I know them all as well as I do mine own shadow. Yes, I have been something of a traveller.

Second Diner. And have read deeply?

Cloaked Stranger. Well—yes—a little. The fact is, I am fond of books and papers. Wherever my wanderings may have led me, I have always found a library ready to my hand—it has formed a part of my dwelling-place. But do not put me down as a dreamer. In my leisure I have learned a trade.

Third Diner. So accomplished a man must have done the State some service?

Cloaked Stranger (modestly). They have told me so. When dark clouds obscured the sun of my country's future, when the echo of the storm came from abroad, when commerce was paralysed, and labour found itself a drug in its own market—then men have looked to me for help, and I have helped them.

Third Diner. And your reward for this signal service?

Cloaked Stranger (with a smile). Chiefly the approbation of my own conscience. Nay, do not let me be ungrateful. In my public capacity I have been treated well. My health, as the first of toasts, has been drunk with enthusiasm at every subscription dinner, and the QUEEN herself has gracefully and graciously acknowledged what Her MAJESTY has been pleased to call my patriotism.

First Diner (with awe). Pray pardon any undue familiarity, Sir. We had no idea we were honoured with the presence of one with so great a claim upon our gratitude—our respect.

Cloaked Stranger. Nay, say not so. There are thousands and thousands who have done what I have done. I only ask for kindness—toleration.

Chorus of Diners. Indeed, you are too modest—you are, indeed.

Officious Waiter. Sir, let me remove your cloak—the room is hot.

Cloaked Stranger (with hesitation). Nay, let it be. I prefer to wear it. (*Aside.*) Dare I trust them!

Officious Waiter. You must permit me. I will take no refusal.

[Removes cloak, and starts back horrified.]

Chorus of Diners. Atrocious! Shameful! Disgraceful!

[Ex-Cloaked Stranger covers before the general indignation.]

Officious Waiter (turning to Diners). It has never occurred before, Gentlemen.

First Diner (indignantly). As I am a tailor in a small way of business, this is too bad!

Second Diner (more indignantly). As I am a petty farmer, who can scarcely spell my own name, I was never so insulted before!

Third Diner (most indignantly). As I am a quasi bagman, dismissed for dishonesty, things are coming to a pretty pass!

Ex-Cloaked Stranger. Nay, hear me. Look at these medals, these wounds. I have a wife at home, and children, too. They love and respect me. Why should you—

[The Diners turn their backs upon him.]

Officious Waiter. Now, then, you be off!

Ex-Cloaked Stranger. Why should I be treated thus? If I walk into a place of entertainment I am told to leave; if I ask for a berth in a steamer I am refused the boon I crave; if I enter a church to pray, before I have time to kneel I am hunted from the pew. In other countries the garb I wear secures for its owner hearty welcome and sincere respect. But here I am driven, insulted—I know not what—(*excitedly*). Tell me why I am treated thus?

Officious Waiter (pointing contemptuously to Ex-Cloaked Stranger's uniform). Because you are a Common Soldier! Now be off!

[Diners shake their fists at Ex-Cloaked Stranger, and ask to see the Landlord; and a Recruiting Sergeant, who has watched the scene through the window, gives up his business as a hopeless task as the Curtain falls.]

ON A FAIR TARADIDDLE.

You swear your tresses are home-grown! What good
To cover your false-hair with a falsehood?

THE LATEST FROM AFGHANISTAN.—The British Government will not stand any Shere (Ali) nonsense!

A NICE TIME OF IT: OR, THE NEW CONSTABLE AND THE NAUGHTY BOYS.



"Twas thought his tramp and truncheon would have quelled them double quick,
But that awful pickle Herzy is as slippery as an eel,
And young Bozzy's far too handy with the unexpected brick,
For a Bobby so bewildered every kindly soul must feel.

Pray a poor policeman! Told off to a new beat,
Considered quite an easy one, and rich in tips and perks,
The Austrian Bobby finds his task by no means such a treat,
The boys in the new neighbourhood seem most tremendous Turks.

Fine to talk of occupation and serene administration,
But the settlers have been reckoning without
a stiff-neck'd host,
So thinks the would-be guardian of the peace,
in trepidation,
Remembering Bizzy's benison and Dizzz's
little boast.

Peace with Honour! Vastly fine, but this sort
of all-round shine,
Seems a very curious comment on that opti-
mistic phrase,
Peace our pressing invitation appears likely
to decline,
And Honour lags confoundedly in bringing
up the bays.

PORTE-MONNAIE AND PISTOL.

ATTENTION has been attracted by the many ingenious Yankee "notions" on view in the Exhibition at Paris, especially in the department of firearms, which contains divers highly-improved rifles; contrivances for enabling mankind to shoot one another as expeditiously and easily as possible. A "notion" of this kind, devised by a German mechanist, is on sale at an establishment in Ludgate Circus. It might well be called a sweet thing in firearms, if it were not equally well describable as a sweet thing in purses. It is, in fact, a combination of purse and pistol, denominated, in a Circular accompanied with illustrative diagrams—

THE REVOLVER-PURSE, patented in the principal European Countries and the United States of America.

This truly remarkable "notion" may or may not have been derived from the original of Rob Roy's purse, which also concealed a pistol, except that the pistol was not used for the purpose of self-defence or assassination by Rob Roy, but only caused anybody else than Rob Roy who might open the purse, to shoot himself. However, as to the "Revolver-Purse," we are assured that, whether strictly original or not—

"The Article is quite unique. A purse to all appearances in size and manufacture (handy even for ladies), contains hidden within its frame a five-barrelled Revolver, which can be loaded with a five-millimeter cartridge (Eley). In daily use, as a purse, it simply answers that purpose; if, however, to be employed for shooting, a pressure with the finger upon a certain part of the frame opens a valve. A passage is thus prepared for the bullet, and the trigger is also ready for action. The Pistol sends a bullet a distance of about sixty yards. It thus becomes an excellent weapon of self-defence."

In the days when Hounslow Heath was infested by TURPIN, and other villains of the same turpitude, this "article" might have been advantageous to travellers. The summons, "Stand and deliver!" might have had a twofold and effectual reply. The hand extending a purse to the highwayman could have also extended a pistol; action perhaps accompanied by appropriate words:—"Here, take this purse. But first receive this shot." Now, however, improved police arrangements, in this country at least, have superseded pocket-pistols, inasmuch that another sort of gentleman, moving in another kind of society than the British, must be taken to be referred to in the anticipation that—

"The Revolver-Purse being of solid make and elegant finish, scarcely any gentleman, after becoming familiar with the novelty and its usefulness, will be without it."

"Solid make and elegant finish," however admirable, may not alone, perhaps, suffice to induce the majority of gentlemen to provide themselves with Revolver-Purses. Nor, to be



SECURITY IN SLUMBER.

Defenceless Citizen (afraid of Burglars, to his Housekeeper, on retiring for the Night).
"THERE, MRS. BINKS, IF THEY ATTEMPT TO COME IN HERE, YOU SEE, THE BELL WILL RING, THE DISH-COVER WILL BE THROWN DOWN, AND THE COAL-SCUTTLE WILL BE UPSET; SO I'VE NO DOUBT WE SHALL HEAR THEM, AT ANY RATE! AND THE MAN-TRAP I'VE SET JUST INSIDE THE DRAWING-ROOM DOOR!!"

sure, could a gentleman in a drawing-room, at a theatre, at a ball, or anywhere else in England, ordinarily have occasion to use a pistol of any description, and, in particular, a Revolver-Purse. Still less could a lady need a purse which would be also such a protector. But the novelty of this ingenious "notion," if not its utility, may recommend it, as a plaything, to not a few gentlemen and ladies. Porte-monnaies inclosing pistols for the use of ladies and gentlemen, have hitherto been generally unknown in any community in Europe, notwithstanding that there may be creatures capable of saying that the purses of many people commonly contain pistoles; which the bearers of them make use of to pay their shot with.

MINISTERIAL MEMENTO.—Ophthalmia, it seems, is prevalent in our new Protectorate. So now, you who intend going to Cyprus, mind your eye!

ACROSS THE KEEP-IT-DARK CONTINENT; OR, HOW I FOUND STANLEY.

(By the Author of "Cossabussis," and "Notamagollar," "My! Phulluloo!" &c.)

PART II.—CHAPTER X. AND LAST.

Old Guide—New One—Kumkum—Gogo—Tidli—Winki—On Again—Maps—Difficulties—Names—Elasticity—Marvellous—Wonderful—Company—Rhigatturs—Reverends—Strange—An Interview—A Discussion—Dryness—Shyness—Styness—Where is Stanley?—The Note—The New Tribe—Black Mail—Mistake Letter—Back Again—Accounts—Retrospect—Dispersion—Aspersions—Difficulties to the last—Final Tableau—End of the Expedition.

OUR Guide up to this time had been the honest and worthy native WINKI. He had joined us at Kumkum, but left us at Gogo. Here he introduced his young brother, TIDLI WINKI, who, he informed us, would supply his place. At first I thought they must be twins, as TIDLI was so like WINKI.

This morning we arrived at the Great RHIGATTUR Country. The rivers here are wonderful. The district is mainly inhabited by the various TEETO TALLA tribes, who live entirely on the water.

The RHIGATTURS include all the different races on the numerous water-courses. The sources of the rivers can be seen from the mountains; and though, being as they are, so beautiful, I had scarcely the heart to call them names, yet I felt bound to include them on my new maps (sixpence, plain; and a shilling, coloured; and eightpence for the larger size, *with more places in it*), under such titles as would at once remind the future traveller of the old home, and the new Continent, while giving him an extra relish for his enjoyment, *viz.*, the source on my left, I called *The Fresh Elizabeth Lazenby*; the one before me, *The New Reading*; the one on my right, *The New Club*; a grand source, to the south, I christened *The Improved Worcester*, and so on. I made MCSMUGGINS undo the labels; while the Printer's Boy, who had wanted to desert, and sneak off, but had been watched by M'YIONYU the Detective, was ordered to cut a few sticks—his own *not* included—to be placed at different points, with the labels affixed.

The sources and re-sources of this Dark Continent are, I have no hesitation in saying it, *something fabulous!* Where are the enterprising people, who will at once start a Dark Continent Company, with me for the Manager? Here as I sit on the top of one of the highest mountains, I meditate on the elasticity of the country, which I see actually *stretching away before me for hundreds of miles*. There it is, stretching and growing, like a young baby of a country, as it is.

As to the mines—close to the rivers—they are absolutely over-loded; and in the streams themselves you absolutely see the shining ore on the surface. But I must be silent. Be still, my heart, until I can form a Company.

These simple people have, at some time or other, imbibed a sort of notion of Christianity; that is, from what I can gather, Christianity as connected with the division of tribes into parishes. I fancy that in very early days,—the days of the very early bird, I mean,—a Dutch missionary trader went astray here, lost on the coast, with a cargo of Dutch metal. He was, I imagine, from their hazy traditions, a Baptist, accompanied by his wife, ANNA, Baptist. The tribes are divided by the rivers into parishes, called *Waterkures*, under charge of a sort of Reverend Overseer, called a *Waterkurit*. The one thing remarkable in their legends is the *absence of all that is beneficent in the supernatural*.

The Teeto Totalla tribes do not believe in the existence of any but bad spirits. Yet they are superstitious, and believe firmly in the efficacy of philtres—but they are all water philtres—and each stream has its own charms for those who visit it.

The men of the *Rhigattur* tribe—including their Reverend *Waterkurits*—are much addicted to spells on the river.

"And," I asked of their Chief Splashur—a sort of *Episcopus in partibus aquarum*, or 'Bishop of Bath and Wells,' which is much the same thing—as we sat after our quiet rubber, which succeeded an evening bathe, and, as he was always losing, considerably, restored my circulation, just then getting rather low, "do you not believe in The Immeasurable Good?"

He shook his head gravely—he has a large head, as have most of these Teeto Tallas, owing, I fancy, to the constant water on the brain—as their heads are full of it—and, after assuming his Discussion Cap, replied,

"No; not in The Immeasurable Good: but we fully believe in the Immense Well."

I was beginning to feel rather dry. Theological argument generally has that effect on me; in fact, as a rule, I never commence it until the third bottle after dinner. Besides, I wanted to convert him. How much this poor man lost through his utter ignorance of

the supernatural!—not the bad in the supernatural world, but the Good Spirits, the pure Spirits, which will do no mortal any harm!

"But," I went on, "do you absolutely disbelieve in the existence of spirits in this country?"

"There are none," he replied.

"Then," I remarked slyly, "some one 'does' your duties."

"No," he replied simply, "what duties there are for me to do, I do myself. As a matter of fact there are none to do."

I didn't believe him, the old rascal, for his nose was as red as a glowing coal. However, I was in a hurry to be off out of such an anomalous country—a dry country full of water—and so I said,

"Well, your Reverence, you'll just square up for that last rubber"—it had been double dummy—"and I'm off."

He couldn't. He oughtn't to have played. I knew it, and threatened to expose him. He implored for mercy, as exposure would ruin himself and family. "Would I," he asked, "take it out in water?" I reflected. I fancied I saw what he meant by the twinkle of his old eye. I looked him full in the face, and said with intention,

"I will take it out in water, and I will take it in in water, and if you'll only give me sufficient, I will promise to leave the country at once, and not say a word to a soul on the subject."

He put his finger to his nose.

"I believe," he said, "in the existence of bad spirits; but there is also the Great Water Spirit, who is good and generous, and who is only known to a very few here; you understand, jolly companions, every one!"

"Exactly so," I returned, capping his quotation, "and we won't go home till morning. I'm fly."

He took me to his Water-Kurasee, and showed me in a secret cave some water-kurasee, the knowledge of whose existence is confined entirely to the superior clergy. After bargaining with him for a couple of bottles, he then showed me into another cellar which he said was the abode of the Good Water Spirit, *Odevee*.

"Good, ain't it?" he asked, as I sipped it.

"Superb," I replied, handing my glass to be refilled. "Odevee for ever!"

We drank each other's health. We toasted "absent friends, and long might they be so!"

"This is jolly," said the Arch-Waterkurit, tossing off his fifth glass.

"Very," I replied, keeping pace with his movements, "and so quiet! Not a soul to disturb us."

I had just gone on to a fresh tap, when, from behind a cask, stepped forward a figure, bottle in hand, and at first quite unrecognisable by his best friends, being so completely disguised in liquor.

Recovering my self-possession, and uncovering in the presence of a visitor, I took off my hat and said as distinctly as I could, my accent having become affected by the constant use of outlandish languages, "Mishter STANLEY, I pr'shume."

The man staggered forward. It was M'YIONYU the Detective. (*Private Diary.* I have made up my mind to get rid of M'YIONYU on the first opportunity. I took him as a detective on purpose to find out STANLEY or anybody else, and he is always detecting me. I remonstrated with him this morning, but he says he can't help it; it's in him, and that's how he makes his money. He got a good round sum out of the Arch-Waterkurit, of whom he threatened to tell, calling as witnesses myself and MCSMUGGINS, who, as a Ventriloquist, can always command several voices, and we, in the interests of morality, backed him up, and then when the Arch-Waterkurit paid over the coin, and surrendered several bottles of Odevee on condition of our secrecy and leaving the country at once, Old M'YIONYU wouldn't divide until he said "we had got well away." Now he has got well away, and I can't find him anywhere. The Ventriloquist is still with me. Also the Printer's Boy. We daren't go back to the Rhigattur Country as the Arch-Waterkurit, and all his officials have been preaching against us, and the people are tremendously incensed—though this, I believe, is an ordinary portion of the religious rites.)

I haven't made much by this journey. Wish I could come up with STANLEY.

I should have gone on with it myself, but that I was preparing a paper for the British Ass-Sociation, to be read when called for. It is "A Note on a Perspiring Tribe slowly melting away under a Tropical Sun on the STERRO SKOPPECO frontier." The people of this tribe are known as Fotos. There are bad Fotos, good Fotos, and indifferent Fotos—human nature being pretty much alike everywhere. Their creed is divided into Positivism and Negativism. I am generally opposed to anything resembling the Slave Trade, but as I was not allowed to take a Foto, without paying for the privilege, I bought one. Life is valueless among these strange people, and often in a morning's walk have I seen as many as a hundred Fotos hung up in a public place.

I am informed that their views of marriage are superstitious in the extreme; one of the parents giving her consent with reluctance, as the sacrifice of a mother-in-law is considered an act of heroic virtue.

Extract from Diary.—This evening sent letter to England by Black Mail, asking for cheque on account. Exploration must come to an end, if cheque doesn't arrive. Mine is an un-chequered existence at present. I have drawn for the Editor a touching picture of our wretched state; I wish the Editor would draw something that would touch me. Then how about the Proprietors? I've got reams of their advertisements to stick all over the Keep-it-Dark Continent—just to enlighten them—but I can't use them *without paste*. How to make paste without the tin? Impossible. If they only knew what they are losing. And how about that friend in the North to whom they telegraphed and who wired back "Yes?"

There are several political water-parties in the Rhigattur country, but they are included under two heads, the *Torpid*s and the *Rapids*.

The only crimes ever committed here are known as "Aquarian Outrages," and generally arise from envy of a Torpid, in consequence of some more than usually dashing action of the Rapids, when he will go out in a boat at night with a gun for the purpose of shooting one of the Rapids, in which nefarious design he generally succeeds, but not without considerable personal risk.

But I am expecting some return, per the Black Mail, who has left this evening for England.*



THE BLACK MAIL (STARTING).



LEVYING THE BLACK MAIL.

This explains *why* he never arrived. From a drawing taken on the spot. The two villains are *probably* M'YIONYU and McSMUGGINS in disguise.

We returned to Jarnziribar. Then came the moment of settling up with my merry men. This lasted some time, as I had to go into all the accounts very carefully before I could declare a dividend.

On the afternoon of the fifth day I published a report, showing a clear profit to everybody at the rate of 12½ per cent. per annum on the takings throughout the tour, including the race with *Old Scratch*, the Dark Horse, and the entertainment at Mossi.

The total amount I proposed to carry forward as far as England, where, being properly invested, the dividend would be considerably increased.

In order to put this plan into successful operation as speedily as possible I set to work to pack up all the coin in bags previous to setting sail. Sad and subdued were the faces of those I saw looking in and flattening their noses against the panes of the windows, which were as firmly closed as the doors. How could I satisfy all the claims? Except in one way, and on this I decided.

The Printer's Boy, who was as amenable to kicks as to halfpence, assisted me in my manœuvre, and M'YIONYU, the Detective, also gave me the greatest possible help, though unconsciously.

I called M'YIONYU to me, and having thanked him in a set speech, and complimented him on his personal appearance and his generally meritorious conduct, I presented him with a cheque on the United Alliance Greenland Bank Company for double the amount claimed, begging him to get it cashed early next morning, so as to be beforehand with McSMUGGINS. Then I summoned the latter gentleman, and explaining to him that he had merited well of his country, I wrote him a draft on the North Bank (Regent's Park Branch), and requesting him not to mention the circumstance to M'YIONYU, I gave him, as an extra douceur, my best suit of reversible travelling clothes, my expanding hat, patent umbrella, and all complete.

As I had expected, he at once set out to see what could be done with the draft, but, it being late at night, there was no chance of his cashing it in Jarnziribar; so he immediately started to make the best of his way back to Mossi, where he thought the soft-headed tribes would cash his cheque, or give him beads, gold, a farm and cattle, in exchange.

Then followed exactly what I had anticipated. All the people who had been bothering me with their claims, and who had been hanging about my camp-office all day, seeing (as they judged by my clothes, hat, and umbrella) me on horseback, galloping off in the direction of the far West hills, at once procured every available animal, cart, chaise, bathing-machine, anything on wheels, or on four legs, and gave chase. Away went McSMUGGINS, like *Johnny Gilpin*, and away went everyone in Jarnziribar (who had pretended claims on me) after him. M'YIONYU was employed to pursue the fugitive, and as the job was made worth his while, he went for him.

In the meantime, I and the Printer's Boy put the *Arkadia* together, and in the silent night, with beating hearts full of gratitude, we entered the rowing compartment boat of our tight and trim craft, *The Arkadia*.

* *Note by Editor.*—This Messenger never arrived. We wish he had, as we should then have known what to do. Pray accept apologies; but this will explain apparent neglect.—Ed.

As we were launching it into the deep, a small crowd of brave fellows rushed down to render some assistance. They pushed us off, and we pushed them off. Then, as they clung on to the boat affectionately, we shook their hands heartily, detaching them from the boat's sides with a walking-stick and a boat-hook as quietly as possible, or, as our sail was hoisted, and the breeze was already propelling us at the rate of twenty knots an hour, the poor fellows might have been carried away miles to seaward, and Heaven knows what might have happened to them—and, by the way, Heaven only knows what did, as, perhaps, like my Costa Rica Stock, they may have gone down to rise no more. They deserved a better fate: I wish they may get it.

But regrets are useless. We were away, at last, on the bounding and boundless ocean, and as with swelling sails, and bursting hearts, we went with the gale for the Bay of Biscay oh (or somewhere else), we waved a long farewell to Jarnziribar, and at one A.M., with a southerly wind, and a cloudy sky proclaiming a sailing morning, the wind blowing well from the Coast and out to sea, we felt all the joy of a moonlight trip without any of the expense, and at one A.M. *The Off-to-find-Stanley Expedition* was no more. The rest is silence; I have no cue for going on, and so, as I want the rest, I take it.

L'ENVOI.

Where is STANLEY? where is he? Good title for comic song, "*Mister Stanley, I presume?*" and if nothing else comes of my travels, at least this source of income is open to me. I think I've got a tune; something between "*In my Cottage near a Wood*," and another,—as yet unsettled. No good trying to find him here. I shall come across him in Paris.

Grand opening for me in Cyprus. May find STANLEY there; but mind, no cheque, no STANLEY.

If I do find him, I hope I shall find him very well.

Ah, Sir! had you but shown a little more trust and confidence, you would have had a great deal more for the money.

Adieu! Adieu!

Editor's Note.—Our intrepid contributor has not yet reappeared. The Boy has turned up again, looking the picture of misery, and the victim of a settled gloom. He has never been repaid for the coffee which he stood as a treat to the Explorer, who said he was going to find STANLEY. When cross-examined as to where he had been, he commenced a long story about men with black faces and awful-looking instruments, and of strange sights and sounds, and wild sands and rocks. He has not yet recovered from the effects of travelling, and is still wandering in his mind. His mother is of opinion that he has not been farther than Margate. This Boy has a future before him.—Ed.

CRIME AND CACKLE.

A DEPUTATION of a somewhat mixed character lately waited upon *Mr. Punch*, ostensibly to seek his opinion, but more manifestly to state their own, upon criminal discipline in general, and the new Prison Rules in particular. The deputation was introduced, in a lengthy and magniloquent speech, by Mr. Commissioner CACKLE.

This gentleman took occasion—and about half-an-hour—to say that having considered the question from the psychological, physiological, and æsthetic points of view, he had embodied his opinion in a brief essay of forty pages or so, which, with *Mr. Punch's* permission, he would proceed to read. *Mr. Punch* hinting that *précis* might be preferable to full perusal, Mr. CACKLE became learnedly obscure upon “physiological rest,” the “struggle for survival,” the “golden mean,” and the comparative effects of work and worry upon the criminal mind, his conclusions being conveyed in language almost dithyrambic, and illustrated with numerous quotations from the Latin Grammar and the Imperial Speaker. His opinion, so far as it could be gathered from a rambling rhapsody, seemed to be that the criminal’s chronic malady of “physiological rest” should be treated with a sparse diet of beans and fat bacon; and that the best cure for a too easy conscience was an uncomfortable couch.

Mr. GUSHINGTON FUDGE considered that a pharisaical brute like the last speaker was more deserving of bare plank and wooden-pillow discipline than many a poor so-called criminal. Criminals were the creatures of circumstances and the victims of Society. Society, like another

Frankenstein, was driven by fear and disgust into taking harsh measures against the monster itself had brought into being. Society owed a duty of care, and kindness, and delicate consideration to the criminal classes, but Mr. CROSS and his myrmidons were reviving the traditions of TORQUEMADA’S torture chamber. Moral suasion was the only panacea for the spiritual eccentricity called

crime; the regimen of discomfort and short commons was as futile as it was barbarous.

Mr. WILLIAM SIKES ‘ad the ‘onour of agreein’ with the party as last spoke. He, himself, never felt so inclined to be virtuous as when he was comfortable. Skilly and toke always put his back up,

and a ‘ard pillow sent him on the ram-page sooner than anythink, ‘cept a nagging woman. A poor cove wanted leisure and rest to repent, work and worry only spiled his chance of conversion.

Mr. TIMON SNAP said that the cordial agreement of the last two speakers was as natural in itself as conclusive against their view of the case. When a fool and a scoundrel joined in commending the same thing, it was clear that things must be unmitigatedly bad. Humanitarian dealing with the criminal classes was pernicious rot. (*Groans from Mr. SIKES.*) Make it hot for them! That was the only way. (*Snorts from Mr. GUSHINGTON FUDGE.*) Fine cookery and cossetting for criminals were an insult to common sense and a premium upon crime. The only fault of the New Prison Rules was that they were not half severe enough.

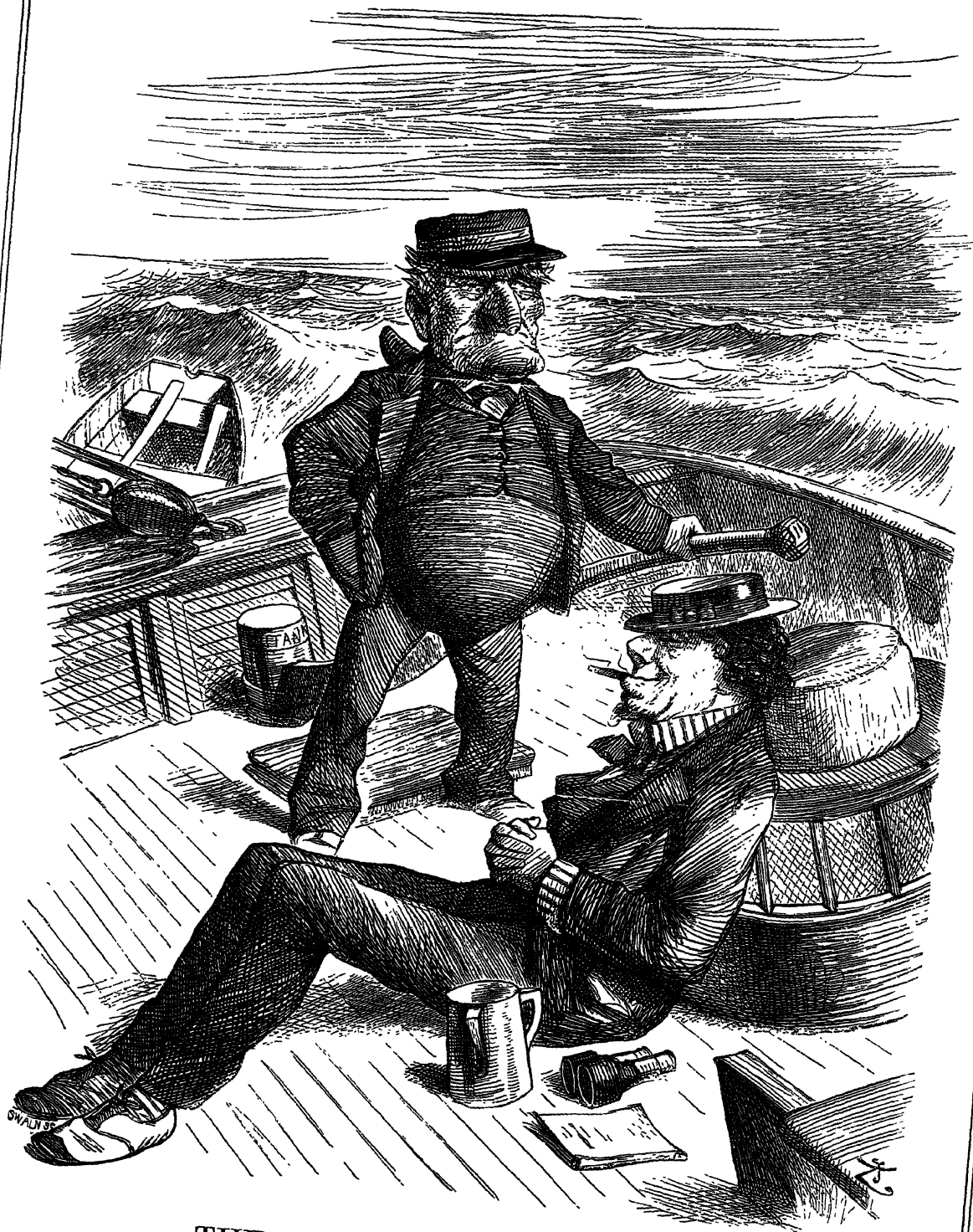
Mr. Commissioner CACKLE was about to reply, when *Mr. Punch* peremptorily cut him short by remarking that bunkum verbosity in the style of an amateur essayist, might do for a Parliamentary Blue Book, but not for his pages. He (*Mr. Punch*) had patiently heard them, and he had the honour to disagree with them all round. Doctrinaire fustian, maudlin muddle-headedness, cynic shallowness, and criminal cant had all had their turn, but common sense seemed not yet to have found voice on this question. Mr. CACKLE had talked of the “golden



CHERUBIC.

“IS THAT GREAT-GRANDPAPA, AUNTIE DEAR?”—“YES. *THAT'S* GREAT-GRANDPAPA!”
 “AND WAS GREAT-GRANDPAPA CLEVER?”—“VERY CLEVER, INDEED!”
 “AND WAS GREAT-GRANDPAPA VERY GOOD?”—“VERY, VERY GOOD!”
 “AND IS THAT ALL THERE WAS OF GREAT-GRANDPAPA?”

mean,” but he had certainly not hit it. It lay somewhere between plank pillows, which savoured of brutality, and pious petting, which was full-blown folly. If Home Secretaries and Commissioners could not discover it, and that without high faluting rhetoric and Latin quotations, they had better give what they considered their minds to prize essays, or penny readings, and



THE WAY OF THE WIND.

LORD B. "HA! THIS IS REALLY MOST ENJOYABLE, CAPTAIN! HOW'S THE WIND?"
MR. P. "STILL IN THE EAST, M'LORD!!"

leave criminal legislature alone. If he (*Mr. Punch*) took the matter in hand—which it seemed likely he would have to do—they might depend upon it that the results would be in accordance with the carefully-balanced claims of common sense and enlightened humanity, and therefore profoundly unsatisfactory to the persons composing the deputation, as egregious types of the classes of phrasers, fanatics, criminals, and cynics.

The deputation then withdrew somewhat hurriedly, *Toby* sharply cutting short a feeble attempt on their part to formulate their thanks in the conventional way.

INTERNATIONAL ORDER.

"General GARIBALDI has written to say that he sees nothing in the least alarming in the German Socialistic movement, and that he recommends, by way of protest against the recent action at Berlin, the immediate holding of an 'Anti-Diplomatic Congress' at Paris, under the Presidency of Victor Hugo."—*Morning Paper*.

IN the event of the above coming off, it is understood—that, on assembling for the transaction of business, the President will be expected to fight the Members of the Standing Committee, one by one, for the possession of the chair;

That the said Committee will be elected by revolver at a general meeting of the entire Congress, at which one black or white ball, well delivered, will be considered as excluding;

That everybody who does not insult the Chair on rising, will be regarded as "out of order," and immediately thrown out of window.

That as a protest against the "diplomatic" proceedings of a recent assembly, all the debates shall be conducted in a tongue that the whole body of Delegates can understand;

That no resolution shall be regarded as worth anything that is not carried at the point of the bayonet;

That on the motion being put that, "The Chair do leave the Speaker," it be suddenly, but adroitly, drawn from under him, any appeal on the matter being settled forthwith by a decisive show of clenched hands; and

That, after the American fashion, all decisions of the Congress be "tabled" by a general division of that article of furniture on the floor of the House. Such Members as are able to secure the legs, being expected, in the absence of such officers, to deliver effective "tellers" all round!



INS AND OUTS.

Irish Innkeeper (to "Boots," &c.). "H'WHERE'S BIDDEE? OUT, IS SHE? BAD LUCK TO THE HUSSY! SHE'LL GO OUT TWINTY TOIMES FOR WANCE SHE'LL COME IN!"

THE SPHINX AND THE OBELISK.

"Lord BEACONSFIELD lately paid a visit to Cleopatra's Needle."—*News-paper Announcement*.

Lord B. (soliloquising). "Westward the course of empire takes its way."

So *BERKELEY* sang, right, doubtless, in his day.
But now? Well history has its ebbs and flows;
The East may take its turn again, who knows?
Land of the Rising Sun, my fancy still
Yearns to thee, and if time to patient Will
Lent lengthier tether, I might prove, perchance,
Fanned not all a dream of mad romance.
This obelisk, fore-doomed to know no rest,
Comes as a tribute paid by East to West,
While I, the Orient's incarnate soul,
Win J. B.'s worship—many-headed mole!—
Dull accident on Occident more dull,
The Juggler's plaything, and the Sphinx's gull.
Memorial of MOSES, On-carved stone,
But that I stand, and still must stand, alone,
Unseconded, unfollowed, I might make
Thine advent here an augury to shake
The stolid West's fat self-sufficient fool
Out of his dreams of sempiternal rule,
And guardian silver streak—Ha! who is this?

Enter Shades of ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.

Antony. The fool who bartered empire for a kiss,
Cleopatra. And she, the greater fool, who stooped to give
That kiss to such an ingrate.

Lord B. As I live,—
Though to offend such shades I should be loth,—
It seems to me you might have compassed both—
Empire and kiss—with management.

Antony. Ah, there

I own you beat me. You can greatly dare
Yet keep cool head.

Cleopatra. To sway and manage men,
Is your prime skill.

Lord B. 'Twas CLEOPATRA's, when
Her living eyes looked out on life, and I
Yield her the subtlest form of flattery,
In imitation.

Cleopatra. With one man I failed,
But your superior glamour hath prevailed
With the long stubborn Briton, stolid elf,
Dull and cold-blooded as the CÆSAR's self.
He's at your feet at last.

Lord B. (dubiously). Well, yes,—but still
I find my Cæsars too, whose rigid will
Bows not before the idol of the day—
Confound them! Creatures whom I cannot sway—
Pachyderms proof to pose, and epigram,
Who hold me still a great successful sham,
And whilst the astonished herd are all at gaze
Stand coldly by, and praise not, but appraise.

Cleopatra. How well I know the feeling!

Antony. But you'll own
Your Cæsar cannot push you from your throne.

Cleopatra. No! "All for power!" or "The world well won!"
Should be your epigraph. To Cypria's son,
The other world-god, you've refused to bow.

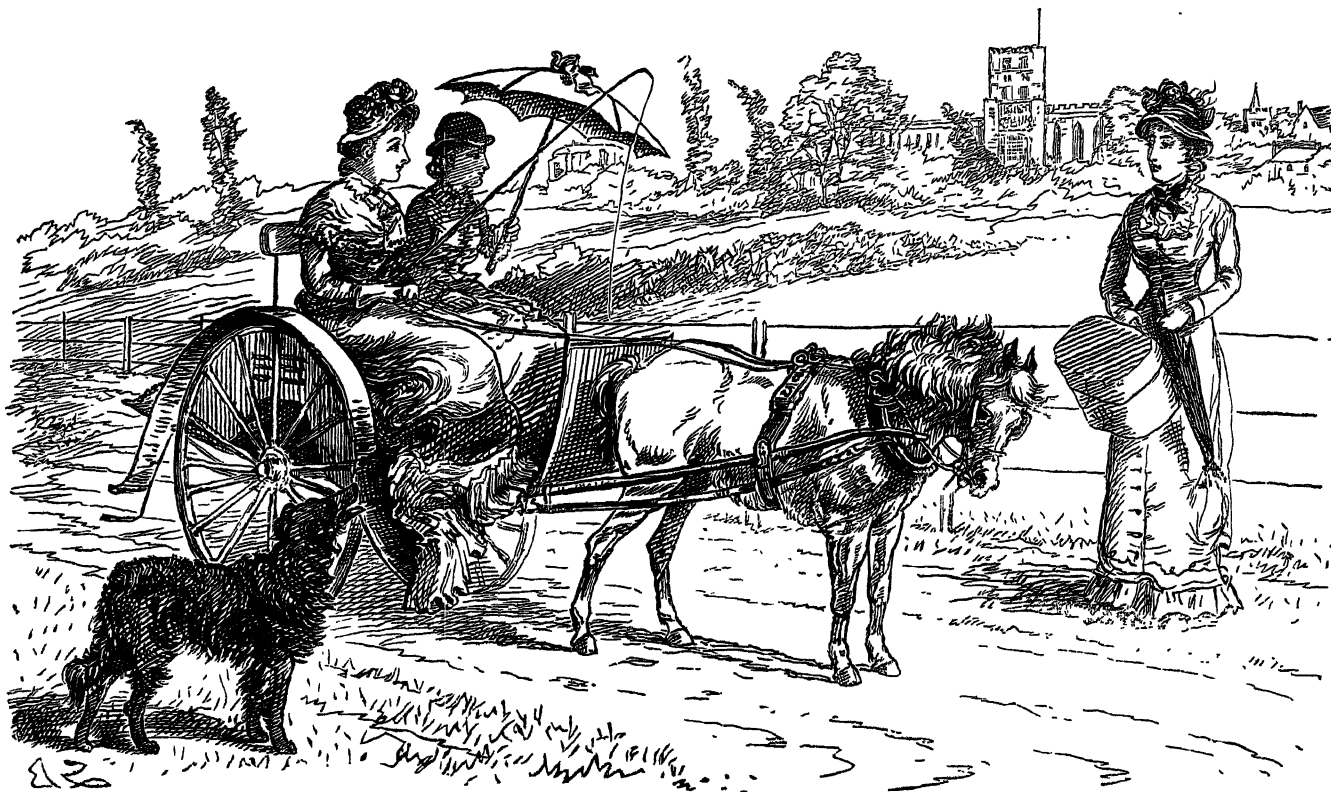
Lord B. Great Queen, there are no Cleopatras now,
Or I, perchance, had been an Antony.

Cleopatra (triumphantly). There, MARK!

Antony (moodily). O vastly flattering! Yet, by Thoth,
He said, but now, a man might win them both—
Power and Love.

Lord B. Ay, if, as in your case,
There lived a love worth winning.

Cleopatra. Turned with grace!
Ah me! Would I were but on earth again!



A COMMON INTEREST.

Rector's Daughter (invited to Tenants' Ball at Big House). "I SAY, MISS TUCKER, WHEN ARE YOU COMING TO TRY ON OUR DRESSES? I SUPPOSE YOU ARE VERY BUSY?"

Miss Tucker. "YES, MISS, SO BUSY I HAVE NOT HAD TIME YET EVEN TO THINK OF MY OWN DRESS!"

Antony. What think you of this stone?

Lord B. (*meditatively*). A wondrous chain

To link far generations. Once in On
Our great lawgiver looked this spire upon;
Now I, another alien of his stock,
In a new Goshen read the lettered block.
JOSEPH the dreamer saw it: I have dreamed,
A Zaphnath-paaneah, whom men deemed
Like him a madman; but my dreams take shape.
I'm dreaming still, and did I dare to drape
My thoughts in speech,—well, if in future days
An obelisk to my memory men should raise—

Antony. By Thoth, no unfit fancy!

Cleopatra. Ah! methinks
An obelisk to the memory of the Sphinx
Savours of Asian Mystery to your mind—
And the inscriptions?

Lord B. (*gazing at the hieroglyphs*). Well, men still might find
"The strong Bull crowned in Thebes"* as "Egypt's king,"*
Though JOHN to-day might shrink at such a thing
Have I not made him "greatness" and a name,
"In Royalty expanded?"* England's fame
Is "power with moderation."† To become
Inheritor at once of Ra and Tum,—
Son of the rising and the setting sun—
Should tempt the British Horus. I have done
What one may do. Now like "the Golden Hawk,"*
Of which these signs in mystic language talk,
I'm "of abundant years,"* and if I add
"Very victorious,"* yet it makes one sad
To know man's empire of so brief a date,
And victory, for its farthest ends, too late.

Antony. Great workers in their work's far ends have faith.

Lord B. My faith is in myself!

Antony (*gravely*). So ever saith
The trickster-leader, whose supreme desire
Is not so much to enlighten, guide, inspire,

As to nose-lead, and hood-wink, dupe, control,
And lead men blindfold to an unguessed goal.
Such work abides not long, nor blesses much,
When time and truth have put it to the touch,
It fails, like fable's towers which ever fell
With the withdrawal of the sorcerer's spell.

Cleopatra (*impatiently*). Pooh! pooh! you're jealous, MARK, and
jealousy
Prophecies evil.

Lord B. (*grimly*). Teste W. G.!

Cleopatra. Sophist, than FULVIA's self more shrill and sour!

Antony. We must be getting back; 'tis past our hour.

Glad to have seen you.

Cleopatra (*sighing*). Ah! such treats are few.

Antony. Good-bye!

Cleopatra. Farewell!

Lord B. Imperial Shades, adieu!

[*Exeunt severally.*]

UNFEMININE INTELLIGENCE.

WORTHY MR. PUNCH,

I AM an old sportsman and old bachelor to boot, and perhaps
some people think me a bit of an old fogey. Anyhow, I own that I
hate new-fangled ways, and even now indulge myself at times in
shooting with a muzzle-loader. You may fancy then my feelings
when I found this in my newspaper:—

"In the neighbourhood of Reeth, in Swaledale, several young Ladies have
been out shooting, which is rather a novelty in grouseland."

A novelty, indeed; and, to my mind, not a pleasant one. What
business, I wonder, have girls to go a-grouse? There are quite
enough bad shots already on the Moors, and there is no need to
increase the plenitude of Misses there.

Yours, indignantly, BENJAMIN OLDBUCK.

P.S.—In my eyes a young Lady could never look less killing than
when armed with a breech-loader.

* Phrases from the translation of the hieroglyphs on the Needle.

† The bull in hieroglyphic language signifies "power with moderation."



AN UNFORESEEN CONSEQUENCE.

"WHAT'S YOUR HOLIDAY TASK, ARCHY?"

"OH, THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE MEDITERRANEAN! THIS COMES OF DIZZY FINDING OUT CYPRUS—BOTHER IT!"

MORE SECRET AGREEMENTS.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I SEND you at the earliest possible moment an important political document which has reached me by the last Siberian post, from a friend, late an *employé* in the Russian Foreign Office, who was exiled to Siberia immediately after he had finished copying the papers relating to the Anglo-Russian Memorandum, under the apprehension, no doubt, that he might disclose the contents of that interesting document if he were left at liberty. It never seems to have occurred to the Muscovite authorities that there were channels, even from Siberia, at the command of

Yours truly,

A LITTLE BIRD.

Codicil.* The conclusion of the foregoing agreement (Anglo-Russian) being of a

* The translator (an English Foreign Office writer at tenpence an hour) who has put the above into the vernacular, has probably had some difficulty about the terms here used in the original protocol.

nature to embarrass seriously Her Britannic Majesty's Government should its real nature become known, it is agreed between the high contracting parties that His Imperial Majesty consents to a Treaty being concluded between Her Britannic Majesty and the SULTAN, by which the former shall guarantee to the latter the possession of all that part of Asia Minor which His Imperial Majesty the EMPEROR of all the RUSSIAS has no desire to incorporate in his dominions; it being understood—

Firstly, that Her Majesty's Government shall not oppose the taking of Batoum, Kars, and the country intervening.

Secondly, that Her Majesty's Government shall neither give itself nor His Imperial Majesty's Government any further trouble about that portion of the Turkish Empire which lies north of the Bosphorus.

Thirdly, that Her Majesty's Government shall take possession, with or without the consent of the SULTAN, of any or all the islands in the Eastern Mediterranean, and, if necessary, any lands in Asia Minor bordering on the Mediterranean, and extending inland as far as may be requisite, Her Majesty's Government being invited to come to an understanding with the various independent tribes who may become involved in the operations arising out of the validation of said guarantees.

Fourthly, that in case the annexation of Asia Minor should become in the opinion of Her Majesty's Government necessary or desirable, His Imperial Majesty declares in advance that such step is not in the least opposed to any Russian interests or plans, and that His Imperial Majesty will in no manner, secretly or openly, exert any influence in opposition to such annexation. And—

Fifthly, as the knowledge of the existence of the foregoing agreement may be dangerous to the stability of Her Majesty's present Government, and prejudicial to the success of the Conservative party at the next General Election, His Imperial Majesty pledges himself to take every step customary in his dominions to secure absolute secrecy as to these negotiations; and both the high contracting parties promise to cause the official papers of both realms to profess, within moderate limits, a determined hostility to the plans of the respectively opposing Governments.* And His Imperial Majesty in particular agrees to give orders to his journals to express any desirable degree of indignation at the diplomatic victories of Her Majesty's Government, and at the humiliation of Russia, it being understood *per contra* that the tone of the English Government journals shall be kept within certain respectful limits, and moderated at the demand of His Imperial Majesty's Government, should their remarks cause any agitation in the Governments of Moscow or Vilna.

Finally, His Imperial Majesty solemnly agrees to withdraw all subsidy from Mr. GLADSTONE, Mr. E. A. FREEMAN, the *Northern Echo*, and the *Daily News*, and to exert no influence on behalf of the Liberal party at the next General Election, it being agreed that Her Majesty's present Government shall consult the interests of His Imperial Majesty as fully as a Liberal Government could in any case.

(Signed) * * * *

* Translation seems to me a little obscure here, though of course everything must have been clear in the original.

FROM THE NORTH.

Q. WHEN did both the candidates for Argyleshire find their insular canvas a failure?

A. Why, when they found the island a Mull, to be sure.

OUR AUGUST REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

(In Town—Out of Season.)



DURING the proceedings at the Mansion House in the *LAMBERT v. Truth* case, *à propos* of certain West End Clubs—where play, depending on temperature, rises from £2 to £1000, when somebody “gets it hot,” and where, it appears, a dishonoured cheque in quittance of a loss is not positively unknown—Sir WILLIAM ROSE, by the kind permission of Mr. GEORGE LEWIS, made the following observation:—

“It is my opinion that the police ought to make some inquiries respecting these proprietary Clubs, which appear to me to be nothing else than hells—hells of the worst description—in which all sorts of gambling are carried on. The police are supposed to protect us against such things; and certainly it seems to me that such places ought not to be allowed to exist in this metropolis.”

Sir WILLIAM asked, in effect, “What are the police about? How is it they allow Noblemen and Gentlemen to gamble in ‘hells of the worst description’ without interfering and taking the whole lot of them into custody?” Ah, Sir WILLIAM, do not be too hard on the police! You must already have noticed, that, if a trifle remiss in a fashionable quarter of the town, they can be most rigid in the execution of their duty in a less aristocratic neighbourhood, for in the very next column of the *Daily Telegraph*, parallel with the report from which the above quotation has been made, I find:—

“SOUTHWARK.—GAMBLING.—Three youths, named SIMMONS, CONNOR, and GOODMAN, living at Bermondsey, were convicted of gambling with cards in Cross Street, on Sunday. GOODMAN and CONNOR were sentenced to six days’ and SIMMONS to three days’ hard labour.”

Now, Sir WILLIAM, let us suppose these names to be Lord SIMMONS, the Hon. Mr. CONNOR, and Colonel GOODMAN, substitute the Berkeley Club for Bermondsey, and would there have been any interference on the part of the police?

We haven’t many fine summer evenings in the year for *al fresco* entertainments, but we might make the best use of them when they do come. I was at Antwerp the other evening, and from seven to ten (they’re an early people *les braves Belges*) the Zoological Gardens were thronged by *tout ce qu’il y a de plus beau* in Anvers, promenading, or sitting about, or taking their cool drinks at comfortably-placed small tables while listening to a first-rate orchestra. Is this impossible in London? The animals at Antwerp didn’t appear sad when they heard sweet music. There was no howling, or baying the gas, when at 8’30 they commenced lighting up. Why can’t our Zoological Gardens, Regent’s Park, step out and do likewise? The old Surrey Zoological used to. But that’s past and gone; and they never had such a *prestige* to go on with as the Zoo. In tropical weather theatres are hothouses where you don’t go *without being forced*: and besides, in these days of long runs, the man about town who can’t get into the country has “done ‘em all” long ago. Light up the Zoo from 8’30 till 11’30. No fireworks: small tables: good attendance: cooling drinks, also coffee. Good music, such as is played at feeding time at the Holborn Restaurant, by Mr. RIPLEY’s Orchestra: no dancing: only promenading. Who’ll object? The Sloth?

Here is a line, from a couplet, which is frequently quoted:—

“Q’importe le facon, pourvu qu’on ait l’ivresse.”

The Author is ALFRED DE MUSSER: but it strikes me the sentiment is more like what might be expected from an ALFRED DE MUZZY. Under this *nom de plume* I shall take to writing Bacchanalian songs.

The eminent Comedian, Mr. TOOLE, has lately visited Paris. The first place he wanted to see was the Tooley-rees, “where,” he was informed, “*Too’ le monde* goes.” No more *jeux de mots* on this subject: this being the *ultima Tooley*.

To those who are pining for sea-air, and who are unable to obtain

the genuine air-tickle, I recommend the following process: Steep a pocket-handkerchief in *Solution of Essence of Marina Brinina*; stand in an open space out of doors—anywhere will do; the centre of Regent Circus, or Trafalgar Square, for choice,—face the breeze, and apply the handkerchief to the nose,—your own, of course. You will thus obtain all the exhilarating advantages, without any of the attendant expense. In anticipation of all anxious inquiries as to where the *Solution of Essence of Marina Brinina* can be obtained, I can only reply that it is *my own Invention*, and that none will be genuine unless signed by the Inventor. The solution of the problem “where to get it” is just the solution I cannot provide you with. But after this advice all I can say to my readers is, that I recommend them to try and get it, and *I wish they may*.

The Adelphi “*Proof*” has been “corrected” to advantage. I mentioned the advertisement last week as to the “remounting” and Mr. NEVILLE’s performance of *Pierre Lorraine*, which is, in my opinion, even better than DUMAINE’s rendering of the original at the Porte St. Martin. Mr. NEVILLE is certainly the right man in the right place. Miss BELLA PATEMAN is as excellent as she was on the first night, and Mrs. BANDMANN is far better, bringing down the house with the curtain, at the end of the Fifth Act. Mrs. ARTHUR STIRLING, as the Directress of the College, denounces the impostor with electrical effect; and so thoroughly villainous is her husband, Mr. ARTHUR STIRLING, as *Lazare*, that when he appears before the curtain, the audience is divided between cheering and hooting the sham Count, whose ultimate destination is to share the fate of the “unfortunate nobleman now languishing,” &c.—which *cause célèbre* in England probably suggested to the Authors, Messrs. D’ENNERY and CORNON, the idea of routing out and dramatising some similar case in the French Newgate Calendar. This is Mr. NEVILLE’s second *Ticket of Leave Man*. Good omen.

Mr. WREN, the well-known private Coach for the Civil Service Examination has lately shown us in the papers what a good proportion of his pupils have passed the winning-post, and won the Competitive Stakes. Let them be henceforth known as “*The Wren Boys*”—and with a far more satisfactory claim to the title. His Boys will look back on their “WREN” as the architect of their fortunes. He charges Mr. PERCIVAL, Head Master of Clifton, with playing “Cuckoo” to the fledglings of the *Wren’s* nest.

There is some excellent acting by Mlle. BEATRICE’s Company (Limited) at the Olympic Theatre, in *A Woman of the People*, specially on the part, or rather in the parts of Dr. Leblanc (Mr. GEORGE WARDE) and *Signor Appiani* (Mr. J. CARTER EDWARDS), who, like Mr. STIRLING above mentioned, is nightly called before the curtain to receive the reward of his villany. The Members of the Company play well together under the superintendence of their Manageress, and with *Benedick* I say, “Fair BEATRICE, I thank you for your pains.”

Mrs. CROWE (Miss BATEMAN) has been *drawing tiers*, at the Lyceum, as *Mary Warner*. The Moors have made a pretty clean sweep of the aristocratic Stalls at the Court Theatre, which, like the Great Metropolis itself, more resembles GOLDSMITH’s *Deserted Village* than his *Vicar of Wakefield*.

Life is a riddle. Yes. The answer to be given “in our next.”

Quelque chose à boire during the hot weather in Paris, is “a ‘*consommation*’ devoutly to be wished.”

“What’s the best investment?” asked a friend of the PREMIER’S, whose mind was running on Turks and Egyptians. And Lord BEACONSFIELD replied, “The best investment is—the Garter.”

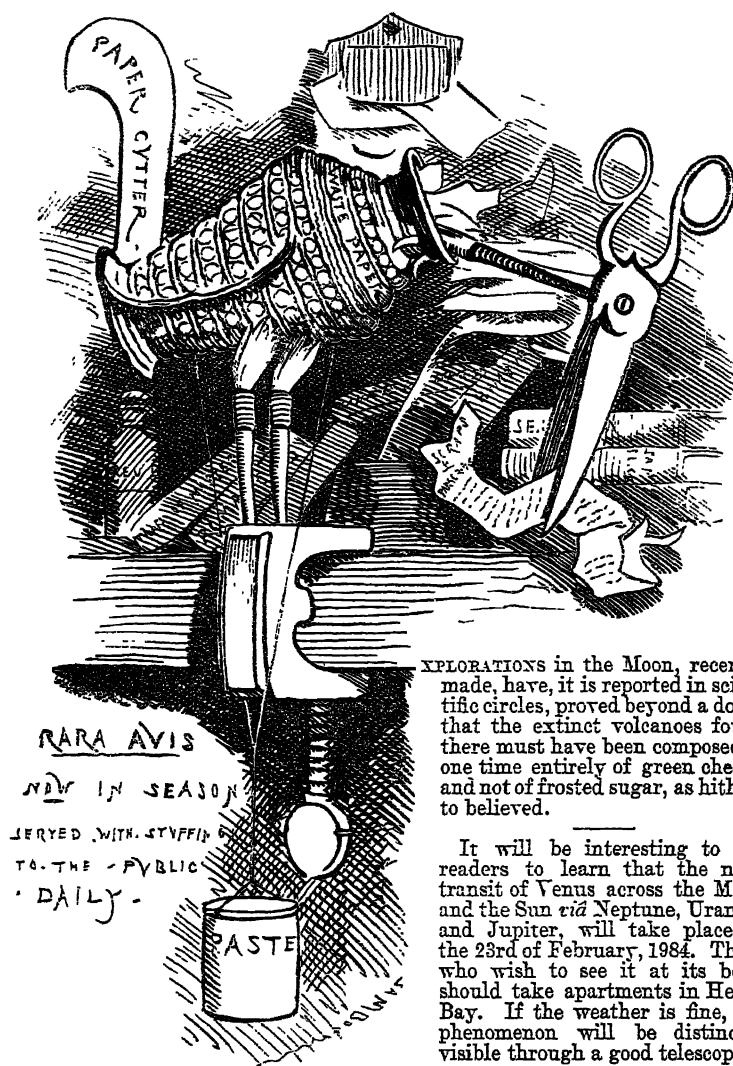
BORING FOR WATER.

The Municipal Authorities of Manchester are respectfully invited to take notice that Messrs. DOGWRA AND SONS, commissioned by the Admiralty and instructed by Professor RAMSAY, have bored a well at Chatham, down through the gault to the lower green sand, at a depth of 903 feet; whence the purest of drinking water ascends to the surface and bubbles over. Also that a similar well, sunk at Loughton, Epping Forest, to the lower green sand likewise, 1093 feet deep, yields an ample water-supply. Of course the only reason why Manchester is not supplied with water too from an Artesian well, is that Geology does not allow it. There we must presume that water cannot be got at by boring to any possible length, for what would that be in comparison with so monstrous a bore as the enormity of spoiling, if not abolishing, Thirlmere Lake, by turning it into a reservoir?

A LIGHT ENTERTAINMENT.—The Electric Illumination at the Gaiety.

THE SILLY SEASON SILLIER THAN EVER.

(With Mr. Punch's compliments to the "Paragaphists.")



EXPLORATIONS in the Moon, recently made, have, it is reported in scientific circles, proved beyond a doubt that the extinct volcanoes found there must have been composed at one time entirely of green cheese, and not of frosted sugar, as hitherto believed.

It will be interesting to our readers to learn that the next transit of Venus across the Moon and the Sun *via* Neptune, Uranus, and Jupiter, will take place on the 23rd of February, 1884. Those who wish to see it at its best, should take apartments in Herne Bay. If the weather is fine, the phenomenon will be distinctly visible through a good telescope.

We deeply regret to have to announce the death of Her Majesty, Queen ANNE, who expired on the 1st of August, 1714, greatly lamented by those to whom she was personally unknown.

The well-authenticated report that a lady supporter of Woman's Rights has been torn to pieces by wild horses in Cheapside, is contradicted on the most reliable authority.

Mr. BROWN, the popular and well-known Author of *Jones—a Romance*, is engaged upon a new work entitled *Robinson—a Mystery*.

Now that the Session is over, most of our Officials are on the wing. Mr. HENRY DE SNOOKS, of the Treasury, is at Ramsgate, and Mr. TENTERFOUR, of the War Office, will shortly leave Pall Mall for Boulogne.

We give the following important item of intelligence, which has been going the rounds of most of our contemporaries, with all reserve:—"There is no news. Nothing is moving but stagnation."

CADS AND COUNTERPARTS.

In "Parliament out of Session" generally we miss the "Obstructives." None such are present except now and then certain cads behaving like those who, the other day, interrupted Mr. MUNDELLA at Sheffield.

RITUALIST "REASON WHY."

WHY do "Priests" of the Established Church burn incense? To lead their dupes by the nose.

BIRTHS AND BEGGING-LETTERS.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

BIENNIAL, or thereabouts, an addition is usually made to my domestic happiness. I ought to be a happy man. Well, I don't find a birth always so great a bore as it is in some households. In my newspaper I observe, "A MOTHER OF A FAMILY" complains that the "arrival of a newly-born infant," announced amongst the "Births," invariably subjects her to a troublesome influx of letters and parcels enclosing a variety of goods such as babies' shoes, knitted shawls, embroidered pocket-handkerchiefs, and useless articles of fancy-work. Some of them purport to come on behalf of churchbuilding and charities from "clergymen's wives," others from "ladies in reduced circumstances," and all request a remittance of stamps, or of business orders, in return.

I can corroborate all this. My own wife's experience is always exactly the same as "A MOTHER OF A FAMILY'S." But it never annoys either her or myself in the least. On the contrary, we make both profit and fun out of it. I will tell you what I do with all the commodities poured in upon us.

All of those things that are in anywise useful, I use, or keep.

All that are useless I burn, unless they are postable. In that case I carefully return them to their senders, without reply, in unstamped envelopes.

In like manner enclosed I take particular care to post back the whole of the begging-letters.

Applications for payment or return of consignments, how frequently soever repeated, I take no notice of.

This, Sir, is how I, for my part, systematically deal with duffers accustomed, of course, cynically to scan the "Births, Marriages, and Deaths" (the "Deaths" as well as the "Births" and the "Marriages," and also the Guide-Books and professional Directories), for the purpose of getting at people by name and address, presumably in positions and circumstances which lay them open to have a rise taken out of them, and be preyed upon by means of playing on their softer feelings, and still more soft intellects, such as they have. Let me recommend those that have any, to try and cope with their crafty correspondents in the same way that I tackle the like who attempt to put a plant on me. Some people may consider it unscrupulous; let them. I myself, meanwhile, enjoy the sanction of inward self-complacency, and remain, serenely,

Ever your ancient Friend,
MENS SIBI CONSCIA RECTI.

TO THE FINEST OF FRUITS.

(Sung in August, by a Sub-Editor.)

LET others praise the mellow peach,
The luscious grape, the golden pine;
But oh, within my modest reach,
I know a fruit that's more divine.
'Mid fragrant groves of orange flower
Let bridegroom roam! But weave my crown
Of gooseberries that, sweet or sour,
Bloom when the world is out of town!

When silence holds the Lady's Mile,
And daily sheets, grown empty too,
Hail, with a glad and greeting smile
The little earthquake from Peru—
The avalanche—the hot pursuit
Of luggage lost—all things that bore!
Say, what can match the cheery fruit
That blooms till Town is full once more!

The Blue Riband of Diplomacy.

THE best reply yet made by Lords BEACONSFIELD and SALISBURY to those who disapprove of the Salisbury-Schouvaloff Agreement, the Treaty of Berlin, and the Anglo-Turkish Convention,—"Honi soit qui mal y pense."

HOW TO PROCURE AN ECLIPSE OF THE SON.—Cut him off with a Shilling.

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE JACK SPRATTS.

A Tale of Modern Art and Fashion.

PART I.

IN a beautiful old suburb of London, undescrated, as yet, by steam or telegraph-wires, and surrounded by low-lying flowery meads, through which the Thames would still meander occasionally, as it had been wont to do in days long gone by, dwelt JACK SPRATT, a handsome, genial, and simple-minded young painter. He had a girl-wife of lofty stature, and truly transcending loveliness, a gift of which she seemed as yet unconscious.

They were unknown to fame, and not of exalted birth; but they had refined tastes, pretty manners, and affectionate dispositions, and were unto each other even as the apple of the eye. Their united ages amounted to thirty-nine brief summers. They had twins (a boy and a girl), as beautiful as the day, whom they loved with an exceeding love, and who loved them back again with all the singleness of their two little child hearts, that beat as one.

"Oh, really *quite* too fortunate! . had they but known" (as VIRGIL would no doubt have exclaimed, had he but been an Englishman, and lived to make the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. J. SPRATT)!

Their house was of red brick, smothered in ivy, and had been built about Queen ANNE's time, or before, and never repaired since, nor meddled with in any way whatever. It stood by itself in a small old-fashioned garden, surrounded by once peach-laden walls that crumbled to the touch, and overrun with nettles, thistles, marigolds, sunflowers, and poppies; a trellised arbour of sweet pea half buried a sun-dial in its fragrant gloom; and there was a nice little green pond. Apple-trees and pear-trees, leafless and long past fruit-bearing, but beautifully gnarled, grew rank as in an orchard, and on to a luxuriant lawn that had never known the scythe, opened the pretty studio, which was full of blue china, round mirrors, faded tapestry, carved oak-chests, high-backed chairs, brazen sconces, mediæval arms and armour, an organ with beautifully painted pipes but no bellows, and other musical instruments, such as sackbuts and psalteries, a harpsichord without any strings, and a dulcimer that had been turned into an eight-day clock, but could never be got to go. The dust lay thick on all these pretty things, and toned them into harmony. Studio, house, and garden were pervaded with a subtle fragrance, significant of old associations, which arose in the soft summer twilight from time-honoured, ruined, and all but forgotten drains.

JACK SPRATT also gloried in the possession of two beautiful and costly lay figures, representing a mother and a child, the only modern objects in the house, whose open countenances and curiously-wrought limbs, duly draped, he would never tire of painting, while his lovely wife sat by, darning his socks, may be, or embroidering some quaint device, as she read to him aloud old tales of chivalry, to which he was extremely partial, while the twins frolicked at her pretty feet. This work done, after a frugal meal of bread and honey in the parlour, they would hie them to the flowery mead; and there, in the golden sunset, she would ply her spinning-wheel, and softly sing some ancient ballad in a foreign tongue, while the twins gambolled in lamb-like innocence around.

They made a pretty picture, these happy children, and their beautiful young mother, and the trees, and the grass, and the winding river, bathed in the glories of eventide; and in the midst of it all, JACK SPRATT would be inspired to close his eyes, and reverently, regretfully, recall to mind the grand old sunsets, by the grand Old Masters, in the National Gallery, and the quaint old children and mothers by BOGOFOGO, ANTIMA CASSARO, VECCHIO COCCOLORO, FRA STOGGIATO DI VERMICELLI, SARSAPARILLO DELLO STRANDO, and other painters of that ante-præ-Raphaelite school; and, in the depths of his bliss, a feeling of discouragement would steal over him as he thought of those immortal works, showing thereby that he was a true artist, ever striving after the light. He little dreamt in his modesty, that, young and inexperienced though he might be, his pictures were even quainter than theirs; for not only could he already draw, colour, compose, and put into perspective quite as badly as they did, but he had over them the advantage of a real lay figure to copy, whereas they had to content themselves with the living model.

The amusements of this happy pair were of the simplest, healthiest, and most delightful kind; they never went to the play, nor to balls or dances, which they thought immodest—(indeed they were not even asked)—nor read such things as novels, magazines, or the newspaper; nor visited exhibitions of modern art, which they held in contempt, as they did all things modern; but they skipped, with single and double rope, and played battledore and shuttlecock, and hunt the slipper, and puss in the corner, and hide-and-seek, and such like little innocent old games; and they were devoted to music, not that of the



AN UNCANNY ORDER.

Mysterious Stranger (introducing himself). "Ah—I've SECURED A CHARMING SITE FOR MYSELF IN THE NEW CEMETERY, MR. TRETTLES. AND—AH—I WISH YOU TO MEASURE ME—"

[Mrs. T., alarmed, rushes off with her Children; and Trestles remarked at his Club (the "Scarf and Truncheon," in Hatchment Alley), the same evening, that all the years, man and boy, he'd been in the Trade, he never was so taken aback. You might have knocked him down with a tray of feathers!]

present day, which they despised, nor that of the future, of which they had never heard; nor English music, which was not old enough; but music of the early continental school, with nice easy tunes, which they could learn to sing in unison, and early French and Italian words, which appealed to their fond hearts with all the hidden power of a language they loved but did not understand. Their voices were musical and low. They sang even the liveliest ditties to a slow sad measure of their own, and in the sweet but homely accent of their native London. The reader can hardly realise the effects that early French or Italian strains of a festive nature, with festive words to match, can produce on a musical Frenchman or Italian of the present day, when rendered in this unsophisticated manner by such performers as Mr. and Mrs. JACK SPRATT.

They were not without friends, carefully chosen on the combined principles of natural and Hobsonian selection. They were few, but true and trusty, with remarkably fine heads for a painter; their gait, gestures, grammar, and personal habits were mediæval; their deportment grave, sad, and very strange; for the death of the early Italian Masters still weighed on their souls with all the force of some recent domestic bereavement, and they always behaved with the solemnity that befitted them as chief mourners, speaking of the dead in hushed and reverential whispers; not that they conversed very freely or very often; they were much given to long periods of thoughtful silence, which were held sacred by each other, and only broken now and then by flashes of a sad strange merriment, that would have puzzled an outsider immensely. But, buoyed up as they were by brave hopes of the past and a firm faith in better days gone by, they were not unhappy. They looked on themselves, and each other, and the JACK SPRATTS, and were looked upon by the JACK SPRATTS in return, as the sole incarnation on this degenerate earth of all such good as had still managed to survive there; and so they were always telling each other, and everyone else they met. And no wonder, for they were marvellously accomplished; being each of them painter, sculptor, architect, poet, critic, and engraver, all in one; and all this without ever having learnt, but through a

mere effort of the will, and by mutual consent, as it were; and if you were to mention to them the name of any world-renowned follower of any of those arts in the present day, they would coldly reply:—"We don't know any painters!" or, "We don't know any poets!" as the case might be, and walk off in an opposite direction; and after that you would find it very difficult to continue the conversation.

As for the Royal Academy, they held it in merely passive contempt, and were satisfied with never having heard the names of its most celebrated members. Their especial scorn was reserved for that school of Art which finds its home on the walls of the Grosvenor Gallery; they regarded its disciples as renegades, and its gifted leader as a base apostate, who, having once known the better way, had chosen to depart from it, and had been branded in consequence with the indelible Hall Mark of ineffaceable popular renown. In extenuation of such extreme views, it must be admitted that the authorities of the Grosvenor Gallery had not invited JACK SPRATT and his trusty friends to exhibit there; not through any ill-will, but because they had never heard of them.

Their appearance in the streets of busy London was in no way remarkable, for they walked abroad in shapeless hats, long cloaks, and cheap garments of an ordinary reach-me-down description; but often, when they met at the JACK SPRATTS' in the gloaming, or at evensong, or Curfew time, as they would alternately call it, they would doff their ponchos, slip their ready-made trousers, and display themselves, regardless of expense, in the outward bravery of that early Italian time they held so dear; and all this without ever departing from the grave and impressive demeanour that was habitual to them.

Far be it from *Mr. Punch*, who has a young and mirthful heart, to make his mock of such masquerading; indeed, he is not above such masquerading himself, although in a somewhat more frolicsome and facetious spirit. It is his pleasure to know a certain Artistic set (not a mutual admiration society, by any means) who have a fondness for the early Georgian period, and live near to each other

in mansions built about that time, and furnished accordingly; they are young and prosperous, and without care; and it sometimes suits their mood, of a winter's evening, to meet at each other's houses in the ruffles and knee-breeches, the powder and patches, of that frivolous but graceful time. The Ladies of this society happen to be fair to the eye, and, like the Gentlemen, accomplished musicians, and persons of a lively wit; and *Mr. Punch* has occasionally graced these parties in his own person, duly arrayed in a plum-coloured suit that belonged to his step-great-grandfather-in-law, with knee-breeches, black silk stockings, and buckled shoes (he has a well-turned leg and ankle, has *Mr. P.*; what the French call "*la jambe de cour*"); and he vows and protests that he has never seen or heard anything prettier than a stringed quartett of HAYDN's or MOZART's tastefully performed by these ruffled amateurs, while their patched and powdered Ladies sat by, looked on and listened; after which *Mr. Punch*, who can sing "*Philida Flouts Me*" with genuine taste and feeling, has contributed his share to the evening's amusement; and then they have all joined in a gay minuet, and exchanged snuff-boxes and epigrams, and elegantly worded compliments; and *Mr. Punch*, who has also graced the *bals costumés* at all the Courts in Europe, including our own, has never beheld anything half so merry or charming as these powder parties.

But to return to the SPRATTS. Sorrow and sickness seldom visit those who lead such pure, simple, and innocent lives. In their hours of sorrow, the SPRATTS and their friends would find comfort in gazing at some pretty combination of form and colour; such as a dead frog lying on a blue china plate in the sun, or a cracked sackbut with a peacock's feather sticking out of its bung-hole. Their only abiding grief was a hideous red pillar-post which stood outside the gates of their pretty dwelling; and so much did they loathe this undecorative object, that they never used it, on principle, but even in bad weather would walk half a mile to post such few letters as they ever had occasion to write. Indeed, most of these had been written to the Vestry, demanding that the pillar-post should be removed, on the score of its unsightliness, and offering to replace it by a new sundial, designed, free of charge, by JACK SPRATT, from the old one in his arbour, on condition that the parish should bear the expense of the original material, its carving according to JACK SPRATT's design, and its subsequent erection. But the Vestry had taken no notice of these appeals.

In their hours of sickness alone the SPRATTS were as other people, and sent immediately for the nearest medical practitioner (or leech, as they preferred to call him); their only sickness to speak of had arisen from once feasting mediocrally on an old roast peacock, in company with the trusty friends, who had also been taken very bad on that occasion; and they ever afterwards avoided that dish, but at their banquets would have the peacock's head and what was left of its tail tacked on to some more digestible bird, which, duly roasted beforehand, and allowed to cool, would thus adorn their board with borrowed plumes before it was carved and eaten, and so please their æsthetic sense without making them sick afterwards; a very wise precaution; for they were very much given to such old-fashioned hospitality, these SPRATTS: although their acquaintance was by their own choice (so they said) rather limited; for as staunch Radicals, they hated the aristocracy, whose very existence they ignored; shunned the professional class, which they scorned, on account of its scientific and utilitarian tendency; and loathed the middle class, from which they had sprung, because it was Philistine; and although they professed to deeply honour the working man, they very wisely managed to see as little of him as they possibly could; and thus, living for each other, and their chosen friends, they haughtily held aloof from the outer world, which, it must be owned, betrayed no wish whatever to lure them from their seclusion.

Although the kind of felicity we have tried to depict may not commend itself to the taste of the general reader, he cannot fail to see that for such unworldly people as the SPRATTS, it leaves nothing to be desired. Youth, health, simplicity of life, a modest competency, self-respect, friendship, domestic affection, the love of Art, innocence of mundane ambition, blameless aspirations and regrets, everything seems combined to make their existence happy and blessed; not to mention that belief in themselves and each other and all that belongs to them, which *Mr. Punch* looks upon as the highest condensation (if he may forge a word) to earthly bliss. Indeed, *Mr. Punch* does not think small beer of himself, as his readers should know by this time, and believes *Judy* to be quite the first among wives, although he has been used to beat her now and then; and thinks *Toby* the finest dog in the world. He has dwelt at length, and with a lingering fondness, on this idyllic picture of the SPRATTS' home, and the gentle life they led there. Grave it in your mind, good reader, for there are few such homes in England; nay, that you may grave it in your mind the better, *Mr. Punch* has subtly lined for you a cartoon showing the SPRATTS at home, in their pretty garden, with the twins and the trusty friends, all mediocrally arrayed, around them. JACK SPRATT and his wife are playing "cat's cradle," the twins are revolving quaint conceits in their æsthetic little minds;

the friends are fondly lute-playing, or poring over old myths, and musing sadly on the light of other days; what time SALLY the Cook is dishing up a cold roast capon (which, in her haste, she has unfortunately peacocked the wrong way), and her distant policeman looks over the wall, with one eye for her, and one for the cold roast capon. Say, reader, is not it a fair, glad, gracious picture? How different, alas! from those (D. V.) to come!

THE OIONOKTONON.



My name it is JIM BAGSTER, which I'm Keeper to the Squire— (And which the young 'un sartainly a "Keeper" do require)— And if that there Inwenter, as the Yankee called hisself, Had comed to me he 'd gotten what 'ud laid him on the shelf! He comes, that Yankee, and he says, says he unto the Squire, "I guess you Britishers are green! Now, Mister, jest lewk hyar! Yew pick yewer birds off one by one, and take a heap o' trouble. I've got a kind o' notion as 'll make yewer bags just double. The name" (says he) "I calls it by's 'I owe a knock to none.'" Leastways, that's what it sounded like—a queer name for a gun! And what it means is Greek to me—I never was a scollard— But when I seed the thing itself, by gum! I a'most hollered. Which in he wheels a thing just like a trumpet on a barrer, And turning of a handle, bang! he shoots an ould cock sparrer! Which sparrers is the on'y thing as sichlike seum should shoot; And them's JIM BAGSTER's sentiments—and yourn, I hopes, to boot. Hows'ever, my young Master took a fancy to the thing, And made me wheel it down the moor, to try it on the ling; Which then they druv a lot o' grouse across the line o' fire, To where, just like a horgan-man, sits grinning my young Squire. I felt that bad you might ha' brained me wi' a taller-candle, As that there youngster blew his smoke and turned that blessed handle. Just then the grouse went whirring by, and a roar came worse than thunder, Which, when the smoke had cleared away, why, where's the birds, I wonder? The birds they wasn't there, that's flat, but just a bit o' feather, A few odd claws and mashed-up bits lay there upon the heather. The young Squire laughed as I wheeled back that blessed hurdy-gurdy: "I think," says he, "JIM BAGSTER, we will stick to Mr. PURDEY!"

TOO READ A CERTAINTY.

WHY does the Friendly Societies Act limit the amount of burial insurance for children under five years of age to £6? Lest burial insurance should too certainly insure burial.

ANNUAL FELINE FAMINE.



HE plea for starved cats has seasonably reappeared on the prorogation of Parliament. There exists an asylum for destitute dogs, but the feline race has hitherto failed to enlist the feelings of any of those, if there are any, who in these days "die and endow a college or a cat." The cats are not endowed with any kind of college, hospital, or refuge. It has been suggested that to hand over the starving cats to physiologists for vivisection would be humane comparatively to leaving them to die in the "slow agonies" of hunger and thirst; and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is invoked to undertake the duty of putting them out of their misery. But would not any performer of that duty have to take good care how he did it?

Or else, might not one of the Society's own agents very likely find himself pulled up before a Police-Magistrate on a charge of "Cruelty to a Cat."

It is sad to think that inhabitants of Belgravia should be so inconsiderate as to go out of town without leaving some provision for their cats equivalent to board-wages; and therefore that many cats are pining in a state of starvation. We may, however, console ourselves a little by reflecting, firstly, that in a district within which the cats are mostly starving, all the rats and mice must have been devoured; and, secondly, that cats dying of hunger in a state of emaciation, are hardly capable of being utilised by even the most unprincipled victuallers; so that the more of them we know to be perishing in that state, the more confidently can we dine at neighbouring restaurants; seeing there is all the less cause to give us qualms in partaking of made dishes, particularly of jugged hare.

HOW TO MAKE THINGS PLEASANT ABROAD;

Or, the Travelling Snob's Vade Mecum.

ON entering a Railway-Carriage, kick any parcels you may find in your way, and, if possible, seat yourself upon a bonnet-box.

If Ladies are present, insist upon lighting a short pipe, and close or open the windows at your own sweet will, and with regard to no one's comfort but your own.

On board the Steamboat make yourself a nuisance to your fellow-travellers by indulging in silly practical jokes and smoking bad tobacco.

On arrival at a Hotel, force your way out of the omnibus before any one else, and in your selection of a room be as unobliging to your fellow-travellers as possible.

Lounge about the hall, smoking your favourite pipe, and stare at every Lady who enters or leaves the place. If you find a Lady away from her father, husband, or brother, grin at her.

Bully the Waiters at the *table d'hôte*, and if you can find a kindred spirit, indulge freely in a conversation of a strongly-seasoned character.

On your return to the Hotel late at night, shout at the top of your voice to your companions, to the great disturbance of those who have retired to rest before you.

If you are fond of fun, alter all the boots at the doors, and change the numbers and hours on the "waking-up slate."

If you have to catch an early train in the morning, be careful to arouse by your noisy conduct all the other inmates of the hotel.

If you enter a Church to "do" it, put your hands in your pockets and whistle. Push any one praying roughly out of your way, and if service is being performed, go up to the altar-rails and mockingly inspect it. To avoid unpleasantness, only do this when the Suisse is away.

Touch everything in the Museums and Picture Galleries, and declare in broken French, bad German, or imitation Italian (according to the country), that the South Kensington treasures beat all the foreign collections hollow.

In fact behave like a selfish, underbred, ill-conditioned Cad for a

month or six weeks, and then return to England to lose your individuality in some small City office, or post of a kindred character, until the time arrives for your annual outing next year, when commence *de novo*.

ON A MATTER OF TASTE.

As, to judge from the very spirited correspondence that has appeared on the subject, there seems now to be not a shadow of doubt but that, in the matter of proper Sunday observance, Great Britain leads triumphantly in the van ahead of all rivals, *Mr. Punch* is, of course, happy to throw his voice in with the chorus of universal jubilation. At the same time, since, though no friend to unnecessary labour, *Mr. Punch* is by no means opposed to innocent Sunday recreation, and, therefore, anxious to shed what light he can upon the better understanding of the subject, he sets aside a corner of his space for the following little twin documents, which strike him as perhaps not altogether inappropriate reading for those who have lately found themselves very much shocked at what goes on weekly in and about the Paris Exhibition.

Sunday Diary of Mr. WILLIAM STUBBS, Bricklayer, of Seven Dials, London. *Journal d'un Dimanche kept by M. JULES POTIN, ouvrier, re-residing at Belleville, Paris.*

SIX A.M. TO TWELVE NOON.

In bed, sleeping off last night's drink.

Up early, putting on best things, taking bath in Seine, breakfasting, chatting, and making a promenade to the *Jardin des Tuileries*.

HALF-PAST TWELVE.

Wait outside a public, and chew a straw till it opens.

Recreate EUGÉNIE, the little ones, and myself by surveying the gold-fish for a little quarter of an hour.

ONE.

Go in with the rush, and drink.

Refresh ourselves with liquorice water under the trees.

TWO.

Drinking hard, and getting through as much as I can finish before three.

Enjoying the continuance of our promenade, and discussing the programme for our amusements.

THREE TO SIX.

Turned out with a row. Go in for a smoke, and bowl along anywhere to get through the blessed time till six. Looks at the outside of the front door of the British Museum, and wonders when I shall ever get a chance of seeing what's at the back of it. Stops a bit, and curses the nobbs coming out of Church. Bowls back again to the Dials.

Enter the Galleries of the Louvre, and survey the various objects of Art and other interesting treasures, feeling proud of our great France, which makes such enjoyment the common property of the universal people. Turn our steps towards the Champs Elysées, and watch the brilliant equipages with satisfaction. Continue our enjoyable promenade towards the Bois.

SIX.

Go in again with a rush, and set to at the liquor steady.

Refresh ourselves further with *plaisirs* and syrup of currants.

SEVEN TO EIGHT.

Come across JIM BLEWITT, and wager him to get through two quaterns hot before he finishes a gallon of four, drinking fair, with a start of a pint and a half.

Met EDOUARD BRISCHIE, and arrange a *partie* with him at shooting with the crossbow for sugared buttons.

EIGHT TO NINE.

Keep up the drink against JIM, talking politics and tossing him for the lush till he calls me a "bloomin' Sarcophagus." Make him take his measure against the joists. Give Lively CHARLIE and the Barman one each for interfering. Smash a gaselier as a "parting farewell," and run for it towards the Lane, chivied by bobbies.

Amuse ourselves in various ways in the pleasant evening twilight, eventually inviting EDOUARD and his maternal Aunt to partake of coffee and iced water mixed with biscuits of rice in the neighbourhood of a concert in the open air. Watch the stars, and the illumination of the thousand street lamps; and so, home leisurely with EUGÉNIE and our little ones to our lively quarter.

TEN.

Just my luck! Run in again at Bow Street!

Ah! once more arrived at Belleville!



A PHILOSOPHICAL EXCURSIONIST.

Elderly Gentleman (politely to middle-aged Spinster opposite, evidently one of Cook's Tourists). "AND WHERE, MAY I ASK, ARE YOU GOING NEXT?"

Middle-aged Spinster. "OH! LET ME SEE!—I'M GOING TO GENEVA!"

Elderly Gentleman. "GOING TO GENEVA! WHY, YOU ARE IN GENEVA!"

Middle-aged Spinster. "AM I REALLY? OH, THEN I'M GOING TO MILAN!"

DISGORGING.

An Allegory on the Banks of the Nile.

THERE dwelt on the banks of the mystical Nile
An edacious, shrewd, elderly, fat Crocodile;
A pachyderm dandy, or Saurian Swell,
Who wore smart pantaloons cut exceedingly well,
And with pockets capacious—all tokens which tell
Of superior breeding and polish.

He was lord of the land by common consent,
Let it out at high figures, and lived on the rent,
Which he ruthlessly levied and lavishly spent;
And bad luck to the tenant who was not content—
He'd proceed that poor wretch to demolish
In true alligator-like right-divine style.

Well, he grew quite ambitious, this 'cute Crocodile,
A compound, in fact, of King Log and King Stork,
A game which appeared for a season to work.
He led his poor subjects a deuce of a dance,
And tasked them and taxed them right royally.

But your Autocrat ever breaks down in finance,
And this was King Crocodile's piteous chance.
He essayed many dodges his funds to enhance:
He called in the aid
Of experts at the trade,

His accounts in their hands ostentatiously laid,
Took oath to conform to the rules which they made,
And back up their policy loyally.

Yet the devious devices of Saurian guile
Quite baffled these honest experts for awhile;
But such shuffling at last did those gentlemen rile,
And friend pachyderm found that his wriggle and smile
Were met with an ominous frown.

So thinks he, "Like that 'cute Yankee coon, I am treed.
Mere dodge and delay will no longer succeed.

The game's up, so I'd better come down."

Then he shed many tears, as your Crocodile can,
And "Oh, my poor family!" blubbered the brute.
"But I'll give up the lot, 'tis the honestest plan."

(The "lot" was his plunder and loot.)

"Ah! honesty is the best game, after all!"
(He had tried every other, and so ought to know.)

"Restitution's the cry. I respond to the call
With the finest alacrity. Lo!"

Here he turned out each pocket and emptied each bag.
(So a burglar, when chased, will abandon his "swag.")

"Take the dross and divide it!" quoth King Crocodile.

The rejoicings were great. Let us hope it's all right;
But immense are the Saurian resources of sleight,
And it's just on the cards that the game is not quite
At an end on the banks of the Nile.

PUNCH'S WEATHER WARNINGS NEXT WEEK.

Monday.—Sultry heat. Westerly wind. Get in your ice, and put on your suit of white dittos.

Tuesday.—Intense cold. Wind in the East. Light your fires; and do not neglect your Ulster over-coats.

Wednesday.—Rain. Wind anywhere. Temperature neither hot nor cold. Avoid any risk of catching the influenza.

Thursday.—Yellow fog. Perfect calm. Sultry heat until noon, then cold. Draw down the blinds, and light your gas.

Friday.—Magnificent spring weather. Wind from the South. Wear your great-coat only in the evening.

Saturday.—Thunderstorms, snow, and intense heat. Lay your fires, and keep your wines in ice, prepared for any emergency.

Da Capo.



DISGORGING.

KHEDIVE. "TAKE THE DIRTY DROSS, MR. BULL! HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY—AFTER ALL!!!"



RAILWAY LUXURIES.

Excursionist. "I SAY—'ERE! THIS WATER'S FULL O' CRUMBS!"

Aquarius. "THAT AIN'T CRUMBS! THAT'S ONLY THE SAWDUST OFF THE HICE!"

FEES AND FEES' WORTH.

SCENE—*Inside a Railway Train. Physician and Friend.*

Friend. Now tell me, Doctor. Wherefore this rise in the Profession of first consultation fees to two guineas? Because the cost of living has risen for Doctors, have they raised their terms for prolonging their patients' lives?

Physician. Oh dear no. At that rate every fee would have to be doubled, or quadrupled, at least.

Friend. Is it, then, that a first consultation is a so much more scientific and laborious affair than it used to be?

Physician. Partly. But you miss the chief reason for the double fee—yet how obvious it is!

Friend. What?

Physician. The immense advance in these days of medical science and medical skill, which, in nine-hundred-and-ninety-nine cases out of a thousand, renders, or ought to render, one consultation enough—one, the first and the last. What is an additional guinea paid for advice, which, if only followed, may prevent the expense of hundreds?

Friend. It never struck me in that light.

Physician. But now you see it, of course, as clear as day. Why, isn't a consultation that saves a long illness, and perhaps a life, worth any money? And one consultation would in general suffice, if patients commonly had common sense enough to do what their doctor told them.

Friend. You think, then, you ought to be paid in proportion to the services you render?

Physician. If possible—as it would be in surgery, for instance, quite. There might be a tariff of surgical operations, from the price of removing a simple tumour to that of tying the subclavian artery. To be sure, in medicine it could not be so simple; else a physician could charge for items—for the cure of lighter complaints so much, for that of graver so much more: as from "To relieving you of Indigestion," or "To attending you in Gout," say two guineas, up to an indefinite figure "For curing you of Typhoid Fever." But then, you see, dyspepsia on the one hand, may be obstinate, and fever, on the other, mild; so that nominal gravity of disease is no criterion necessarily of work and labour done.

Friend. Work and labour being medical treatment, would there be any possibility of payment for results?

Physician. Curative results, you mean. Yes, if the scale were high enough; because, of course, in case of old age and decay of nature the results may prove fatal.

Friend. Not to say that the cures are comparatively few. And then there are patients who really die of their diseases?

Physician. Sometimes.

Friend. But that is generally their own fault?

Physician. Always; and the labourer is worthy of his hire; and if you, being the subject of a disease which torments or disables you, or threatens to deprive Society of your valuable existence, are put in the way to get rid of it for two guineas only, what I say is, you have a vast deal more than your two guineas' worth for your two guineas. There! Now, I am sure you have had an amount of medical information out of me ridiculously cheap at that sum. Hand it over.

Friend. I'll owe it you.

[Train stops at Station, and colloquy closes.]

THE LOTOS-EATER IN THE LEVANT.

(Pitched, with apologies to Mr. Tennyson, in an Asia-Minor key.)

"CYPRUS!" is the last new cry;
Money in that cry we see.
Cash is the end of life; then, why
Not draw on kind J. B.?
Give us a loan: Credulity is vast;
And twelve per cent. will strike the cautious dumb.
Give us a loan. It need not be the last:
We'll take all from you, and, unmoved, become
Insolvent now, as in the cheery past!
Give us a loan. What pleasure can we have
To live by labour? Is there any fun
In sheer hard-working 'gainst the working Slave?
Give us a loan, the market's chance we brave
And ask you for your money; you may dun,
And p'raps get back what's left,—or half, or may be none!

TALK OF THE TRAIN.

(Specially arranged for the use of Travellers by the "Sea Side Express.")

Is eighteenpence all that you return me out of my ten-pound note? Surely, then, the charge made by the Company for a first-class fare, for a distance of sixty-seven miles, is amply sufficient? Why are we starting one hour and thirty-nine minutes late?

I do not note that a delay of seventy minutes in this retired siding is referred to officially in the Time Table.

Is this not the twenty-seventh time we have been shunted in the last five hours?

As we seem to be spending the whole afternoon at this little country station, will you ask the Guard to direct me to a restaurant, where he can recommend the wines, and also to tell me where I can purchase some back numbers of an Encyclopædia, and have my portrait taken in oils?

Would it not have been better if we had proceeded by the mineral, cattle, or even an ordinary luggage-train?

As the darkness is profound, and we have come to a dead halt in this spot for the last three hours and a half, I should feel extremely glad if one of the officials could kindly inform me what is the matter with the engine?

If it is quite determined that we are to make a night of it at this gloomy junction, might I ask you to telegraph to my wife and family, and inform them of the fact, and at the same time furnish me with a bolster, and three glasses of brandy-and-water, and the address of the Company's solicitors?

The Products of Peace!

THE Paper Exhibition at Vienna doubtless contains many wonderful articles; but to be complete, should it not include the curious sheet of the Berlin peace-programme, out of which has been made a war in Bosnia?

THE TRIUMPH OF THE CALLEIN OG.

(An Epic Fragment.)



"AND DAREST THOU THEN
TO BEARD THE LION IN HIS DEN?"

STOUT MALCOLM to MAC CULLUM MOHR
(A mighty chief ne'er braved before)

In haughty accents cried:
"CAMPBELL, look out! I front thee here,
E'en in thy place of pride.
Nay, never feign thy nose to cock,
And crest-like toss thy tawny shock!
I tell thee thou'rt defied!
I'm game to struggle for the seat,
And if men say I funk defeat,
MAC CULLUM MOHR, they've lied!"
On the Duke's cheek the flush of rage
O'ercame the calm that suits the sage
Who wrote *The Reign of Law*;
Who in *Good Words* more pious page,
And on St. Stephen's wordy stage
Can hold his own at jaw.

Fierce he broke forth: "And dar'st thou then
To beard the Lion in his den,
The CAMPBELL in his hall?
Upon my soul it's like thy cheek,
I have a mind thy nose to tweak,
I won't, though—not at all.
I'll not so grace thee, graceless dog;
But here's my son, the CALLEIN OG,
With thee will try a fall."
The CALLEIN OG was young and slim,
PORTALLOCH* tall and stark and grim;
It seemed his mighty length of limb
The stripling must defeat.
Yet was young COLIN toughly strung,
Nimble of foot as swift of tongue,
His giant foe he foiled and flung,
And saved the threatened seat.

* Name given to Colonel MALCOLM, from his estate.

Brave MALCOLM turned, well was his need,

Yet shook his fist, and cried,
"A lick—but a close shave indeed!
Another day I shall succeed,
And lower the CAMPBELL's pride!"
Then loud as victor-lion's roar
The shout of the MACCULLUM MOHR.
His targe he spread young COLIN o'er.
And wildly waved his huge claymore,
What time the CALLEIN OG
Triumphant danced before his sire
A crossed-sword dance (a thing to tire,
And make the sturdiest chiel perspire),
Featly as lad of Lancashire
Might foot it in the clog;
Whilst loudly rang from isle to isle,
The triumph of the young ARGYLL.



HASTY GENERALISATION.

Mamma. "WE'D BETTER GO IN, DARLING! IT THREATENS TO RAIN."

Harry. "OH! THEN IT WON'T!"

Mamma. "WHY?"

Harry. "PAPA ALWAYS THREATENS TO VIP ME! BUT HE NEVER DOES!"

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

(In Town—Out of the Season.)

If the new Electric Light gains the day, or, rather, the night, against Gas, the Poet Laureate will be engaged to celebrate its victory in an entirely new metre—his present one being no longer of any use to him.

By the way, does Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD, eminently well up in his DICKENS, remember what was the mad old gentleman's address to *Miss La Creevy*, on the occasion of his sudden appearance down the chimney into *Mrs. Nickleby's* parlour? "Aha!" cried the old gentleman, folding his hands, and squeezing them with great force against each other, "I see her now; I see her now! My love, my life, my bride, my peerless beauty! She is come at last—at last—and all is gas and gaiters!" For "gas" read "electric light," and substitute "Gaiety" for "gaiters," and then you have the present state of the light question in the Strand just now.

I looked in at EVANS's the other night. Ah, how the *tempora mutantur*, and, is it possible that *nos mutamur in illis*? No, not on this subject. EVANS's was unique. Remembering the celebrated "*Hardy Norseman*" since I was a youth about town, I murmured to myself, as I walked away—

"The Hardy Norseman's house of yore"
Was, as we know, a glee:
It could be sung by twelve or more,
But not alone by me.
Oh, ne'er shall I forget the choir
That once there used to be,
Of course I mean when PADDY GREEN
Ruled o'er the harmonies.

I never paid a shilling then
To enter,—it was free;
The company were only men,
Who stayed till nearly three.
"Dear Boys," alas! are here no more,
Dear Girls now come to sup;
The Hardy Norseman's House before
The hour of one's shut up.

It would be as well if ingenious young dramatic critics fresh to their work, and burning with the ardent desire of slaughter, were to restrain their ardour awhile for the purpose of obtaining some correct information on the subject they've undertaken to criticise. For example, the dramatic critic of the *Daily News*, in reviewing *Jeames* at the Gaiety, says, in an airy manner, "With the incidents in the 'Yellowplush Papers,' probably no one is unacquainted"—except, as will be seen, the critic himself—"but it would be difficult to recognise them in the exaggerated version here presented." The recognition would be more than difficult—it would be impossible—*Jeames* having no more to do with the "Yellowplush Papers" than with *Vanity Fair*, *Pendennis*, or *The Virginians*. The play of *Jeames* is from *The Diary of Jeames de la Pluche*, which first appeared in *Punch*, with THACKERAY's own grotesque illustrations. The *Diary* is included under the head of THACKERAY's "Burlesques," while the *Memoirs of Mr. C. J. Yellowplush*—there are no "Yellowplush Papers," although the *Daily News* critic quotes the title in inverted commas—are bound up with the *Paris Sketch-Book*; and, except that they are supposed to have been written by an uneducated footman, they have nothing in common with *Jeames's Diary*. The story told by *Mr. Yellowplush* concerns the *Hon. Mr. Deuceace*, *Lord Crabs*, *Lady Griffin*, and her poor crooked daughter. *Jeames's Diary* is mainly caricature, but there is a good honest purpose throughout it, and in the characters of *Mary Anne*, *Granny*, and *Uncle Bill*, THACKERAY has given us that touch of nature which enlists our best and truest sympathies. But in the *Memoirs of Mr. C. J. Yellowplush*, all, except the dupes, are villanously bad. There is not a redeeming quality among the whole *dramatis personæ*, who are, I venture to say, impossible on the Stage. Their reality would be too hideous. Yet it was with this work of THACKERAY's, and not with *Jeames's Diary*—from which *Jeames* was professedly taken—that the observant and well-informed critic compared the story of *Jeames* at the Gaiety. His Editor will, I hope, reward his young man's ingenuity with a well-bound copy of all THACKERAY's works, and, at the end of the half-year, make him pass an examination in *Jeames's Diary* and *The Memoirs of Mr. C. J. Yellowplush*.

The KHEDIVE has given up his revenues. Mr. RIVERS WILSON has been "spoiling the Egyptians" to some purpose—I beg his pardon, I should have said "improving the Egyptians," as they've been going up wonderfully within the last fortnight. *Montez toujours!* as Lord BEACONSFIELD says of Mr. CORRY.

Mr. KNOX, of Marlborough Street, retires. Everyone in the Police Court is sorry. On the departure of *Knox*, there will be mo(u)ning in Marlborough Street.

BOROUGHES AND BOOK-MAKERS.

New work, by the Author of *On Horseback Through Asia Minor*. Over the Birmingham Caucasus, on a Popular Cry.

AT IT AGAIN!



BRAVO, VICTOR HUGO, or rather—as you were invited and only sent a letter—VICTOR *Hu-didn't go!* But what a letter you sent! Thank you very much for the private copy with which we have been favoured, and which evidently from you is the genuine article before it was corrected for the Ears of your Unionist Delegates and the Eyes of the World:—

VICTOR NOGO to the Trades Union Delegates from everywhere generally assembled in the Chateau d'Eau Theatre.

MY DEAR EUROPEAN COUNTRYMEN,

I CANNOT at this moment, to my great regret, come and preside over you. Observe, I say “at this moment.” “This” moment is not next moment, not that moment, nor any moment but this moment. You did not ask me for this moment. That is where I am evasive. Who was the Englishman I have always respected? WALKER! My young men from the country! Hear me. I demand what you demand. I want what you want. I wish I may get it. I wish you may get it. I mean what you mean. “Unity” is to be joined together. I am with you in heart and soul. Not in body. Every Dog has his day. These days are the Dogs’ in Paris. Thus is it I prefer Guernsey to Paris. Let us be cool. As I am. Here! Without us Governments attempt something. They all do it. Who leads, fails. To follow is to succeed. Look on without uneasiness, always gay, sometimes free! Continue to march, labour, and think! I, your brother, your friend, will sit, eat, and drink! You are a single people. I am a singular person. The first person singular. You, a single people, want a peace, a big peace, a noble peace. A peace for one! I, a singular person, command a peace for two. That satisfies. That is enough. Behold me! Here! On velvet! In flannel! In a jersey! In Guernsey!

Your friend,

VICTOR NOGO.

P.S.—Chateau d'Eau! I salute you. Place of Assembly, henceforth historic. Cold water is a cure for most maladies. For the fanatic, the intemperate, the irascible, the violent—au Chateau d'Eau! *allez!*

A BELIEVER IN DARWIN.

FROM a speech delivered by Professor HÄCKEL of Jena, at a dinner given to him a few days since in Paris by some French savants, it appears that Science is essentially much more like Faith than people commonly suppose; science, that is, as professed by Professor HÄCKEL. According to a telegram whence extracts follow—

“In his speech as reported in the *Temps*, he expressed gratification at the progress of evolutionist ideas among French men of science, and remarked that professors and preachers who ridiculed man’s descent from the ape unwittingly furnished the best proof of it, their pride and childish vanity being foibles which might have been bequeathed by the ape.”

The best proof of man’s descent from the ape being, by Professor HÄCKEL’s own showing, far short of demonstration, he, Professor HÄCKEL, nevertheless believes it, and that firmly enough to be capable of accusing scoffers at it of childish vanity and pride. What is the difference between such science as that and the faith of any the most dogmatic clergyman?

“Man, however, did not descend from any known anthropoid, but was a branch of catarrhine monkeys of the Old World.”

How does Professor HÄCKEL know that? From scientific proof, or scientific inspiration?

“The continuity of nature was daily becoming more evident, and superstition, mysticism, and teleology would give way to reason, causality, and mechanism.”

Is Professor HÄCKEL also among the Prophets?

“Among philosophical minds, at least, the believers in final causes of the universe, immutability of species, sterility of (hybrids?), geological cataclysms, successive creations, and the late appearance of man were dying out. The primitive life-organisms were formed chemically by spontaneous generation at the bottom of the sea like saline crystals in water. Nohow else could the

origin of life be explained. LAMARCK and DARWIN had struck the last blow at the doctrine of final causes, and modern morphology was irreconcilable not only with the dogma of the Creation, but with that of Providence or the vague idealistic pantheism of HEGEL, SCHOPENHAUER, and HARTMANN.”

In spite of the well-known experiments of Professor TYNDALL, tending, as far as they go, to disprove “spontaneous generation,” Professor HÄCKEL firmly believes in it—as firmly, perhaps, as the Archbishop of CANTERBURY does in the dogmas of Creation and of Providence, notwithstanding modern “morphology.”

“The transformation of living organisms under the influence of adaptation, hereditary selection, and struggle for existence, could not, indeed, be mathematically demonstrated, but its existence could not be doubted any more than psychology or social science.”

Well; but are there not diversities of opinion concerning social science? and as to psychology, are not its questions as vexed as those of theology? Nevertheless, Professor HÄCKEL is as sure about social science and psychology, together with evolution, development, and all the rest of it, Darwinism to wit, as M. VEUILLLOT is of the certainty of all the propositions of the late POPE’S Syllabus. The articles of our Professor’s scientific creed cannot, certainly, be “mathematically demonstrated;” no, but, as M. VEUILLLOT might say, “*præstat fides supplementum*,” and *fides* and *scientia*—Professor HÄCKEL’S *scientia*—do seem very much indeed like one another, especially *scientia*.

A PASTORAL SYMPHONY.

[Mr. Cross, Lord SANDON, and Colonel STANLEY have lately been optimising at Liverpool.]

SCENE—The Lancashire Arcadia.

PERFORMERS—Certain Shepherds, piping.

First Shepherd. The libretto and music our leader hath set us

Both savour most sweetly of pastoral calm!

Second Shepherd. Aye, dulcet as honey from classic Hymettus, The strain and the theme to all bosoms bring balm!

Third Shepherd. Since Creation was in its Arcadian nonage So peaceful a moment has never been known!

First Shepherd. Let us pipe of our power, our prestige, and our tonnage,

Which under our fostering-care have so grown!

Second Shepherd. The nightmare of War which so long had oppressed us,

Has passed, and we’re free of all friends and all foes!

Third Shepherd. The country has flattered, and praised, and caressed us,

Oh, everything’s lovely and couleur-de-rose!

First Shepherd. As to War, oh! it’s really too shocking to mention—

I humbly beg pardon for using its name!

Second Shepherd. Universal content has extinguished contention. We’re all at the height of our well-deserved fame!

Third Shepherd. Our wicked opponents—their leader sophistic—All vanished like dim allegorical ghosts!

First Shepherd. What eloquence ornate, sublime, optimistic Enough for expressing our jubilant boasts?

Second Shepherd. But great though the present our glory still waxes,

The future shall be one big blaze of success!

Third Shepherd. We’ll annex all the world, and abolish all taxes, The sons of our sons shall brave BEACONSFIELD bless!

A Voice. Yes, that sounds very nice, and no doubt he’s a hero, But isn’t yours rather a rickety Peace?

Taxation at present is not down to zero,

And how about Bosnia, Batoum, and Greece?

Shepherds (together). Hush, hush, noisy sceptic! Avaunt, rash intruder!

Cacophonous creature! inopportune bore!

Our Concert you’d mar with harsh discords? *Proh pudor!*

The themes you refer to are not in our Score!

[Left piping.]

LOGIC FOR LEGISLATORS.

ACCORDING to a great living Philosopher, people in this country at least are “mostly fools.” Query, therefore: What is the greatest happiness of the greatest number? A Fool’s Paradise.

NOTE ON RED NOSES.

A SURGEON has published a treatise on a method of curing “Port-wine Marks.” In many cases probably port-wine marks could be effectually got rid of by simply leaving off port-wine.



THE WAGES QUESTION.

(Overheard at Ironopolis.)

Intelligent Working Man. "ARBITRATION! CA' THAT ARBITRATION! WHY, THEY'VE GIVEN IT AGAINST US!"

THE COMIC JOURNEY;

OR, HOW TO SPEND AN UNUSUALLY HAPPY DAY.

SCENE, &c.—The Outside of a Railway Station. Jovial Porters discovered laughing heartily, and cutting jokes. A Cab drives up loaded with luggage, from which emerges *Anxious Traveller*. Jovial Porters nudge one another, and scan *Anxious Traveller's* countenance with amusement.

Anxious Traveller (having paid his cab-fare). My luggage, please. I am in a hurry to take the parting train. (Jovial Porters ignore him, and give their attention to fly-catching.) A friend, an invalid, awaits my coming eagerly. (Getting angry.) Here you, Sir, attend to my luggage at once, or—

First Jovial Porter (with a wink to his comrades). Well, I am attending to it. Where do you want to go to?

Anxious Traveller. To Mudbeach.

First Jovial Porter (with a burst of merriment). To Mudbeach! (Aside, to Comrades.) Oh, what fun! Did you ever hear the like? And now, my lads, lend a hand, and we will send his luggage to Mudbeach (Ha! ha! Mudbeach!) with a will.

[The Jovial Porters, laughing heartily, tumble the luggage roughly into the Station. *Anxious Traveller* follows them, and appears at Booking-Office.

Anxious Traveller. A ticket, please, for Mudbeach.

Inexperienced Clerk. Where did you say? (*Anxious Traveller* repeats his question.) Oh, I don't think this line goes to Mudbeach. Does it, *BILL*?

Bill (in the distance). Does it what?

Inexperienced Clerk. Does the line go to Mudbeach?

Bill. Oh, come, that is good! I must tell that to TOMMY. (Shouting.) I say, TOMMY, CHARLEY wants to know if this line goes to Mudbeach! Ha! ha! Ain't he green? (Bell rings.) Of course it goes, and in two ways, too!

Anxious Traveller (impatiently). My ticket, if you please.

Inexperienced Clerk (leisurely). Don't be in a hurry. I can't attend to everybody at once. Besides, you haven't told me which way you wish to go.

Anxious Traveller. By the shortest way, of course.

Inexperienced Clerk (referring to time-tables). Well, you can go by Talkingwater, changing at Jonesbury.

Anxious Traveller. Well, give me a ticket.

[Bell rings.

Inexperienced Clerk. Don't be in a hurry, especially as there's no train that way for three hours and a quarter. You can go, too, by Cook's Basin.

Anxious Traveller. And when does a train start by that route?

Inexperienced Clerk. Oh, I don't know, but perhaps these chaps may (with difficulty attracts the serious attention of his confrères and obtains, after a few minutes, the desired information). Oh, they say there's a train due now. So you had better look sharp if you want to catch it. First-Class—all right—here's your ticket.

[Gives card and wastes a short time in finding proper change.

Anxious Traveller hurries off towards the Departure Platform.

Official in a high Hat (at door). You can't pass here. You're too late.

Anxious Traveller. But I wish to go to Mudbeach.

Official in a high Hat. Well, you may go an hour's hence by another train. You can't go by that.

[Points to a Train seen through the window which, apparently, has no intention of starting for some little time to come.

Anxious Traveller. And my luggage?

First Jovial Porter (laughing heartily). Oh, we've sent that off. (Aside.) Won't he have a hunt to catch it up! Ha! ha! ha!

[The other Jovial Porters roar, and the Official in the high Hat, with difficulty suppresses a smile.

An hour passes, and *Anxious Traveller* finds himself seated in the next Train bound for Mudbeach. He gazes for ten minutes or so at the faces of the Too-late Voyagers as they glare through the glazed barriers at the Train they have missed.

Anxious Traveller. When are we going to start, Guard?

Cheerful Guard. Pardon me, Sir, but what a hurry you are in. Why, we are only a quarter of an hour late!

Anxious Traveller. A friend, an invalid, awaits my coming eagerly at Mudbeach.

Cheerful Guard (smiling). What, Sir, going to Mudbeach! Well, and a very nice place, too,—when you get there!

Anxious Traveller. I have ascertained that at Cook's Basin a steamer meets the train and carries travellers to Bull's Hyde, where another train is in attendance to take them to their destination.

Cheerful Guard. Indeed, Sir, and they told you that! Why, what is this? As I live, the signal for departure! And only twenty minutes behind our time! They must be in a merry mood this morning! [Whistles as the Train moves off.

After a tedious journey, *Anxious Traveller* arrives at Cook's Basin in about two hours after the advertised time.

Anxious Traveller (getting out of the train briskly). And now, my friend, the way to the boat?

Gloomy Official. What boat?

Anxious Traveller. Why the boat to Bull's Hyde—the boat that will take us all to catch the train to Mudbeach.

Gloomy Official. Oh, that boat (pointing to speck on the horizon). There she is!

Anxious Traveller. How long will she take coming here?

Gloomy Official. She's not coming here. Why she left here more than an hour ago.

Anxious Traveller (in despair). A friend, an invalid, awaits my coming eagerly at Mudbeach. When is the next boat?

Gloomy Official. There should be one in an hour or so.

Anxious Traveller. This is very wrong.

Gloomy Official. Everything's wrong in this world. Good day, Sir; I am going to have my tea. [Retires.

Three hours are supposed to elapse, and *Anxious Traveller* lands at Bull's Hyde.

Anxious Traveller. And now for the train to Mudbeach.

Hardened Official. Oh, there are no more trains to-night. The last went an hour ago.

Anxious Traveller. What, no trains! A friend, an invalid, awaits my coming eagerly at Mudbeach.

Hardened Official. Mudbeach! Why, Sir, you must be the gent whose luggage we packed off three hours ago! You must have made a mess of it, Sir!

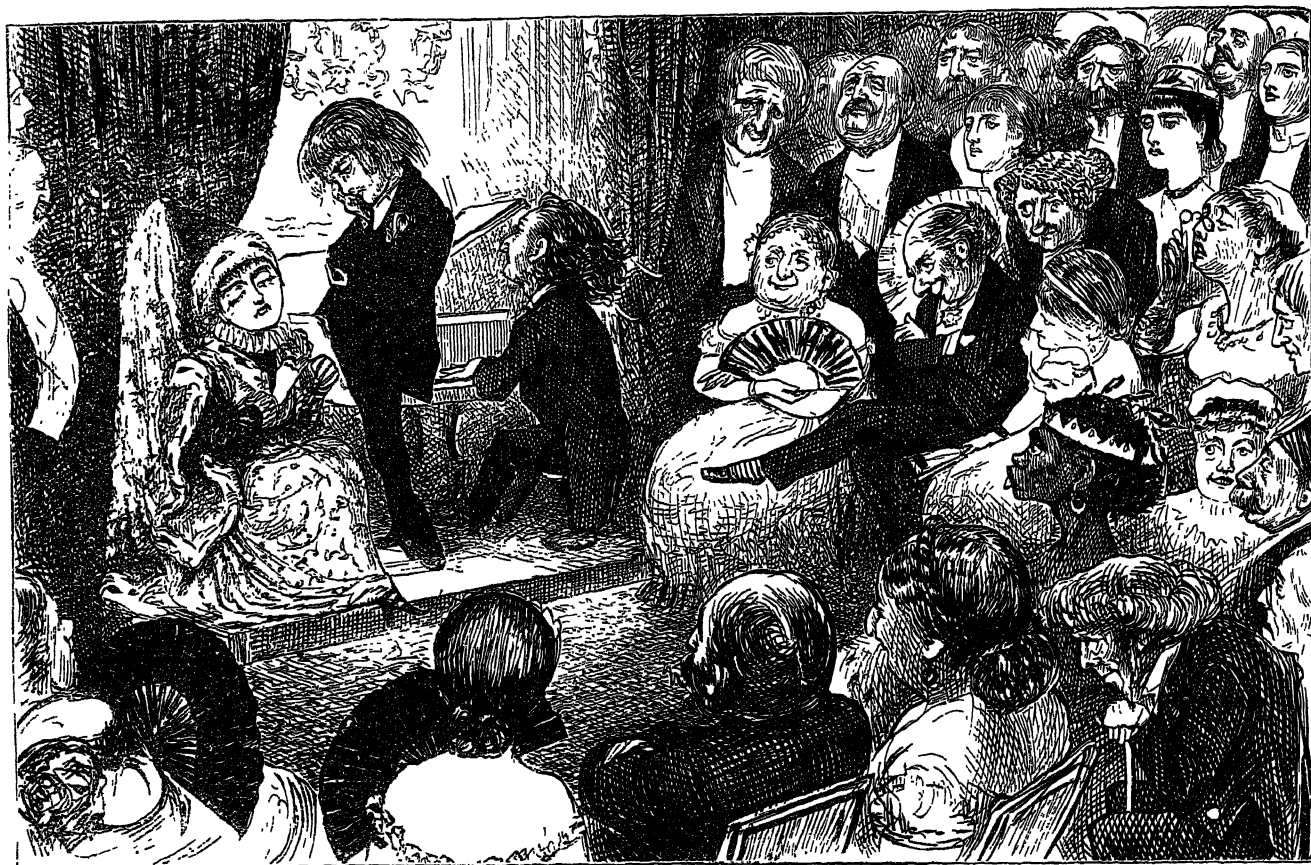
Anxious Traveller (exploding). A mess! It's disgraceful, scandalous! Ignorant Clerks, silly Officials! Time wasted everywhere! Sent to meet boats that are off before we reach them, invited to catch trains that never start! And you dare to laugh, Sir?

Hardened Official. And so would you, Sir, if you had the smallest sense of the ridiculous!

[Scene closes in upon "a Scene" in which *Anxious Traveller* and *Hardened Official* are the chief Actors.

THE NAUGHTIEST LOT IN EUROPE.—The Russian "Nihilists."

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE JACK SPRATTS.

A Tale of Modern Art and Fashion.

PART II.

It happened one day that JACK SPRATT's beautiful lay figure had to go back to its maker's, in order to be cleaned, mended, and restuffed; and the happy thought occurred to JACK SPRATT that he might as well take a respite from serious Art-work and paint a portrait of his wife, as she sat there darning one of his socks and reading aloud from a black-letter edition of *Jack and the Bean Stalk*, whose adventures never seemed to pall on the SPRATTS and their friends.

Now Mrs. SPRATT's form and features had not been cast in an early Italian mould; her maiden name was Maloney, and her papa had kept a leading oil and Italian warehouse in Finsbury; which was, indeed, the only Italian feature in the family. Her mother had been a lovely Lancashire lass; and Mrs. SPRATT had raven hair, violet eyes, ruby lips, an ivory brow, and a skin made of the whitest lily and the reddest rose. Her little head was poised on a long thick creamy neck, while her tall supple figure erred if at all on the side of a too superabundant exuberance; but her waist was very small, and so were her proudly arched feet; and her dimpled little white hands had not been made for sock-darning, or any such house drudgery; but to be tightly-gloved in all that Paris can furnish of the best in perfumed kid, five and three-quarters, *gris perle*.

It is, perhaps, too much to say that JACK SPRATT did the same justice to all these charms as he had always done to those of his lay figure; but he produced something so different from anything he had ever produced before, that the trusty friends, who were scandalised beyond measure, repeatedly exclaimed that if *that* were Art, then the Old Masters must be *wrong*!

JACK SPRATT, however, in spite of the trusty friends, had it framed, called it "*Ye Phayre Sockque-darrenere*," and forwarded it to the Royal Academy, much as he scorned that institution; and the Royal Academicians, who had persistently rejected, year after year, the pictures JACK SPRATT and his friends had as persistently sent there, accepted this one; and owing, perhaps to a little difference among themselves about one of their own works, hung it on the line, in a place of honour in the large room, No. 3, where it made such a sensation that a plucky Baronet bought it at the private view.

Thus JACK woke up one morning, and found himself famous.

Of the Art critics, some proclaimed in him the advent of the long-yearned-for nineteenth century genius, whose holy mission it was to redeem the Art of our day from the loathsome degradation into which it had fallen; and with the generous intolerance of youth, branded as snobs and ruffians those who could not quite agree with them; others with the calm benignity of age, pronounced both JACK and his admirers to be perfectly harmless, but incurably imbecile; so that old friends quarrelled, and united families fell out, and all the world was set by the ears through JACK SPRATT's little sock-darner; dealers came down on his studio like the wolf on the fold; and so great was the crowd round this picture, that the Royal Academy stationed a couple of mounted Policemen near it, a thing which had never been done in Burlington House before; and many a shilling they brought to the Royal Academy—those two mounted Policemen; and a very happy thought it was to have them there!

The upshot of all this was, that the plucky Baronet, who had purchased the little sock-darner, called at JACK's studio with his Lady, and they were much charmed with all they saw. This Baronet could not only tell a pretty picture when he was told, but also a pretty face when he saw one. Most Baronets are equal to that; and as for my Lady, a good-natured and impulsive person, she was quite beside herself with delight at the notion of Genius painting Beauty, while Beauty darned the socks of Genius. She immediately looked upon Mr. and Mrs. JACK SPRATT as a pet little invention of her own; and before she had been five minutes in their company, invited them to a "small and early" at her mansion, in Belgrave Square. By this time also the SPRATTS' life-long prejudice against the aristocracy had quite evaporated; and they accepted this invitation with alacrity.

Well, the SPRATTS duly attended that "small and early," attired in their very best. Mr. Punch forgets what Mrs. SPRATT's very best consisted of at this particular period of her career; but rather thinks it must have been a brodered wimple, surmounted with a golden liri-pipe over a welshed chaisel-smock of watchet sergedusoy, lined with shalloon, and edged with vair, or possibly ermine.

JACK SPRATT so far gave way to the conventionalities of modern life as to wear a gent's evening suit complete for three-seventeen-six (made to order by a suburban tailor for this special occasion), and put a smart peacock's feather in his button-hole. At the same



UNINVITED.

WE HAD BOWLED OUT THEIR BEST MEN, AND SHOULD HAVE WON THE MATCH, BUT SOMEBODY CAME ON THE GROUND WITH A CONFOUNDED HYÆNA-COLOURED BULL-TERRIER, WHO RAN AFTER THE BALL, AND WOULDN'T GIVE IT UP!

time, in order to show how simple and unworldly he really was, he sported a watch-guard made of common pack-thread, and left his luxuriant locks untouched by the comb.

They got to the "small and early" an hour and a half too soon, and had to disport themselves alone in those gilded Belgravian Saloons until the company had done dinner. Presently the great and gay came trooping in, and the SPRATTS mingled with the glittering throng, and liked it very much, especially Mrs. S., who thought it very civil and attentive; it is not too much to say that she attracted far more notice than any of the highborn ladies there, even the Papuan ambassadress.

In the course of the evening, Mrs. SPRATT was prevailed upon by her amiable hostess (whom nobody had ever been known to resist) to sit on a stool, as she had done in the famous picture, and darn a beautiful blue and yellow silk sock of the Baronet's to a running accompaniment on the pianoforte by one of our rising composers, who had been cunningly invited on purpose, while SPRATT was made to stand by in the attitude of an early Italian Master consumed by a pure but wasting passion.

This impromptu tableau had an immense success, and our simple friends were the lions of the evening, and passed a delightful time, and quickly, but firmly, resolved that this outer world they had taken such pains to shun had its charms, and that they would certainly cease to shun it in future.

Mrs. SPRATT'S deep-rooted dislike to the female dress of the present day did not last much longer than her life-long prejudice against the aristocracy. The very next morning after that small and early, she discarded the mediæval garments she had hitherto worn with such disdain for the eccentricities of modern fashion, and put herself into the hands of the best dress-maker in town. She had always looked lovely in her quaint old-fashioned attire, although the irreverent outside world had been wont to smile thereat as she took her walks abroad; but oh! how far lovelier she looked in the latest Paris mode, with chamois-leather underclothing, and tightly clinging skirts that showed her as she really was! The simple-minded JACK hardly recognised her, and in the depths of his modest mind he made comparisons between his wife and his lay figure, that were not always to the advantage of the latter.

He also bespoke the services of a fashionable West-End Artist; no more suburban evening suits for him! but a beautiful dress-coat, with black velvet collar, and watered-silk facings; a white waistcoat, with three coral buttons to match the shirt-studs, only bigger; trousers cut rather wide; neat pumps, and black silk socks, with white clocks (just such as *Mr. Punch* wears himself); and for his button-hole a *Stephanotis*, in a little glass tube full of water to keep it fresh.

One invitation leads to another, when the invited are as beautiful as Mrs. SPRATT, and as clever and modest as her husband, and especially when they possess such unhackneyed social accomplishments; soon she could scarcely see her lovely face in the Chippendale mirror over the front parlour mantelpiece, for the coroneted notes and cards of invitation she was able to stick there.

It is true that the plucky Baronet's Lady had dropped the SPRATTS a week after she had taken them up (in favour of a female Æolian harpist, with a blind Albino brother, and a very clever and faithful dog), but during that week she had raved about them so much, and presented them to so many people, that they were fairly launched on the sea of London Society, and no longer thought much of Baronets and their good ladies.

As in duty bound, Mrs. SPRATT was presented at Court. She also purchased a *Peerage*, &c., and learnt therein who was connected with whom, and all about everybody worth knowing; and grew to talk in sympathetic tones about the dear Marchioness, and poor Lady ANNA MARIA, who was such a martyr to rheumatism; and such like smart people; and you couldn't mention any Lady of decent fashion before her but what she would ask, "Who *was* she, by the bye?" if she didn't know; or if she did, she would insist on telling you, whether you wanted or not.

Not the least important result of these genealogical studies was that she established to her own satisfaction that the JOHN SPRATTS must be descended from the same stock as the St. JOHN D'ESPERATS, of Chalkstoneshire, and were consequently entitled to bear the same crest, which she forthwith had engraved on her notepaper and envelopes; and on suddenly discovering that the head and last remaining scion of that ancient but impecunious house had recently cut his throat in a fit of *delirium tremens*, after having been publicly

kicked out of the Kingston race-course for welching, she felt the family disgrace so keenly that it quite upset her; and although she made JACK SPRATT wear a hat-band, and went into slight mourning herself, just for decency's sake, she would not allow the sad event to be mentioned or discussed in her presence.

As for JACK, he was in the seventh heaven at all this, as well indeed he might be; not that he thought his wife's beauty had anything to do with their sudden rise in the social scale; although modest to a fault, he felt that Society was only honouring itself in honouring such genius as his, but it pleased and touched him to see how cordially, for his sake, Society had also welcomed the one he loved best, and his bosom swelled with manly pride, to see how well she bore herself and held her own.

How often it happens that the great male Spratts of this world do not achieve fame, and thus become ornaments of Society, and worth its notice, till their females have tarnished their bright scales and hardened their pretty fins in household cares, and the nursing of innumerable Sprattlings (or shall we call them whitebait.) So that sometimes, the great ones of the earth, and especially the would-be great ones, and more especially their womankind, and most especially such of their womankind, as are neither useful nor ornamental, would gladly welcome the gifted husband, and leave the thrifty wife out in the cold; and gifted husbands are sometimes so supple-backed, and thrifty wives so meek and lowly, as to acquiesce in such an arrangement. In which case, *Mr. Punch*, who really loves the poor in spirit, and can thoroughly appreciate grovelling self-abasement in others (if it be only genuine and sincere), hardly knows which to commend the most, the husband or the wife.

Nor is he at all unsympathetic, when he sees some titled lady-radical, who rates modest (male) worth higher than Norman blood; or better still, some fourth-rate woman of fashion, say some rich contractor's wife, or some wealthy stock-broker's lion-hunting widow, who wishes to make her house attractive; pressing her hospitality on some small new rickety lion, with a sprouting mane, say an amateur tenor, while she altogether forgets to invite his maneless but faithful consort, who can only roar at home; and if said lion, such as he is, accepts said invitation, and allows his lioness to be passed over and ignored, even by the greatest lady in the land, it suits *Mr. Punch's* humour, to get himself introduced to that lion, and after the usual compliments to hiss into his ear,

"Doff thy lion's hide,
And hang a livery on those recreant limbs."

And he must be uncommon smart at repartee for an amateur tenor if he can parry such a home-thrust as that.

Mais, revenons à nos — By the bye, what is the French for Spratts? Perhaps there are no such fish or people in that democratic country, so we will return instead to the trusty friends, who, thank Heaven! are to be found in all countries. In this country, alas! which is not democratic, trusty friends who are not asked to dine and dance with the Aristocracy, very seldom tolerate those who are. They say spiteful things calculated to take one down; and Mrs. SPRATT did not like to be taken down. It was especially distasteful to her when she happened quite by accident to mention the dear Marchioness, and poor Lady ANNA MARIA with her rheumatics, or to bewail Lord GEORGE's unhappy *mésalliance* with an attorney's daughter, that these tried and trusty friends should yawn, or hum, or whistle out of tune, as they would invariably do on such occasions; moreover, their innocent prattle about the grand Old Masters (peace to whose ashes!), had begun very much to pall on Mrs. SPRATT; and she had grown to dislike the cut of the trusty friends' clothes, and the way they wore their hair, and other mediæval ways they had, so that a coolness gradually made itself felt between them. At last they fell out altogether, sad to say, and parted. It happened thus:—

JACK SPRATT and his wife had been driven on a drag to Hurlingham by a noble lord of their acquaintance. Mrs. SPRATT had sat on the box-seat, and with the exception of the two grooms (and of her husband, who had been put inside), there had sat nobody behind her back of humbler rank than the younger son of an Earl. After a delightful afternoon, they were set down at their own door. There was to have been a dress evening with the trusty friends at JACK's house that night; and one of them, PETER LEONARDO PYE, was to have read a series of original poems, entitled *Dank Kisses from Mildewed Lips*. Mrs. SPRATT bade a regretful farewell to all the smart young men, and on entering her dwelling with a sigh, she found the trusty friends assembled in the hall. They were austere pulling off their trousers, and revealing themselves in brand new mediæval tights of purple silk, and short green doublets of a stuff they called "samite." At this sudden sight, Mrs. SPRATT's dormant sense of humour was at last aroused, and she poured forth such peals upon peals of laughter, that these unhappy men were offended beyond all hopes of reconciliation, and dragging on their everyday reach-me-downs in great haste, they shook the dust off their feet on the door-step, and left that hospitable house, never to return there again!

This incident led to the first misunderstanding that had ever occurred between JACK SPRATT and his wife. He upbraided her with the loss of his old friends; whereupon she told him that it was no loss at all, and that they were a "duffing lot"—an expression she must have heard at Hurlingham, or on the baronial box-seat.

And Mr. and Mrs. JACK SPRATT, who had been so closely united in thought, feeling, and sympathy, or, rather, who had always been as perfect complements to each other, each completing the other's being through harmonious dissimilarity of taste as thoroughly as did their thrice happy namesakes in the undying nursery rhyme, and like them reaching a common goal by apparently divergent ways, were no longer one and indivisible evermore.

THE SEAMAN AND THE SCRIBE.

(A Story without an End.)

The Scribe
recounteth
how he met
the Sea-
man.

'Twas a Seaman old and hoary,
Hoary as a crusted Oyster,
Crusted with an ancient glory,
Silvered by the sea-foam hoar.
Matted was his beard and ropy;
Ropy likewise were his features;
Shiny as with friction soapy;
As he paced the pebbly shore.
Also he expectorated
Freely, as he paced the shore.

And how
he resolved
to pump
him.

Here, I said, is food for story;
Story full of strange adventure,
Full of phantoms, grim and gory,
Brimful of outlandish lore.
I will question this old party;
I will probe his inmost nature;
I will board him, free and hearty;
I will search him to the core.
Then I'll write a thrilling story
Which shall stir men to the core.



He address-
eth him in
moving
terms.

"Seaman," said I, "by your features,
You have been in seas tempestuous;
You have seen some fearful creatures—
Great sea-serpents by the score.
Tell me of the lovely mermaids
Singing in the coral forests;
Tell me of those wondrous fair maids,
Tell me freely, I implore!
Weird and wicked though it may be,
Tell their story, I implore!"

Strange
conduct of
the Sea-
man.

Not a word that Seaman uttered,
Nothing said he, nothing answered;
Save a kind of rumbling, muttered
Sound, as though he groaned, or swore.
But he pointed o'er his shoulder,
Where I spied a humble Tavern:
Then, my courage going bolder,
Quick I sought its open door.
I am what you call Teetotal,
Yet I passed that Tavern door.

The Scribe
proceedeth
to prime
him.

There I gave him rum-and-water,
Whiskey, and likewise a gin-sling;
Then he took some bottled porter;
Also Brandy-punch galore.
Still that Seaman, old and wrinkled,
Did not yet begin his story.
Only in his eye there twinkled
Something of the treat in store;
For his eye grew moist and glistening—
Glistening at the treat in store.

How the
Story was
balked.

Sudden, rose he, grim and steady;
Stood a moment, glaring at me;
Then, in husky accents, said he,
"Shipmet!"—this, and nothing more.

How the
Story was
balked.

Sudden, slipped he 'neath the table—
Slipped and rolled with graceful motion,
Till he'd reached his length of cable,
Till he'd reached the Tavern floor.
Great was my surprise to see him
Stretched so neatly on the floor.



The Scribe
explaineth,
and maketh
an apology.

Thus I left that Seaman hoary—
Thus I lost his wondrous story;
For I think he had a story,
Such as man ne'er heard before.
Ought I to have waited longer?
Ought I to have primed him farther?
P'rhaps my patience had been stronger
Had he not begun to snore—
I would cheerfully have waited,
But I could not stand his snore!

OUR SAVIOURS.

(A Little Drama of the Day.)

SCENE I.

Britannia (to Reserve Man). I am glad to see, my fine fellow, that you have responded to your Country's call with such noble alacrity.

Reserve Man. Well, Ma'am, duty's duty, you know.

Britannia. Exactly! A truly English sentiment, which does you infinite honour. Go forth, my friend, with the inspiring consciousness that the eyes of your countrymen are upon you!

Reserve Man. Well, Ma'am, I dare say it's all right. I'm rather fidgety about my wife and children, though. Perhaps the eyes of my countrymen wouldn't mind giving a bit of a look to them while they are about it.

Britannia. Never fear, my friend, never fear! A Conservative Government is now in power; imperial spirit, proud patriotism, and true liberality have taken the place of pettifogging parochialism and cheese-paring.

Reserve Man. Thank'ye, Ma'am; that sounds well. Quite a pleasure to serve such a Country and such a Cabinet!

Chorus of Jubilant Jingoos. Splendid spectacle! Noble devotion! British pluck and simple dutifulness once more magnificently illustrated! Capital move this of the Government's. Complete checkmate to those rascally Russians! Let's go and drink the health of Lord B. and our brave Reserves! [Left drinking.]

SCENE II.

Chorus of Jubilant Jingoos. Peace with Honour! Precisely! Rascally Russians caved in! Calling out of the Reserves did it! Expense indeed! Why, that move saved us untold millions. Besides, perish expense when the national honour's at stake! England can afford to pay for the preservation of her prestige, we should hope. Reserves disbanded? Ah! so I hear. Grumbling! Oh, nonsense! far too fine fellows for that! Bogus tales, Sir, nothing more; last card played by those precious Radicals. Let us drink to their discomfiture, and the health of our patriotic Government! [Left doing so.]

SCENE III.

Britannia (to disbanded Reserve Man). Well, my good man, what do you want? *Reserve Man.* Pretty nearly everything, I'm sorry to say, Ma'am.

Britannia. Pray be more explicit.

Reserve Man. Well, then, bread for my family, and work for myself.

Britannia. How is it you are out of work?

Reserve Man. I left my employment at the call of my Country, to help frighten the Russians from Constantinople. I wasn't wanted, after all, except for show. You assured me that the eyes of my Countrymen were upon me; they seem now to be in quite another quarter.

Britannia. Well, but are not your old employers sufficiently patriotic to take you back again?

Reserve Man. I was in Government employ, you see. They tell me that as I left at my own wish—that's their pleasant way of putting it, Ma'am!—I have no claim upon them. As to my countrymen, they are too busy cheering the Government, to think of me, or subscribe to the Reserve Relief Society.

Britannia. Well, really I don't quite see how I can help you. But there—there's the Workhouse, you know.

Reserve Man (indignantly). The Workhouse? Would "the eyes of my Countrymen" care to see me there?

Britannia. Well, well, just for the present, you know, till things mend a bit, or something turns up.

Reserve Man. Still, it doesn't seem exactly the place for a man who has served his country, as a soldier, for five-and-twenty years, and helped the Government to bring home "Peace with Honour."

Britannia. Ahem! Perhaps not, but—well, really, you must excuse me for the present. I want to run down into Lancashire, to hear my Tuneful Three in their popular symphony on the pleasant theme of "Peace and plump Pockets."

Reserve Man. Well, really it seems rather hard lines for a saviour of his country to have no choice between starvation and the Workhouse. (To Chorus of Jubilant Jingoos.) Perhaps you, Gentlemen, could help—

Chorus of Jubilant Jingoos (waving him off). Begone, unfortunate pauper! Quite ashamed of you! Ought to have saved up the fourpence a day which a lavish country allowed you when on service. (Exit Reserve Man, sorrowfully.) All bosh! Don't believe a word of it. Exceptional case anyhow, and even a patriotic Government can't be expected to provide for exceptional cases. Put up to it by those precious Radicals, I shouldn't wonder. Awful sponges, these low fellows! Only did his duty, after all; and a patriot should be too proud to beg. What!—Russia up to her games in Affghanistan, eh? Told you so! However, BEAKEY has his eye on 'em, no doubt. Have out the Reserves and the Indian troops again like a shot if it's necessary. That'll bother the beggars! Oh, trust him to trump their best card. Here's a toast, Gentlemen: "The PREMIER, Imperial patriotism, and no petty purse-pinching!!!" Let's go and drink it in a bumper! [Left liquoring.]

SUNDAY OPENING AT MANCHESTER.

An example to most, if not all, Town Councils and Corporations in the United Kingdom (particularly in Scotland) has been set by the municipal body named in the subjoined quotation from a newspaper:—

"SUNDAY OPENING OF FREE LIBRARIES.—The Manchester City Council have instructed their Free Libraries' Committee to make arrangements for the opening of the reference and branch libraries of that city on Sunday afternoons. The resolution was carried by 28 to 20."

Such appears to be the proportion in the Manchester City Council of the wise Councillors to those who are otherwise. Notwithstanding that the former exceed the latter in the above ratio, there is still a considerable minority in favour of refusing to allow working classes on Sunday a place of resort for moral and intellectual entertainment to repair to as well as the public-house. But the interests of Society have triumphed over the stupidity of Sabbatarianism; and now that the public libraries, as well as the public-houses, are to be open on Sundays at Manchester, and the workpeople can slake their mental as well as their bodily thirst, it may be hoped that a decline will soon be visible in the statistics of drunkenness.

Punch.

(From an Objective and from a Subjective Point of View.)

German Reader (Ph. Dr.) to English ditto. Now I will ask you, my dear young friend, how was you read your *Punsch*?

English Reader. Easy chair; pipe; half hour real enjoyment.

German Reader. Ach, mein arme junge freund, but you English was not understand neimals den hoch seeligen *Punsch*. How was I read him? I wait de night, I wrap one wet towel around mein kopf, I trink in his innermost meaning doo, dree hours, I weep, ich schwitze, I get up betterer, wiserer, strongerer. Das ist der wirkliche *Punschgelesenheit*.

Candid Arbitrator. Both right in their ways. Only the golden and the silver side of the shield.

RAILWAY MISMANAGEMENT.

For the unpunctuality of trains it may be observed that there are other parties a great deal more to blame than the Pointsmen.



THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

(This is the second time that Mudge has pricked her finger—the first time it bled so much that Mamma felt quite faint, and had to drink a glass of Sherry ;—now it's Jack's turn.)

Mamma. "WELL, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU, JACK?"

Jack. "OH! I FEEL RATHER FAINT, THAT'S ALL. IS THERE SUCH A THING AS A BUN IN THE HOUSE?"

"THERE AND (NOT) BACK!"

DEATH sits in his ticket-box, issuing forth
For the east, and the west, and the south, and the north,
His holiday billets. His task as he plies,

The Spectre looks gay, and with reason ;
For Time, his old friend, who so faithfully tries
To fill the Anatomy's maw as he flies,
Has brought back the Holiday Season !

The Holiday Season ! A very grim jest,
Which Death may well mouth with ineffable zest,
As he reckons the harvest it brings him.

But the holiday-maker ? Perhaps he is one
Who may well be excused for not seeing the fun,
E'en although, for the time, he has luckily run
The cordon of danger that rings him.

For hearts must beat low at the hideous tale
Of multiplied slaughter by river and rail,
And steadiest nerves at the prospect may fail
The annual risk of renewing,

If, spite of all science, and labour, and care,
He who fronts pleasure's fast-growing perils must dare
Such horrible, swift, multitudinous wreck,
As comes when the Demon of War, without check,
Red fields with his victims is strewing.

"Weak sentiment!" smiles the calm Cynic, and airs
The time-honoured saw about Accidents.* Well,
Men who sit safe at home, with an eye to their shares,
May philosophise thus ; but the mind which will dwell
On the pangs of that awful ten minutes of terror,
And the wide-spreading woe it were hard to o'erstate,
May inquire if the judgment may not be in error,
Which sets it all down to indifferent Fate.

* "Accidents will happen in the best regulated families."

Glib talk of per-centage, and average may tire,
When Grim Death's the assessor, and lives are his hire ;
Has Greed never brand in the game, which enhances
The "average" due to the "doctrine of chances" ?
Has callous Incaution, which heeds not, nor recks,
No need of stern urgings, and strenuous checks,
Which Public Opinion, plus Law, may administer ?
May means not be tried, and not wholly in vain,
To lessen the sum of the annual gain,

Of that spectre so gloating and sinister ?
Lucre-lust, and impatience of trouble and care
Are her caterers twain, and the mischievous pair
Must be countered by Caution and Reason ;
And then it may prove that, in spite of the saw,
And of high-sounding talk about Chance and its law,
Death need not be regarded with panic-struck awe,
Fated Lord of the Holiday Season !

Expert and Tiro.

Old Novelist (he) to Young Ditto (she). Well, my dear, how does your book get on ?

Young Novelist. Nearly finished my second volume.

Old Novelist. Ah! then you have married your hero and heroine each to the wrong person, and are looking out for new, easy, and natural ways of killing off your obstructives.

Young Novelist (overwhelmed with astonishment). Oh, my dear Mr. OLDBIRD, how could you possibly know ?

Old Novelist (with calm smile of ripe experience). "Know," my dear ? Why, it is the regulation pattern. Booksellers will not publish anything else.

THE REAL "BEES' SELL."—Taking the honey.



"THERE AND (NOT) BACK!"

(Vide any Daily Newspaper.)

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.



COVENT Garden Promenade Concerts—C Minor—News from Switzerland.

A STUPENDOUS Musical Amateur insisted upon my going with him to hear "C Minor," and to make

a note of it. We ended by making a night of it, but that mustn't be laid to the score of "C Minor," and, in fact, is neither here nor there. Well, we dined, wisely and well, and then went to the "C Minor." We entered our box at Covent Garden amid suppressed cheers from the crowd, and, after scattering largesse to the officials (a silver fourpenny to the venerable box-keeper, who mistook it for sixpence, and wept with gratitude), we bowed to the house, then to Mr. ARTHUR SULLIVAN, and seated ourselves.

Miss ROSE HERSEE had just finished singing, as my Stupendous Friend explained to me, "*Her-see Minor*." This was his fun, and I begged him not to repeat it. He did, however, several times, having, as I subsequently discovered, only two jokes for the evening, the one leading up to the other. The other came after he had given me the first several times. I had just begged him not to harp on this one string, when he replied, with a diabolical chuckle, that this was the part of the concert for which he was engaged, i.e., "to harp on one string."

After this I sat gloomy and discontented, thinking how poverty makes strange boxfellows—for it was his box, not mine, and I was in his power,—when M. PAUL VIARDOT struck up *Scenes de Ballet* on his violin. I should have enjoyed this hugely, but for the accompaniment of soda-water corks in the distance, which I venture to say would spoil "C Minor" itself. How M. PAUL VIARDOT could get on at all with "Pop goes the Soda" going on behind him, I don't know. This *Overture d'Eau de Seltz* ought to be restricted to the Monday "Pops." Why can't there be a few drinking bars' rest during a solo?

'Twas very hard, oh,
On Monsieur VIARDOT!

but the eminent Conductor, who so ably half fills the chair at the Promenade Concerts, doesn't seem to mind it, so why should *nous autres*?

My stupendous and accomplished musical Friend explained everything to me, scientifically. M. VIARDOT having retired gracefully after being recalled enthusiastically, the orchestra played the *Gavotte* from *Mignon*. It only lasted a few minutes, and roused the audience to enthusiasm. It was vociferously redemanded. My accomplished Friend applauded until his gloves split, and his spectacles dropped into the promenade below (which gave him another opportunity of reproducing his joke about "C minor"—it was something about being able to "see minor" without them), but Mr. ARTHUR

SULLIVAN would not yield. There he sat with his back to the excited crowd, stern, passive, impassible. He calmly looked at his watch, as though in his capacity of M.D.—Musical Doctor—he were feeling the pulse of the audience. "You don't have this *Gavotte* again!" he seemed to say. Even the band looked up to him with pale, imploring faces, but he wouldn't give it again, or, as my irrepressible friend said, he wouldn't "*gave-rotte* again." The turmoil gradually ceased. The soft-hearted band sighed, but "the Governor was resolved," and up came Miss ANTOINETTE STERLING to sing us "*False Friend, wilt thou smile or weep?*" by J. W. DAVISON. Courteously the Conductor rose, and placing himself at the piano with an affable gentleman by his side, to turn over a new leaf for him, he accompanied the song, which went admirably. During this, the soda-water-cork accompaniment was conspicuous by its absence.

"Now," cried my Friend, "for 'C Minor'!" There was the *Allegro con brio*—then the *Andante con moto*—then the *Scherzo allegro*, running into (without any accident, thank goodness) the *Allegro*.

The gay and careless promenaders stopped to listen to the magic of BEETHOVEN, and the waiters and the barmaids were struck motionless during the *con moto*. You could have heard a remark drop, had any one dared to let one fall. No, we all listened in rapt attention, my Stupendous and accomplished Friend humming the tit-bits *sotto voce*, and materially assisting Mr. SULLIVAN by beating time with his right hand over the ledge of the box. As the *Allegro* finished, my Stupendous Friend rose from his seat, and, frowning upon me as though challenging, or defying contradiction, addressed me thus,

"The *Allegro*," he said, firmly and authoritatively, "is the point where Human Genius has reached its uttermost limits,"—and with this he strode grandly from the box, in so ethereally transcendental a manner that, had any one met me immediately afterwards, and told me "Your friend has gone straight up through the roof into the sky above, all among the angels," I should not have been surprised: indeed, I should rather have expected it.

In meditative humour I descended and joined the giddy throng. Somehow I wandered towards the GATTI bars, where music hath charms to soothe the thirsty beast, and I was awoke from my reverie by these words from a Johnsonian voice, addressing apparently a select circle, "The *Allegro* is the point where Human Genius has reached its uttermost limits. Waiter, another B. and S., well iced." He was all there,—and I joined him.

On one of the "Classical" nights Mr. SULLIVAN proposes doing the *Opera* of HORATIUS FLACCUS, a symphony from CICERO's charming composition *De Senectute*, and the celebrated chorus of *Poluphoisboio Thallases* from HOMER PASHA's *Iliad*. Solo, with *Variorum Notes*, by Mons. VIARDOT. Everyone in classical dress. Umbrellas and sandals left at the door.

Mrs. BANCROFT gave a reading from one of DICKENS's works, for some charitable purpose, I believe, at some pleasant spot in Switzerland. In return, her enthusiastic admirers there have promised her a seat—not in the house, but out of the house—a country-seat, on which her name is to be painted in large letters. Will "Prince of Wales's, every Night" be on it? Or, as a really characteristic memorial of the talented Manageress, why should not that touching appeal to the public be painted on the back of the seat in letters of gold, showing how Mrs. BANCROFT earnestly requests the audience to be in their seats by eight o'clock *punctually*, not so much that they may have the full value of their money, but that they may not lose one word of the charming play (whatever it may be) at her theatre. Madam, I drink to your success, and as many of them in the future as you've had in the past, when ALFRED AUSTIN could write, in a note to *The Season*, a *Satire*,—"Miss MARIE WILTON is every way charming, and can act only in those parts which are written for her; and it is no fault—but rather talent—of hers, that she creates a more lively sensation when she is not speaking than when she is."

If ALFRED AUSTIN was right *then*, how utterly wrong he is *now*! Think of the "Robertsonian Comedies"! *Polly Eccles* in *Caste*, for example.—Of course, SARDON's *Countess Zicka* was out of Mrs. BANCROFT's line, but it was a marvellous clever mistake for all that, and it wasn't everybody who discovered it as soon as did the *artiste* herself, who deserves a rest, and as they've offered it in Switzerland, I hope it will be accepted. Something resembling local colour might have been given to the entertainment by Mrs. BANCROFT reading a scene or two from *The Maid and the Magpie*, in which Miss MARIE WILTON's *Pippo* was inimitable. In her first song, almost prophetic, *Pippo* declares—

"I was born to be what Actors term 'a leading man,'
Tiddle de oodle um :
Or, in common parlance, a tragedi-an.
As *Hamlet* of Denmark to philosophise,
Or, as gallant tar *William*, to shout 'My dear eyes!'
Tiddle de oodle um."

Imagine *Countess Zicka*, in SARDON's last Act, when, having been "foiled"—the usual tin-foiled of the stage villain—she is being crushed by Mr. CLAYTON, representative of "all the virtues"—



"COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE."

imagine, I say, *Countess Zicka*, when recalling the memories of her past career, so as to touch the callous hearts, suddenly coming upon that particular reminiscence of "Tiddle de oodle um"!

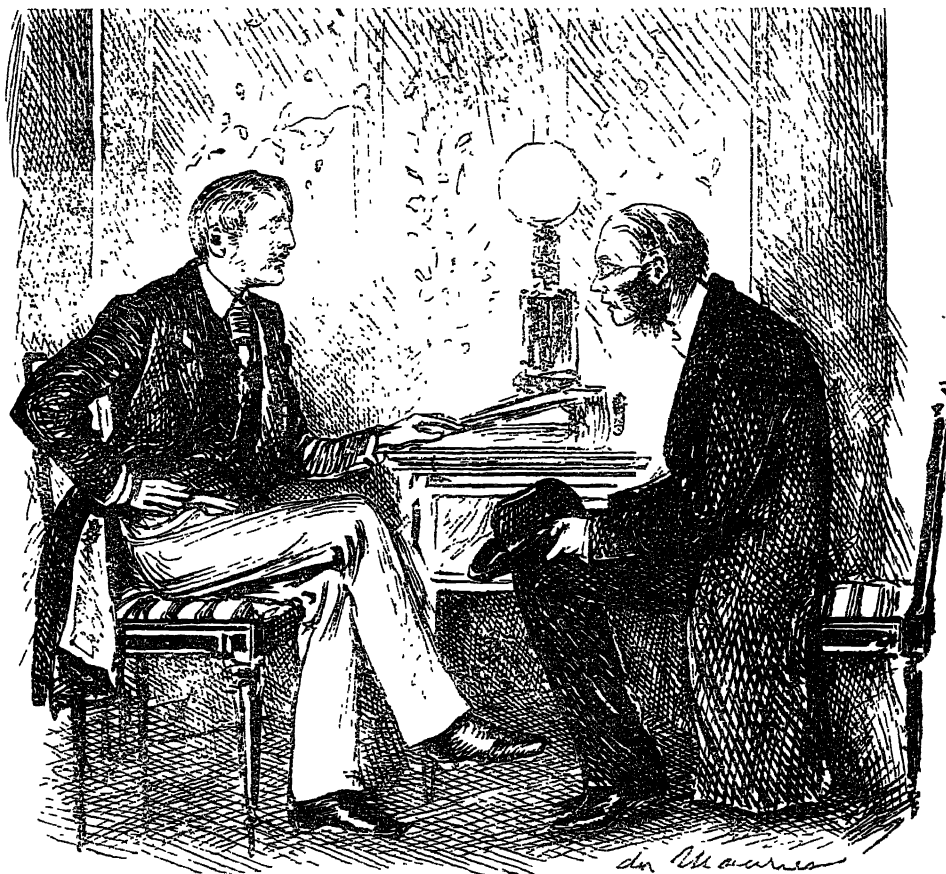
Uncle Tom's Cabin won't do in its present form. Why "our boys" in the Gallery can do a better break-down than these Niggers; and then we have all seen the imitation, which is so much better than the real thing. Little *Eva* (most intelligently played by Miss *CARRIE COOTE*) is a horrid prig of a child, and *Uncle Tom* a canting old nuisance, enough to irritate any master. Mr. *CHARLES WARNER* as *George Harris*, has a deal of shouting and stamping to go through; and the bravest thing he does, in his character of hero and defender of the innocent and afflicted, is to stand on a platform, and fire a revolver, shooting the Comic Man six times through the umbrella. This brings down the Comic Man and the curtain with

a roar from the audience; but it is not much for a hero to do, after all—not, I mean, exactly an act on which he would like, subsequently, to rest his reputation as a hero.

Messrs. *JARRETT* and *PALMER*, however, are first-rate Showmen, best after *BARNUM*, bar none; and they're safe to make it pay: but they've got their work cut out for them here, says

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S. There is to be a *Matinée* at the Gaiety next Saturday, in aid of the funds of one of the most deserving charities in London. It may be here recorded that every one of Mr. *JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD*'s employes, without exception, have given their services on this occasion for the benefit of the Hospital for Sick Children. Cheques can be sent to the Manager; and "*Friends at a distance* will kindly accept this intimation," and forward the tin, and the good cause.



A NEW PANACEA.

Doctor. "MY DEAR SIR, YOU ARE SUFFERING FROM NERVOUS EXHAUSTION, THE RESULT OF OVERWORK—YOUR ONLY CHANCE IS PERFECT REST FOR SIX MONTHS, COMBINED WITH THE MOST FAULTLESS DIET, THE PUREST AIR, AND THE MOST UNEXCEPTIONAL HYGIENIC CONDITIONS."

Patient. "AND HOW AM I TO PROCURE THEM!"

Doctor. "I WILL TELL YOU. AS YOU LEAVE MY HOUSE, TAKE ONE OF MY UMBRELLAS WITH YOU. THERE ARE SEVERAL IN THE HALL. I WILL HAVE YOU RUN IN BEFORE YOU TURN THE CORNER OF THE STREET, AND IN A DAY OR TWO YOU WILL FIND YOURSELF IN THE MOST IDEAL CIRCUMSTANCES FOR REGAINING YOUR HEALTH, STRENGTH, AND SPIRITS. WHEN THESE ARE RESTORED, I WILL SEE THAT YOUR CHARACTER IS DULY CLEARED, AND YOU WILL BE ABLE TO RESUME YOUR INVALUABLE LABOURS FOR THE GOOD OF MANKIND!"

LIFE IN HIM YET.

As there appears to exist considerable divergence of opinion as to the simplest method of speedily and effectually "re-organising" his rather impossible friend, the Turk, *Mr. Punch*, who has received many interesting but conflicting suggestions on the subject, takes a random handful, and pins them up before him. The general outlook being promising, *Mr. Punch* subjoins a few as under, to wit:—

Let the SULTAN—say, on and after the fifth of November next—with a view to the reduction of all superfluous expenditure,

- (1) Never take part in any State ceremonial that involves the use of accessories other than a plain kitchen chair, two broomsticks, a couple of boys, a few decorations in coloured ribbon, and a newspaper cocked hat, and—on such occasions as the Opening of Parliament or the marriage of some member of the Royal house—perhaps a dark lantern, a bundle of matches, and a pair of gilt pantomime spectacles;
- (2) Have his Civil List cut down to eighty pounds per annum, payable quarterly, accept Rosherville as a winter residence, and appear on three five shilling Saturdays, during the height of the season, at the Crystal Palace;
- (3) Make up any deficiency in his income, as thus secured, by giving private lessons in etiquette to intending British Oriental Residents.

Let a spirited Joint Stock Company take over the whole of Constantinople as it stands, and open it, not later than the 1st of May next, as an International Aquarium, and Five o'clock Tea Gardens, at which fully paid-up Fellows shall have the privilege—

"EXCURSIONS! ALARUMS!"

As soon as the Excursion Season begins, the "points" become a fertile cause of railway accidents. The points which we allude to are principally these:—

A point of starting trains so quickly on the heels—or wheels—of one another, that the pointsmen grow confused, and can scarce tell which is which, and the Signalmen get tired, and make confusion worse confounded.

A point of neglecting to provide continuous brakes, and thus continuously exposing the heads and limbs of passengers to the risk of breakage.

A point of penny-wise economy in the manning of small Stations with a brace or so of boys, who, though they labour manfully, are utterly incompetent to do the work required of them.

A point of cutting Cheap Fast Trains in two, and sending off one-half without sending off due notice all along the line that the other half is following.

A point of shunting heavy goods' waggons in the greatest haste, and when there is the greatest chance of some train running into them.

A point of perilous pound-foolishness in keeping Signalmen at their posts, until worn-out, they fall asleep, and mistake them for their bed-posts.

A point of crowding twenty people into a compartment, so that they cannot make their exit safely in the scanty time allowed them at bye-stations.

A point of working Engine Drivers so long at a stretch, that they well nigh ere the end of it are driven from their senses.

QUESTION FOR CHANGE.—When is a Joint Stock Company like a watch? Always. When it is going as well as when it is wound up.

- (1) Of introducing two friends to the reserved seats;
- (2) Of being eligible to any posts of emolument that happen to fall vacant in Eastern Roumelia;
- (3) Of ordering hot dinners on the premises before two p.m.; and
- (4) Of taking the rank and title of Turkish Pashas in England and the Channel Islands.

Let reform commence in the whole of Asia Minor simultaneously, by the immediate introduction into all towns, numbering a population of 5,000 souls, of—

- (1) A circulating library;
- (2) A Policeman;
- (3) A music-hall; and
- (4) A public-house; the number of the latter to be determined by the wants of the locality, estimated by the reasonable ratio of one to every 215 inhabitants.

Let capital flow freely to the East, and, hand in hand with enterprise, arrange a complete net-work of railways that shall bring the Caspian as close as Cowes and render the Euphrates as popular for water-parties as the Thames; the whole scheme being helped on by the opening of a cricket-ground at Bagdad, and the establishment of a branch of the *Ramsgate Marina* at the head of the Persian Gulf;

And lastly, let any financial deficiencies, should such arise from a vigorous prosecution of the above programme, be instantly made up from the teeming gold, silver, copper, diamond, and other mines that are only waiting the arrival of the requisite Government plant to be worked at this moment triumphantly in Cyprus.

Mr. Punch can only add that if a careful perusal of the above does not make the Turk and his friends happy and hopeful—nothing will.



DRACONIAN.

SCENE—Police Court, North Highlands.

Accused. "PUT, PAILIE, IT'S NA PROVIT!"

Bailie. "HOOT TOOTS, TONAL, AND HEAR ME SPEAK! AW'LL ONLY FINE YE HA'F-A-CROON THE DAY, BECAUSE ET'S NO VARRA WELL PROVIT. BUT IF EVER YE COME BEFORE ME AGAIN, YE'LL NO GET AFF UNDER FIVE SHILLIN'S, WHETHER ET'S PROVIT OR NO!"

HARD WORK IN THE WORKHOUSE.

OUR friend, Mr. BUMBLE, has been greatly scandalised by the perusal, in a daily paper, of "A Magistrate's Experience of Stone-breaking," as related by his Worship himself, Mr. ALBERT SIMPSON, of Elmhurst, near Garstang, in a letter to the Garstang Board of Guardians. Mr. SIMPSON had occasionally had, as a duty, to send vagrants to prison for refusing to complete their task of stone-breaking in the vagrant cells at the Garstang Workhouse; but, as many of them declared they were unable, he, feeling now and then not quite satisfied that justice was done them, determined to "put the matter to the test by breaking a 'task' of stones" himself—a proceeding which Mr. BUMBLE deplors as "werry doggeratory and in for a dig."

Having, however, formed the resolution to do what seems so derogatory to our Beadle, Mr. SIMPSON heroically did it, as he thus describes:—

"Accordingly I went into a cell, and, without asking any instructions, proceeded to break the stones. I found fully three-fourths of the stones such as any man in moderate health, and unskilled in stone-breaking, could manage, but the remainder were quite beyond the power of an unpractised hand. It took me over five hours of incessant labour to complete the lot, of which time nearly one-half was consumed in breaking six stones, which defied for a long time my utmost strength, although I am not unskilled in the use of the hammer. The fact was, that I did not understand the grain of particular stones, which a practised hand would have split easily; and I have no doubt that, through ignorance of the work, I exercised sufficient strength to have broken four times the quantity I did. I completed the task thoroughly exhausted, and with my hands raw and in many places bleeding."

"For a Swell to demean his self like that," says Mr. BUMBLE, "may be all werry well for a Immature Casual a-go-in to write a article about it in a newspaper, 'cause bisnis is bisnis; but a Magistrate got no bisnis to interfere with the arraignments of Workus interiors, and witch I consider a most improper violation of porochial economy."

Mr. BUMBLE deprecates any attention on the part of "porochial" authorities to any such "speechious" representations as these:—

"Of course my object was to do the work exactly as a casual tramp would do who had never done it before, and I know now where I wasted my labour; but I can assure you I can quite understand why a weakly man, ignorant of stone-breaking, prefers to go to gaol rather than to complete such a task. Now, the result of the present system is that the casual vagrant who is really in search of work has inflicted upon him what not only amounts to positive punishment, but also more or less incapacitates him for work; whilst the habitual vagrant gets through his task without difficulty, and the better man of the two gets placed in the worst position, which is contrary to all justice."

"No sitch a thing," insists Mr. BUMBLE. "None on 'em better, and none wus than another, all alike, not a pin to choose between none on 'em, all tramps and vagrants and wagabones, the 'ole bilin, all ekally poor, and all to be put together under the 'ed of wicious pawpers."

Mr. SIMPSON proceeds to suggest:—

"1. That a copy of instructions on stone-breaking be hung in each cell, to be read to those vagrants who cannot read it for themselves. 2. That either the extra hard stones are kept out of the 'task' allotted to the casual vagrants, or that they have the option of some other labour, such as oakum picking, which must be made equally remunerative to the ratepayers."

The expense of furnishing "these despicable vagrants" with a copy of instructions on stone-breaking in each of their cells, is strongly objected to by Mr. BUMBLE. "Let 'em find it out," he says, "as they was meant to, and don't put the beggars to no other labour but what the ratepayers is sure to find remunerative a good deal more than ekally." Viewing pauper task-work as simply a ratepayer's question, Mr. BUMBLE, "with all due difference to a Wurshipful Justis of the Peece," considers the concluding observation of Mr. SIMPSON's letter the only sensible saying it contains:—

"It must be borne in mind that every one of these unfortunate men sent to prison entails considerable extra expense on the ratepayers."

"Yes," assents Mr. BUMBLE, "the expense of the ratepayers; that's the pint. Don't send the villanous vagrants to jale by no means! Compell 'em to break stones, weather they can without urtin themselves or no. Let a able-bodied inmate stand over every one on 'em as refuses with a good 'osswhip. Stone-breaking is the properest tax wot is or can be for them abandond outcursts. They asks for bread, and they receives stones as well; and if that isn't gorspel, I don't know who is."

Nevertheless, may there not be a degree of doubt in some minds, if oakum-picking, considered as tax-work, is not hard labour, almost, if not quite, sufficiently severe for the punishment of merely casual vagrancy, to which the vagrant, honest and industrious, has been reduced by altogether unmerited misfortune, like, for example, a discharged Reserve Man out of employ?

New Nursery Rhyme.

RIDE the high-horse!

COCKY HANBURY'S cross

To see an old Statesman select his own course.

He calls him Arch-Traitor,

Chief friend of our 'foes,

And bullyrags GLADSTONE wherever he goes.

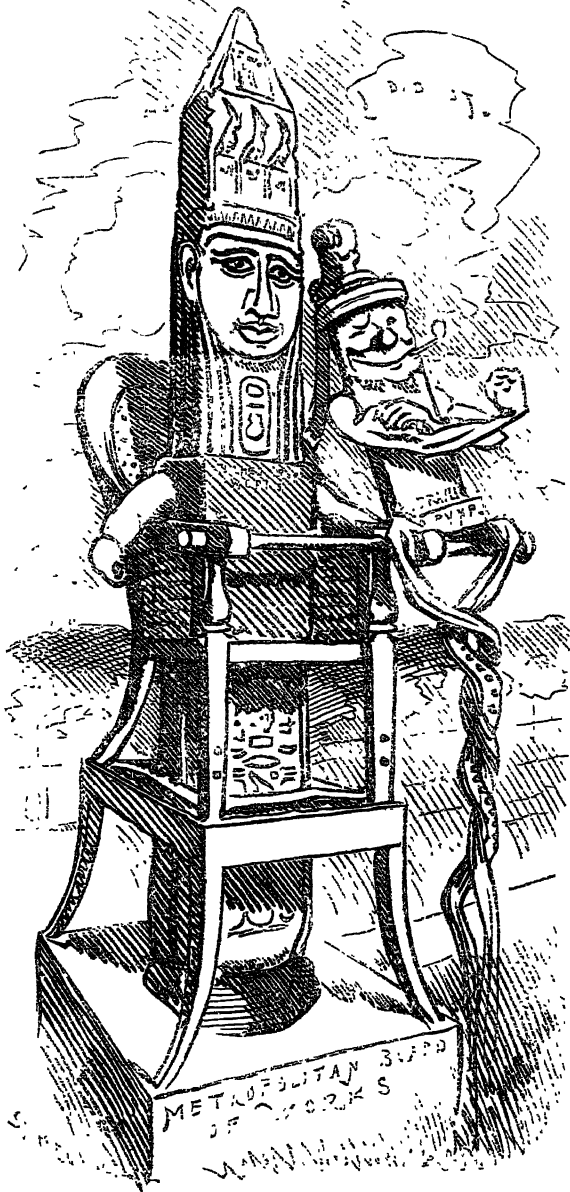
Fees and Fares.

"A CABMAN" who reads his paper on the seat of his box, suggests as to the question about "Fees and Physicians," that, as a Physician's fee is really a mere gratuity, when a patient asks him how much he is indebted to him, the Doctor might answer, "Leave it to you, Sir." Cabby thinks it would succeed.

"ANOTHER CABMAN" proposes that in case a Physician is presented with an honorarium of one guinea only, he should extend it to the donor in the palm of his hand, with a stare of astonishment, and ask, "What is this?" And then if he got double fee, what fee could be fairer than that?

"WHAT THE WILD WAVES ARE SAYING."—"We wish we could be quiet (*this hot weather*)."

THE CUTLERS' FEAST.—A Knife and Fork Tea.



AT LAST!

'ARRY ON POOTY WOMEN.

DEAR CHARLIE,

I send ye the photers you asked me to git, in your last. They're a nice little lot, and no error; the pink of the swell and the fast; Which the two nowadays is so mixed, it's no use to try drorin' the line. There's parties as don't like the "blend," but their humbuggin' notions ain't mine.

I am nuts on nice gals, as you know; pooty faces, and figgers, and that, Are things as I tumble to quick; I'm a 'ot 'un, mate, all round my 'at. And I hold that this photygraft fakement is proper; it gives yer a peep At a lot as you couldn't be fly to no otherways—not on the cheap.

That's it, don't yer know! Done on canvas these prime 'uns 'ud cost, oh! a pile. But now, for a bob, you can twig 'em familiar like, doing a smile, Or tipping the wink confidential, as if you wos one of their lot, And figged out in wot they calls *dishabille*, took, I should say, when it's 'ot.

The tip-tops are losing their stiffness; the grand highy-tighty don't pay; Which is wot, as I've mentioned afore, is the 'opefullest mark of the day: I'm a bit of a bloomin' feelosopher, CHARLIE, my boy, as you know, And there's lots to be learned from the text of "One shillin' a-piece, all this row."

There's the QUEEN—*she* ain't much to be sure—and there's BESSIE BOLAIR of the Cri.: By Jingo, 'er bust is a buster, and hasn't she jest got an eye? Then comes Mrs. THREESTARS, of Thingummy, one of the horty heleet, And I'm blowed if she doesn't run BESSIE a close 'un in figger and feet!

"Mixed pickles," my boy, and no kid. Oh, I've got a whole pile at my den; They'd be flattered to hear the remarks when I'm trottin' 'em hout to our men. To git 'em, jest like tea and scrimps at a shillin' a 'ead for the lot, Is prime; and it's kind of 'em, CHARLIE, most kind of 'em, blest if it's not.

In course their sole haim's to oblige *hus*; they carn't care a cuss for the cash. With the batch as I sends yer per post you'll be able to cut quite a dash. And astonish the rurals a few, as they mayn't be quite up to it yet, With the sight of the town's latest *belle weeze-a-wee* with the *bally's* last pet.

I've heard soapy sneakers protest, and declare the whole thing *infry dig*, But I think they 'ad best stow their sermons; I *do* 'ate a sport-spiling prig! If the Swelleses *likes* to be looked at in attitoods yum-yum by hus, There's no gent with a taste 'ud object, though they hogled a 'undred times wus.

Which they *can* cast sheep's eyes and no error, the profession don't touch 'em at that, But a pooty gal, gentle, or simple, as carn't use her glims is a flat. It's that and the spicey-cut toggerly fetches me CHARLIE, that's poz, And if you don't say werry much ditto, you ain't arf the 'ot 'un you wos.

"Pooty souls!" When I sits with my halbum, jest like that old bloks in the play, (A nice cup o' tea *that*, old Mivvey!) I feel as we're on the right lay. —Don't know, as the tub-thumpers' spout, that the lion lies down with the lamb, But Society's "lions," at least, wag their tails on the cheap, and *that's* jam.

Wot the 'usbands and brothers thinks on it is more than yours truly can tell, But I s'pose one must pocket some pride, if one's game is to smack of the Swell. It ain't any use to go sticking up "private" on all o' your doors, 'Cos yer see if the public means twigging, sech posters it jolly soon floors.

I say it's one more to our side; shows the toffs give us credit for taste; And I flatter myself I've a heye for the turn of a hankle or waist: There's one in your lot jest my sort, *if* I made up my book for to marry; You see if you're able to spot 'er. Meanwhile, I'm Yours, nobbily, 'ARRY.

EQUIVOCAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

AN Irish contemporary prints and publishes a "Want" expressed with a dubious perspicuity:—

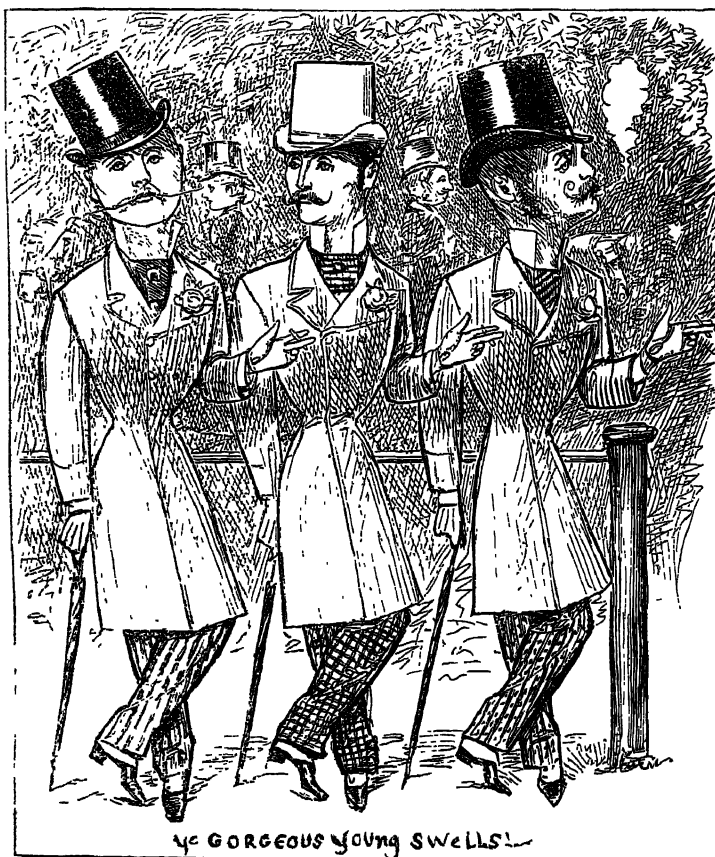
LODGINGS.—WANTED, in a Christian or Protestant Family, of scrupulously clean habits, one Furnished Room, at £1 per month, about a quarter of an hour from town.—Address, "ECONOMY," office of this paper.

By the disjunctive particle "or" interposed between "Christian" and "Protestant," it may be surmised that the advertiser means to differentiate "Protestant" from "Christian," and express an idea that Protestants are not Christians. On the contrary, we may take "or" in the sense of "otherwise," implying the notion that Protestant and Christian are convertible terms, and that Protestants are the only Christians. "ECONOMY" seems economical in the use of words in a degree amounting to parsimony.

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE JACK SPRATTS.

A Tale of Modern Art and Fashion.

PART III.



MRS. SPRATT had not only learnt how to dress fashionably, and to laugh at the peculiarities of old and trusty friends, and to use vulgar, modern, slang expressions that would have made the fastidious CHAUCER turn in his grave; but she had also learnt how to get rid of that unconsciousness, which had once been as a sweet frame to her beauty, and which had so nobly stood the test of those little round mirrors in her husband's studio.

(Have our Lady readers ever contemplated themselves in one of these?)

During the early days of her married life, she had often sat by her husband in the National Gallery, reading aloud to him, as he copied those singularly seductive types of female loveliness which the early Italian Masters have made so especially their own; and she had shared in his enthusiasm for them, and had often blamed herself for being so utterly unlike.

There had been one picture in particular, the "*Martyrdom of Cupid*," by LUCA SIGNORELLI, in which Cupid himself, and the nymphs who persecute him are of a beauty so overpowering that J. SPRATT and the trusty friends would always feel faint, and weak in their backs and legs, through sheer excess of sensuous pleasure when they gazed at it; and varied as those nymphs were in form, hue, and feature, she could not claim the remotest resemblance to any single nymph amongst them, not even when she tried in a little round mirror.

JACK SPRATT himself, who had fallen in love, courted and married before he had ever seen an old picture, could not but also feel at times that his wife was not quite such as the early Italian Masters would have chosen for a model; and he had been confirmed in this impression by the careless remarks of his trusty friends, who had not yet gotten themselves wives of their own (and who, although they would speak of *each other's* faces as "beautiful," "lovely," "divine," and so forth, were extremely fastidious in the matter of modern female beauty).

This disenchantment had been the one slight drawback to a happiness nearly perfect; but he had always been too much of a Gentleman to reproach his wife with her physical shortcomings; and had found both his consolation and his reward in her gentleness, her gratitude, her admiration for his genius, and her complete devotion to himself.

Moreover, although he could not alter her form, features, and complexion, he had endeavoured to teach her most of the early Italian attitudes, and she had proved a docile and intelligent pupil.

But now all this was changed; for wherever she went she was greeted with an admiration sufficient to turn an older and wiser head than hers; Dukes, Bishops, Generals, Admirals, even Right Honourables vied with each other in paying pretty compliments to the pretty Mrs. SPRATT; so that she grew somewhat vain, and almost seemed at times as though she were half inclined to give herself airs; for instance, she would innocently blurt out before the wives and daughters of these great dignitaries (especially if they happened to be rather plain) that she would sooner be dead than not be beautiful, and the wives and daughters did not always relish these egotistical bursts of confidence.

Then there were the Royal Academicians, who also vied with each other in spoiling her; the painters painted her, one and all; and the sculptors sculpted, and the engravers engraved; while the cantankerous architects looked on with smothered envy; and gay young Associates, fellows of infinite jest, enlivened the sittings with inimitable song, dance, and story.

Not content with painting her, one famous artist, possessed of wide and varied information, and quite an authority in such matters, solemnly stated that so beautiful a woman as Mrs. JOHN SPRATT had not been seen for four hundred years!

It requires less than this to make a pretty woman THE FASHION—which Mrs. SPRATT immediately became.

So that even that lily of lilies, born of the foam of the sea, wafted hither from the Channel Isles by soft propitious winds, immortalised by MILLAIS and POYNTER, and enshrined for ever (along with a good many others) in the constant but capacious heart of *Mr. Punch*, was fain to abdicate from her throne in favour of that rose of roses, Mrs. JACK SPRATT; and, to her inexpressible relief, was permitted once more to mingle with the gay and fashionable throng without attracting more notice than any other handsome and well-



"THE R. H. A."

Mrs. Shoddy (who has rung for her Cook). "MRS. SIMMER, I SAW AN OFFICER GOING DOWN MY ARE'. NOW, I WILL NOT ALLOW THIS!"

Cook. "LOR', M'UM, YOU CAN'T OBJEC' TO THAT, M'UM. IT'S ONLY MY SON, M'UM—IN THE R'YAL 'OS ARTILLERY, M'UM—JUST GAZETTED BOMBARDIER HE SAYS, M'UM, AND COME TO SHOW HIS UNIFORM!!"

dressed lady; and as handsome and well-dressed ladies are by no means the exception in this gifted land, she had a nice easy time of it; quite a holiday, so to speak.

Not only the Fine Arts, as represented by the Royal Academy, but poetry, literature, and the exact sciences followed suit, and paid homage to the popular Mrs. SPRATT in the persons of their most famous representatives—shining lights, whose names are household words all over the habitable globe; and such homage she would receive at first with gracious condescension, for she made it her queenly boast that she honoured true genius irrespective of birth or breeding; which was very good of her, for in her inmost heart she thought but lightly of these immortals who had worked so hard for their immortality.

It must be remembered that Mrs. SPRATT had lived on terms of daily and familiar intercourse with the greatest geniuses of the age; for such, as she had always been given to understand, were her husband and the trusty friends; and this on their own authority; and these were, of all people, in a position to speak of such matters, being, as we have already said, critics as well as everything else, and knowing each other well.

There was PETER LEONARDO PYE, for instance, the author of *Dank Kisses from Mildewed Lips*, who was quite the greatest poet that had sung since MILTON, as had been ungrudgingly acknowledged by JACK SPRATT and the trusty friends, and even admitted by himself; though not without reluctance, for he was the very soul of modesty, was young PYE.

Indeed, so high were his aspirations, that he passionately longed not to be recognised by the world for many generations to come, and lived in constant dread of sudden popularity—thereby standing on a far higher pinnacle than any of the geniuses Mrs. SPRATT met in Society.

Well, P. L. PYE wore side-spring boots, an æsthetic neck-tie, and trousers that would have been thought ill-conditioned in the Hampstead Road.

Burning thoughts, fiery though Platonic passions, and a habit of too recklessly consuming the midnight oil had wasted his once comely

cheeks, contracted his chest, and made his shoulders round and sloping, and his legs so weak that he stood over like an old cab-horse; and proud as Lucifer though he was, and highly educated, for he had graduated with honours at the London University, he was only the son of a hatter; with whom he had, however, quarrelled and parted (which may, perhaps, have accounted for his always wearing such shocking bad hats); and his thoughts were so lofty and sorrowful that he kept most of them to himself, and those less lofty ones he had occasionally imparted to Mrs. SPRATT had still been too lofty for her to understand, and had made her feel very uncomfortable.

And though he thought her quite the most beautiful woman he had ever seen out of an old picture (he never looked at any others,) his admiration was expressed in such an abstract way, that she could scarcely apprehend it.

So that she felt not only that PYE's company gave her no pleasure, but that to be seen riding, driving, or waltzing with him, even had he been capable of such accomplishments, would not have made her an object of envy in the eyes of other women; and it was the same with the rest of the trusty friends, who in genius, sorrow, and shabbiness of outward form quite equalled PYE, if they did not indeed surpass him.

Whence she somewhat hastily concluded, that geniuses were careless in dress, eccentric in manner, very much taken up with themselves, and connected in some way or other with business; and she divided Society into two portions, those who were in BURKE, DEBBRETT & Co., and those who were out of it, and looked upon all the latter as though they had been meritorious and more or less gifted hatters, worthy of all respect, but whose attentions conferred no social distinction on a pretty woman.

Argal, she much preferred the gorgeous gilded glittering swells, who had been born to Swelldom, as she had been born to Beauty, without any fuss or bother.

For Swelldom is like the rose, in that some of its scent will cling to those who live with it; so, at least, thought Mrs. SPRATT.

And Sweldom is pretty to look at, and wears trousers that never bag at the knees, and boots and shoes that do not turn up at the toes, nor flatten under the sole of the foot; and the flowers in its button-holes are poems, and its hats, neckties, and gloves are always new, and always the very best of their kind.

Sweldom is friends with horses and dogs, and guns and fishing-rods, which are easier to master than pictures and poems, and the intellectual problems of the day, and do not wrinkle the brow, nor waste the cheek, nor sap the youthful frame; and its easy flow of talk is generally suited to the capacity of the greatest number, and its golden silence does not proceed from unpleasantly lofty speculation.

Nor is there anything at all abstract about that kind of worship which male Sweldom of whatever age will always render (unless duly checked) to lovely woman wherever it meets her; especially when her sole and exclusive claim to its warm regard lies in the exuberance of her purely physical charms; as was the case with Mrs. JACK SPRATT, who had neither rank, wealth, accomplishments, conversation, nor repartee, and couldn't even say Boh! to her husband.

No, Gentle Reader, it was not Pallas Athene they worshipped in Mrs. SPRATT, these gorgeous, gilded, glittering Swells, nor Diana, the chaste huntress of the silver bow, nor any one of the Nine Muses; but Venus Aphrodite, the goddess of visible, tangible love, whose apparent incarnation in Mrs. SPRATT's beautiful face, smooth white skin, and ripely-rounded form they openly adored, with an adoration which Mr. Punch will describe as "concrete," in opposition to that "abstract" kind of adoration indulged in by PETER LEONARDO

PYE, and which Mrs. SPRATT thought so vague, uninteresting, and slow.

And it speaks worlds for her guilelessness and purity that she should have accepted this wholesale tribute of concrete masculine incense as frankly as it was offered, and been honestly proud of the same, and looked upon it as conferring social dignity on herself, and honour and glory on her husband.

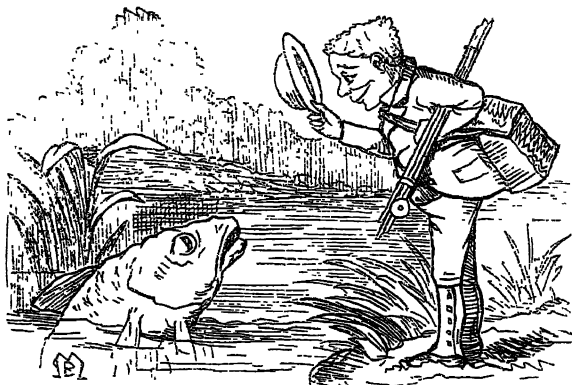
A more worldly and suspicious nature would have taken umbrage at once, and run away with the unhappy idea that homage of this kind, openly addressed to a wife and a mother, was but an insult in disguise, involving moral degradation instead of social dignity, and instead of honour and glory, only ridicule and contempt.

So that it was an unmixed pride and joy to her, wherever she went, to be surrounded by a crowd of smart male devotees, young and old, in whose tender tones of voice, and eager eyes observant of every detail of her face and form, she could hear and see unmistakable evidence of a fervour as impassioned as it was direct and sincere.

But this manly devotion to Mrs. SPRATT was by no means a source of unmixed pride and joy to the wives and daughters, who, to mark their disapprobation, not only ridiculed that Lady, and every peculiarity of her dress, gait, and manner, but actually imitated these peculiarities in their own persons, wearing their hair, moving and laughing exactly as Mrs. SPRATT did; and all this whether they were young or old, tall or short, dark or fair, lean or fat—and so did the sisters, and the cousins, and the aunts.

Which gave boundless gratification to Mrs. SPRATT, and tickled Mr. Punch immensely.

IRISH TOURISTS' QUESTIONS.



A COMMITTEE of the Irish Licensed Victuallers has addressed instructions, based on legal opinion, to the trade, respecting the operation of that paternal enactment the Irish Sunday Closing Act. Amongst these occurs the subjoined advice:—

"Nobody can be deemed a *bonâ fide* traveller who travels for the mere purpose of getting liquor, simply because that would be an evading of the law, and therefore not *bonâ fide*; but every one who travels three miles on Sunday upon any lawful occasion, is a *bonâ fide* traveller, and may lawfully be served with reasonable refreshment, whether of food or drink."

Query.—Firstly, how is O'BONIFACE—not to say O'BUNG—to ascertain that any one demanding refreshment as a *bonâ fide* traveller has travelled for the mere purpose of getting liquor? The postulant might say, or even swear, that he had not travelled for that purpose at all at all, but for some other, and wanted whiskey only to quench unpremeditated thirst; and these asseverations, though made by an Irishman, might possibly be inexact.

Secondly, what is meant by "any lawful occasion" upon which it is necessary a person should have travelled to be recognisable as a *bonâ fide* traveller? Suppose a man—or possibly even a woman—takes a three miles walk for the purpose of exercise and the sake of health, that surely would be a lawful occasion within the meaning of the Irish Sunday Closing Act, and would constitute not only a *bonâ* but an *optimâ fide* traveller. Or else, sure, the Irish Sunday Closing Act is as unconstitutional as it is Irish, and very Irish indeed. But, in fact, perhaps it is only Irish as construed by a Committee of Irish publicans.

Down on Him.

"GIRLS have no sense of humour!" EDWIN cried, ;
When ANGELINA smiled not at his chaffing ;
"You men are so ridiculous," she replied ;
"If we had much, we should be always laughing."

A LIMB OF THE LAW.

A PIECE of slang which, once thought extremely sharp, would now be voted equally slow, was the street-saying of the period, "You're a nice man, I don't think!" This expresses a style of man exemplified, apparently, in the sender to the *Law Times* of the notification following:—

LAW PARTNERSHIP.—A Graduate of Oxford, admitted a Solicitor this year, capable of forming and managing a good litigious connection, WISHES to meet with a Solicitor who has a respectable Conveyancing business, with a view to a PARTNERSHIP.—Apply, &c.

A man capable not only of managing, but also of forming, a good litigious connection—good, of course, in the limited sense of gainful—one would imagine to be a most efficient *aide-de-camp* to the Commanding Officer of the Inns of Court Volunteers, and a proportionally useful and pleasant member of Society.

FULL OF EMPTINESS.

A NEWSPAPER contains a statement that on the Great Northern Railway there is employed a "vacuum brake" liable to fail without warning, and requiring to be continually tested to see whether it is in order. This is precisely the vacuum which Nature abhors. It appears to be as often as not no vacuum at all in a pneumatic sense, but a perfect one morally, being entirely void of utility, and, in that respect, a contrivance so empty that there is nothing in it. Such a vacuum is of about as much use as that which the Chimæra buzzed in, devouring his second intentions. A brake like that had better be called a break-down, as it would be likely to prove in time of danger; a brake unserviceable for stopping a train and preventing collision and breakage. The stokers call it a "vacuum," which is a good enough name for it to distinguish it from a vacuum properly so called.

Unnecessary Indignation.

MR. PUNCH has received two or three letters from amiable but excited Correspondents, denouncing violently, on sentimental grounds, the Cartoon which Mr. Punch published last week, and declaring it to have given great offence. In certain quarters, perhaps, it has. Parties deeply interested in the various Collision Companies are not at all unlikely to be very greatly offended with a work of Art particularly calculated to admonish excursionists to take extremely good care how they travel by land or water.

Injudicial Astrology.

It is an old saying that "misfortunes never come single," and certainly terrible accidents, as well as enormous offences, appear to occur in groups, and at times, like epidemics. Why? Owing, Astrologers of course say, to the influence of malignant planets. But if that causes the accidents, why don't they predict them? Can it be that the malefic influence is atmospheric, and that at certain seasons there are criminality and carelessness in the air?

CIRCULAR NOTES.

(By Our Representative in Town.)



O MISS ELLEN TERRY joins Mr. IRVING at the Lyceum. There is a talk about *Romeo and Juliet* being played there. Miss ELLEN TERRY *Juliet*, of course,—and *Romeo*, Mr. IRVING? If so, *Juliet* may ask, with a new emphasis, “*Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?*”

“To-day,” says one of last week’s journals, “the Provincial Council of Florence approved the credit for the maintenance of the schools conducted by the Scollopiest Fathers.” The Scollopiests! This must be not a very austere order—but a very oyster order. The worthy fathers,

of course, all wear beards and retire to rest in their silent shells. As to further particulars, apply at Maiden Lane for “The Rules.”

Advice to mothers. If you want to make your child a first-rate story-teller—say romancist—bring him up on “*Lie-bigs Food*.”

Mr. HOLT has got “*The Miserables*” at the Duke’s—FICTION NOGO’S *Les Misérables*, I mean—which he calls *The Barricade*. I hear of it as a success. It should have been produced under Miss HELEN BARRY’S management, and called the HELEN BARRY-cade. Where is *La Belle Hélène* now? Gone to Paris?

Oyster opening and theatre opening come in about the same time when there is an “R” in the month. *Happy Thought*.—“The Grotto” wouldn’t be a bad name for a music hall or a theatre. The Royal Grotto Theatre. No fees to the *ouvreuses*. “Please remember the Grotto.”

Mr. TOOLE has been bursting out into literature. He has written a gibberish Welsh poem, because, as he intimates, since he has been playing *Charles in A Fool and His Money*, he has got a Welsh wig on the brain, and can’t help it. *Jeames de la Pluche, Esq.*, appreciated the Welsh as much as *Charles*, as appears by this extract from the *Diary*:—

“July 6.—Dined to-day at the London Tavin with one of the Welsh bords of Direction I’m hon. The Cwrwmwrvw and Plmwyddiwm with tunnels through Snowding and Plinlimming.

“Great nashnality of course. AP SHINKIN in the Chair, AP LEWYDD in the vice: Welsh mutton for dinner: Welsh iron knives and forks: Welsh rabbit after dinner: and a Welsh harper, be hanged to him: he went strummint on his hojous hinstument, and played a toon pigularly disagreeble to me. It was ‘*Pore Mary Hann*.’”

The Welsh Harper—“be hanged to him”—was probably an ancestor of “the Bard.”

Whence comes the term “Welshers”? From “Welsh Sharpers”? Rather hard on the “Harp that once”—but not more than once, thank you, and then “move on!” But that was another Harp that once’d in TARA’S Halls. TARA was probably the proprietor of several Halls, and the Harper did so many turns all round, one after the other.

Why do heavily-laden, lumbering Waggoners invariably take the narrowest streets for their route? And why, knowing this, do Cabmen persist in selecting those particular streets as their shortest out from one point to another? Why, also, will they choose Covent Garden, when you are in agony to catch a train? There is always a block in Covent Garden, and the place is about the nastiest to be compelled to stop in, for five minutes or more, in all London. When is His Grace of BEDFORD going to “reform it altogether”?

“Beauty is only skin deep,” murmured Mr. ERASMUS WILSON, as he surveyed the Needle by moonlight and thought of Cleopatra. I present the two Egyptian WILSONS with the following lines, only

premising, that, for scansion, it is necessary to adopt the popular City quantity of “three shorts” in pronouncing the KHEDEVE’S name: *les voilà*:—

ERASMUS and RIVERS are two able men,
Both been to Egypt, and both “bock agen.”
The Needle ERASMUS goes in for, and wins;
While RIVERS the Khedive sets on his pins.

BETWEEN TWO FIRES.

(A Cheerful Little Asiatic Farce—in Active Rehearsal.)

SCENE.—A retired spot in the wilds of Afghanistan. Enter a Local Ameer out of breath, hotly pursued by two European Envoys.

First Envoy (seizing him by the collar). Ha! ha! It won’t do, you know. I have got you now, and don’t mean to let you go.

[Shakes him, and secures a firmer grip.

Second Envoy (intervening and seizing him on the other side). Come, don’t be so rough with the old gentleman. Catching hold of him like that! A pretty friend you are! Here, let him go, can’t you?

[They all three struggle violently for five minutes.

The Ameer (gasping). Allah is great! But oh, my sons, is there not plenty of room for both of you beyond the rising and the setting of the sun? Why do you trouble the poor harmless simple-minded *rahat-lakoum* loving Ameer?

Both the Envoys (together). Because we are so friendly!

[They let him go suddenly, and beckon off respectively right and left.

The Ameer (wiping his forehead with his pocket-handkerchief and arranging his collar.) Allah be praised! Allah be praised! A little repose. I shall go to sleep.

[Sits down on the ground.

Both the Envoys (rushing at him simultaneously, followed by members of their respective suites bearing presents). Never!

First Envoy. No, never—till you have accepted these tokens of the condescending friendship of my august master the Great White Czar. See: Genuine *Caviare*; some fully paid-up shares—in a State line; the grand cross and collar of the exalted order of the Purple Hyena; and one dozen of dry *Vouvray* champagne.

[Empties them all on the ground in a heap before him.

Second Envoy (kicking them aside). Nonsense! Call these gifts! Look at mine! Here is something that speaks not of despotism, but of progress. Behold! Two tins of corned beef; back numbers of an *Encyclopædia*; a public-house sign; and—a double bathing-machine. (Pushes them all on to him). It is with such materials as these that the mighty civilised empire I represent—

The Ameer (feebly). Yes, yes, I know! But why, O my venerable little grandfathers, force the poor old Ameer to accept such costly gifts? In Cabul the blessed, we neither speculate, nor drink, nor wash! Let us alone! Let us alone!

Both the Envoys (together). Never! (They each seize one of his arms). Thus do we display our friendship.

[All three again scuffle violently for five minutes.

The Ameer (endeavouring to release himself). Ah, yes! true, very true, O my importunate little grandfathers! But what if I decline it. This, your friendship?

First Envoy (breaking away from him with a bound.) Decline it, you Moslem! Nigger! you can’t!

Second Envoy (springing away from him with a leap). Decline it? Misguided old savage! You shan’t!

The Ameer (again wiping his forehead, and arranging his collar. Allah be praised! I can breathe for a few moments in peace! Farewell, O my amiable little grandfathers! Farewell! and forget not the poor, well-meaning, pacific old Ameer!

First Envoy. Farewell! Ha! ha! ha! I tell you, within three months—

[Exit, to order the concentration of a large force at Keliff and Balkh, and to prepare for the sudden seizure of Herat and Charkund.

Second Envoy. “Farewell!” indeed! Ridiculous! You haven’t seen the last of me!

[Exit to arrange for the immediate occupation of Jellalabad and Candahar, and the subsequent invasion of Afghanistan by a force of sixty thousand men.

The Ameer (looking after them with a hopeless smile). Gone! Well, Allah be praised! Allah be praised!

[Sits down, and opens the Corned Beef as the Curtain slowly descends.

WAEFU’ WUT.

Næ sutor ultra crepidam. Scotch translation. Let not the Souter go beyond his last. The Souter’s last. His last joke, which he sent to Mr. Punch, and Mr. Punch inserted in his waste-paper basket.



ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

Aunt Florence. "AND CAN YOU READ YET, RUTH?"

Ruth. "I SHOULD THINK SO, INDEED! AND I KNOW GEOGRAPHY, AND HISTORY, AND SUMS, AND I'VE GOT TWO SECOND TEETH!"

NO BUSINESS OF MINE.

(*A New Song to an Old Tune.*)

LORD BEACONSFIELD *loquitur*.

"PEACE with Honour." That summed it up sweetly, I think,
A neat epigram's Talent's pet tool;
What a magic there is in its musical chink
To tickle the ear of a fool!
The phrase is well worn; it has furnished my friends
With a text for their free panegyrics;
A happy refrain, what a finish it lends
To the flow of their jubilant lyrics!
And now in retirement, afar from my foes,
Amidst rural delights I recline;
And if all the world will not share my repose,
Why of course that's no business of mine!

I gave them a programme, I gave them a phrase,
A *mot* and a mission all round;
I divided the spoil in the fairest of ways,
Upon principles stable and sound.
Each party accepted his task and his tithe,
And now it remains for each one
Possession to take with alacrity blithe,
As we Britons in Cyprus have done.
But really, you know, if they cannot agree,
And will kick up a general shine,
It is not the least use coming down upon me,
For of course it's no business of mine!

Puff! puff! This cigar now is just about right.
The papers! A plague on the lot!
I read nothing but *Punch*; if he's caustic he's bright.
Lo! Himself! You are welcome, Sir. What?
"Friend Austria seems in a deuce of a mess"
"War waging as hotly as ever"?

Dear me! He has muddled his game, I confess;
I fancied him rather more clever.
But still, we must bear it as well as we may;
To coerce the dear Turk I decline;
And if Austria finds that her bargain won't pay,
Why of course that's no business of mine!

Our great Berlin triumph? Our durable peace?
Oh bother! I planned for the best;
"Perks" for Russia and Austria, patience for Greece—
It *ought* to bring quiet and rest.
I need them, at least, if the Bosniacs don't;
I've no doubt 'twill come right in the end.
Disturb myself now, *Punch*, I can't and I won't.
Take a seat and a weed, my good friend.
We've Cyprus, the Turks are our brothers-in-arms,—
As to Unredeemed Italy's whine,
Or France's suspicions, or Austria's alarms,
These are really no business of mine!

Something Sensational.

SOMEBODY advertises in the *Nottingham Journal* the startling information that there is

WANTED, a CUTTER for GUILLOTINE MACHINE. None need apply unless practical hand.—Apply, —, &c.

For the reassurance of readers who, with a Conservative prejudice in favour of the time-honoured British constitutional Tree, in alarm for the adoption of a Frenchified substitute, may be disposed to cry, *Nolumus leges Angliæ mutari*, it may be mentioned that the blank left in the foregoing notification was not filled up with the name of MARWOOD.

"MAD, MY MASTERS, MAD!"

UNTIL the proposed improvements are effected, the government of Afghanistan will be carried on under the title of **SHERF ALI-enation.**



“OTIUM CUM DIZ!”

MR. P. “SEEN THE PAPER, MY LORD? AUSTRIA SEEMS TO BE IN A DEUCE OF A MESS!”

LORD B. “REALLY! WELL, THAT’S *HER* BUSINESS? I SUPPOSE WE MUST BEAR IT AS WELL AS WE MAY!! HAVE A CIGAR!!!”

(“Lord BEACONSFIELD is enjoying a period of perfect repose.”—*Daily Paper.*)



REVENGE!

North Country Labourer (who has been engaged to dig). "THEY THAT EAT ALANE MAY HOWK ALANE!" THESE ARCH'LOGICAL CHAPS NEVER SO MUCH AS ASKED ME IF AH'D TAK' ANYTHING, AND WHILE THEY 'BE HAVIN' THEIR DENNERS AH'VE FOUND THE 'BURYIN'—(Pockets Urn and several Flint Arrow-heads)—"AND THEY MAY WHUSTLE FOR 'T!"

SUITES TO THE SWEET.

To checkmate "Russian aggression," a mission of rather a formidable character is on the point of departure for Afghanistan. Always ready to serve his country, *Mr. Punch* begs to present the British Commissioner with a few phrases suitable to the occasion, to be used in an interview with *SHERE ALI* with the assistance of an interpreter:—

CONVERSATION WITH A FRIENDLY FOE OR FAITHLESS FRIEND.

Good morning, Your Highness. I would shake hands with you could I put down my sword and revolver.

Will you permit me to see to my luggage, which consists entirely of heavy artillery and ammunition of all sorts.

I shall have much pleasure in conversing with you about the weather after I have quartered my escort (which is made up of an army corps or two) upon the inhabitants of your capital.

Would it amuse you to see me carry your palace by storm?

In honour of the renewal of our relations, shall we have a grand sham fight with real cartridges?

Merely as a little practical joke, how would you like to be dethroned?

I hope you will consider it capital fun if I find it necessary just to make a slight change in the reigning dynasty.

Shall we have a friendly cup of tea together while we arrange a small treaty, binding you and your descendants hand and foot for two or three thousand years?

Can I help you at all in your plans by carrying you away in chains to Calcutta?

After you have been so kind as to send back the Russian Ambassador in a cage to St. Petersburg, I will just tread upon your neck as a proof of my good intentions.

Really I must thank you very much for all your courtesy. Pray accept these books, the *British Army* and *Navy Lists*. You will find them very useful works of reference. And now I will call out my rather numerous escort, and bid you adieu—perhaps *au revoir*!

MILTONIC MEDITATION (by a looker-on at lawn-tennis).
—"They also serve who only stand and wait."

GUIDE FOR THE FRENCH IN LONDON.

(Translated from the English in Paris.)

ARRIVAL.—During your journey from Folkestone or Dover to London, if you see any Englishmen present, talk about England and its people in the most disparaging terms possible. Utterly ignore their national prejudices, and lay down the law to their utter condemnation. When you reach the Railway Station, snub the Custom House Officers and laugh at the Police. Bluster your way into a cab, and shout to the driver, in bad English, "Here, you chap, you! take to me Leicester Squarr—sharp! quick! cut! be off!"

At the Hotel.—If possible, select a French one, where they will give you a bad imitation of Parisian cooking. Ask for your own national periodicals, and if you see a picture of Queen VICTORIA hanging on the walls, jeer at the English love of Royalty. If Englishmen happen to be staying at your hotel, laugh at their costume, and mock their peculiarities. Stare at them with the amused wonder you bestow on the wild animals in your own Jardin des Plantes. Swagger into the coffee-room with your hat on your head, and your hands in your pockets, and treat the place as if it belonged to you.

In the Streets.—Walk about London in a costume that would surprise by its vulgarity and slovenliness the inhabitants of a fifth-rate French watering-place. Stand in front of the Sentries guarding Buckingham Palace, and grin at their size and their uniforms. Should any of the "High Life" be resident in London at the time of your visit, mix with them freely in the Park or at the Flower Shows, smoking a short pipe and swinging an ash stick. Stare the Ladies out of countenance, and laugh in the faces of the Gentlemen. If the English are as patient as your countrymen in Paris, they will bear your rudeness with equanimity. Push your way through crowds, and elbow the inhabitants of London off their own pavements. If you enter a shop, be careful to treat the attendants with marked rudeness. It is the custom in England for people to rise and take off their hats when they hear the National Anthem. If you ever happen to be present on such an occasion, be careful to remain seated and

covered. It is absurd to pay any regard to English peculiarities. Remember that Englishmen are "Robsbifs" and "Plum-puddings," and treat them accordingly.

At the Theatres.—Take care that your costume shall be an affront to the audience. Lounge in your Stall, and talk in French to your friend, to the discomfort of your English neighbours. If you don't understand English, let everybody in the house into the secret of your ignorance. If the audience seem to be amused and to be enjoying themselves, stand up in your place and laugh scornfully at them. If you get bored, leave your Stall with as much noise as possible, and shout rather louder than the Actors as you quit the auditorium.

Seeing the Sights.—Settle it in your own mind that France is a thousand times finer than England, and make odious comparisons everywhere. If you enter a place of worship, treat it as if it were a raree-show. Appear on Sundays at St. Andrew's, or All Saints, Margaret Street, during the sermon, armed with a guide-book, and inspect the church with the same nonchalance that you would bestow upon the treasures of the South Kensington Museum. Visit Greenwich Hospital, and if the Picture Gallery is full of Englishmen, be careful to roar with laughter at any representation of a defeat of your fellow-countrymen, the French. If you find yourself near any of the educated class of Britons, talk loudly of Fontenoy and the failure of the English to take the Redan in the Crimea. Make a joke about the Death of Nelson, and seize a suitable opportunity of showing your contempt for the Union Jack.

Departure.—Bully the porters, and push your way through your English fellow-travellers to your own carriage. Until you set your foot once more upon French ground, behave like a savage. On reaching France, throw off your offensive Bohemianism, and resume your usual condition of quiet respectability. If you carry out the above programme in its entirety without receiving a thrashing, congratulate yourself upon your good luck, which, however, will not be much greater than that enjoyed by some of the English who imitate in Paris the deportment you will have made your own in London.

RIVAL SPORTSMEN.

"I say now, as I have said before, that there is room enough in Asia for both England and Russia."—Lord BEACONSFIELD.



ASIATIC SPORT—SHERE STALKING.

Room enough! Yes, no doubt, and abundance of game,
Yet the two rival Sportsmen seem scarcely content.
Fine quarries! But what if both mark down the same?
The chance of collision 'twere hard to prevent.
Neutral ground? Very fine; but if one cross the line,
Though he swear with no notion of trying a shot,
To reprisal his rival will promptly incline,
And suspect that his aim is to collar the lot.

*This quarry seems shy; but JOHN BULL has his eye
On the Russian, who just reconnoitres, no more.
For suppose he were tempted a pot-shot to try,
As J.B. recollects he was tempted before!
Room enough! Ah! why cannot these Sportsmen agree
To take the Earl's tip, and steer clear of each other?
If either try trespass, 'tis easy to see
'Twill spoil sport, and result in no end of a bother.*



STERN NECESSITY.

"WHAT A LOT OF SHOOTING YOU HAVE THIS YEAR, OLD FELLOW! MUST COST YOU NO END!"
 "AH! THOSE DOGS, YOU KNOW. I WAS OBLIGED TO TAKE SOMETHING FOR THEM!"

THE PUBLIC WHEEL.

How to preserve it on the Road: being a few simple Rules arranged for the guidance of the accommodating Bicyclist.

LET the proprietor of every "sixty-four inch" machine take care, in the first instance, that his approach shall not be noiseless; and to effect this, let him—

- (1) Attach a large hand dinner-bell to each of his feet;
- (2) Give a prolonged blast on a full-sized trombone whenever he turns a corner;
- (3) Carry no luggage but a self-winding bird-organ and a loose Chinese gong; and
- (4) Drop fog-signals immediately he sights an approaching omnibus.

This last precaution will probably prepare the horses for the appearance of anything; but should they still show a restive spirit on making out the advancing machine, let the proprietor instantly dismount, and, assisting the conductor and passengers to blindfold the creatures and take them gently, but firmly, out of harness, glide away cautiously, and promise to send a policeman.

The true Bicyclist being, though a pleasure-seeker, above and before all things a gentleman, let him never forget that, when passing through a town, village, or hamlet, he shall—

- (1) Wear a silk-faced frock-coat, light pantaloons, lemon-coloured kid gloves, and a chimney-pot hat;
- (2) Bow with finished *ton* to a costermonger as to a Countess; and
- (3) When run over by a careless tandem or a well-appointed four-in-hand, make some such good-humoured remark as, "Oh, don't mention it!" or, "I really am so very clumsy this morning!"

If badly hurt and put on a stretcher, let him try even to make a joke. An allusion to his being "a *ne'er-do-wheel*" or to the fact that the "bicyclist's *weal* doesn't always follow from the driver's *whoa*," is sure to tell immensely under such circumstances, and give him a character for not being such a bad fellow, after all. This is highly desirable.

Lastly, let him do his best on every possible occasion to disarm

public prejudice; at one moment stopping to argue politely with a nervous Lady in her brougham, at another patting aggressive little street Arabs fondly on the head, and amusing them with a display of red railway flags. By these and other artifices, and by the exercise of a firm resolution never to be encountered on the high road at all except when carrying his machine in bits in a blue bag in the dark, he may be sure that gradually the temporary objection to his presence will disappear, and that he will be welcomed as an inevitable institution by a genial, generous, and easily satisfied public.

SNIP AND SNOB.

It may be generally true that there is no accounting for tastes, but here, in the shape of a newspaper advertisement, is an instance of taste referrible, obviously, to an excess of avarice, and a deficient sense of decency:—

THE AWFUL THAMES COLLISION adds another dreadful catastrophe to the already long list of fearful accidents that has lately come upon us with startling effect. From such heart-rending scenes it is well we can turn away to a subject that affects the comfort and appearance of every Gentleman. SNOBBINS & Co., — Street, who are always in the forefront with new ideas, have for the Autumn Season a treat in store for their Patrons in a new kind of Cloth, called the "BEAVERSKIN," very light, moderately warm, and perfectly wonderful for wear. Suits, in best style, from Two to Four Guineas.

This utilisation of such a calamity as the late accident on the River for advertising purposes, is almost too cynical to be worthy of even sordid and shameless Tailors of the baser sort. In order not to give them the notoriety which they probably would like, a slight nominal alteration—of which, perhaps, the propriety is visible—has been made in the above example of disgusting puffery.

Domestic Economy.

It has been suggested that the way to reduce the butcher's bill lies in managing to make both ends meet; but for too many poor Curates, and working-men almost equally poor, that meeting is incompatible with any meat at all, and therefore with any butcher's bill whatever.



FEMININE LOGIC.

Business-like Wife. "I'M SURE YOU CHARGE TOO MUCH FOR YOUR PICTURES, MY LOVE, BEAUTIFUL AS THEY ARE. IF YOU WERE TO ASK A QUARTER THE PRICE, YOU WOULD SELL TWICE AS MANY!"

FASHIONABLE FINERY.

AMONG the many wonders of the world at the Paris Exhibition there is on view a wondrous bonnet, of Parisian manufacture, which is valued at the modest sum of seven thousand francs. It is difficult to fancy how a bonnet could be made to cost so much, and its constructor must resemble a Constructor of the Navy, at least in the capacity of making things that cost a lot of money, and may prove of doubtful service when put to actual use. Of similar construction, in point of costliness and inutility, is a dress whereof a portion is thus elegantly pictured in a fashionable newspaper:—

"The train, which is fully two yards in length, is draped in folds by faille bows, lined with satin, and draperies of fringe silk and beads, in all the colours of the embroidery of the dress, are continued on the train, which ends at the back in coquilles of moss-green faille over pink satin."

Ex pede Herculem. One may form some notion of the dress from this description of the train. Satin bows, embroidered fringes, and moss-green faille coquilles (whatever they may be)—such things are known to Milliners by the generic name of "trimmings," and are what the caper-sauce and turnips were to the boiled leg of mutton, which was served up at the *soirée* Mr. Weller was invited to at Bath. Such trimmings add but little to the beauty of a dress, but they very greatly add to its expense; and when profusely scattered on a train two yards in length, they must increase the length of the bill which must be paid for it. As for their utility, they merely serve to harbour and collect the dust, and excite the wrath of husbands who are privileged to pay for them.

YE CRICKETERS OF ENGLAND

I.
YE Cricketers of England,
Who guard our native stumps,
It must be owned ye now appear
In somewhat doleful dumps.
Ye have not brought your finest form
To meet a friendly foe,
But stare and despair,
While your Wickets are laid low,
While the Colonists pile up their score,
And your Wickets are laid low.

II.
The spirits of your fathers
Might start to see your "licks,"
For the turf it was their field of fame,
Their pride to guard their "sticks."
Where CLARKE has bowled and WARI
has slogged,
Your manly hearts should glow,
Not chill and stand still
While your Wickets are laid low;
While the Colonists play up like bricks,
And your Wickets are laid low.

III.
BRITANNIA has no fancy
To see their sons to-day
Display bad taste, bad management,
Bad temper, and bad play.
Pluck up, Lads, try your level best,
Less care for lucre show;
Nor huff, and talk stuff,
While your Wickets are laid low;
While a word-war rages loud and long,
And your Wickets are laid low.

IV.
The Cricketers of England!
They yet may have their turn,
When pique, and fuss, and funk depart,
And good pluck and luck return.
Meanwhile, ye smart Australian Lads,
Our parting cup shall flow
To the fame of your name,
Who have laid our Wickets low;
Who have bowled great GRACE, and scored
from SHAW,
And laid all our Wickets low!

SONGS WITHOUT WORDS.

FOR further particulars apply to the Amateur Tenors in the modern drawing-rooms.

BIRTHDAYS IN STORE.

FROM an announcement in a newspaper, it appears that the Association for the Promotion of the Unity of Christendom has attained its majority. The twenty-first anniversary of its foundation was celebrated on Sunday last, and during the week, at the Church of All Saints, Lambeth. Many happy returns of the day to it! But are they not likely to be too many? Should this excellent Society continue to exist until it shall have accomplished its desirable object, what number of anniversaries do its worthy members expect that those who succeed them will have to commemorate? There are some of them who may perhaps be considered to have distinguished themselves, at times, rather peculiarly by an excess of zeal; but now that the A. P. U. C. has come of age, let us hope it will prove itself to have at the same time arrived at years of discretion.

A Colonial Question.

In a certain "Money Article" the other day appeared a letter on "the contemplated borrowing of the leading Australian colonies," recommending investment in the Funds to be thereby created. It bore the signature of "AN AUSTRALIAN COLONIST OF FORTY-FOUR YEARS' STANDING." The writer should have described himself more fully. "Colonist" and "Emigrant" are not convertible terms. An Australian Colonist of forty-four years' standing may have gone out to Australia by a mode of conveyance which has been discontinued. How did he get there?



"DARWINIAN."

Our Village Grocer (great Floriculturist). "MOST EXTR'OR'NARY THING, SIR. LAST YEAR I HAD SOME BACON IN MY SHOP THAT WENT BAD DUE'IN' THAT HOT WEATHER, AND I BURIED IT IN MY GARDEN. YOU'LL HARDLY BELIEVE IT, BUT ALL MY ASTERS THIS SEASON COME UP STREAKY!!"

PARIS CONGRESSES.

MEETINGS, Congresses, and Conferences, with many and widely differing objects and of various degrees of importance and self-importance—national, international, and cosmopolitan, literary, scientific, philanthropic, æsthetic, and politico-economic, significant and insignificant, representing different shades of opinion, and represented by different coloured tickets—have been conducted at Paris since the first of May, and their number is by no means yet complete, as will be seen by anyone taking a bird's-eye view of the following list of influential gatherings which are confidently expected to be held in buildings on the banks of the Seine before the end of the year and the close of the French Exhibition.

An International Mothers' Meeting, all in full evening dress, convened by circular, bearing a halfpenny stamp, to discuss (amongst others) such momentous questions as the minimum income on which daughters ought to be allowed to incur the risks, responsibilities, disappointments, and expenses of married life; the measures to be adopted, without a season's delay, to induce young men of property and position to marry, or, if they will not take that precarious step, at least—to dance; and the formation of a body of paid professional lady chaperones with unimpeachable manners and references, inexhaustible patience, and nice smiles and nasty frowns, to relieve the mothers of marriageable daughters of onerous and nightly duties during the fifth or fashionable season of the year.

A Congress of Bachelors, and, if any of them can be induced to join in such a Quixotic enterprise, of Widowers, to concert energetic measures against female extravagance in dress, ornaments, furniture, knick-knacks, amusements, and entertainments; to denounce and discourage the application of cosmetics, hair dyes, pearl powder, paint, rouge, and other "toilet requisites;" to place some restraint on the publication of ladies' photographs; and to protest against the heavy and increasing outlay on presents, gifts, fees, douceurs, bridesmaids' lockets, bouquets, and honeymoon tours, which render the rite of matrimony a ruinous and appalling ceremony, and make

FROM A VALUED CORRESPONDENT.

GLORIOUS APOLLO DI PUNCHO,

I AM just off to my country residence at Colney Hatch, but send you my latest and best. It is a conundrum to be proud of:—

Query. Who was, historically, the king of all the Dumb-waiters?

Answer. LOUIS TRAYS.

Hooray! I'm off! When I return to my senses for the season, I am going to set up in business, for myself, as a "Simile-Maker." Any Author unable to make a simile for himself will send to me. Orders *punch*-tually attended to. Conundrums mended on the shortest notice. No objection to a butler where one or more is kept. Would like to be a bird, but am, yours ever

TOPLIGHTS THE FIRST.

P.S.—Make P.O. Order payable to me for not less than £2000, to be drawn at sight, or sketched,—or, stay, instead of a P.O. Order, or cheque, send me a *Lettre de Cash-it*. Aha! Off again! Bang!

Dishing and Dished.

THE *Army and Navy Gazette* relates that a certain Goorkha having been waylaid by six Greeks—

"The Goorkha managed to kill four of his assailants with his kookerie, and was then himself killed."

This statement seems calculated to puzzle the propagandists of spelling reform. How, they may ask, could anyone, even the worst of kooks, kill assailants with his kookerie? And when the Goorkha had killed four of those who fell upon him, did the other two then kill him, or was he himself killed with his own kookerie too?

Good for Trade.

THE Anti-Tobacco Society, having perhaps learned that the Police in some parts of Germany are engaged in preventing boys under the age of sixteen from smoking in the streets, may wish that a like measure of repression were adopted here. So may the Tobacconists; for lads prevented from smoking openly would smoke all the more on the sly, to the greatly increased consumption of nicotine, with its attendant evils.

the preliminary season of courtship a term of incessant mental disquiet and insupportable pecuniary pressure.

A Congress of Cooks, Epicures, Gourmands, Hotel and Restaurant Proprietors, Waiters, and others interested in the grand culinary art, to discuss and settle, and issue in an authorised volume, a series of recipes, in all languages, and both in prose and verse, for Salads and Mayonnaises.

A Conference to take into consideration, and, if possible, to determine for all time, a question which has at various periods, and in different countries, caused the mind of man great vexation, doubt, discomfort, and expense, not unattended with a considerable amount of personal ridicule, and is to this day, amongst many other, but perhaps not more difficult social problems, awaiting its solution in the jaws of the future—"What is the most suitable, the most becoming, evening dress for the Male Sex?" (N.B.—A Museum will be formed of evening costumes of all nations and periods.)

A Conference of Musicians, Professors of Dancing, and dancers of both sexes, summoned to supply a want and meet a deficiency which have long been felt and lamented both in private and public balls, assemblies, and parties, alike by the higher, middle, and inferior strata of Society—the invention and adoption (by telegraph) of a new set of quadrille figures.

A Congress of Amateur Legislators, busybodies, grumblers, idlers, and writers of grandiose remonstrances (in the heavy season) to the leading journals, grimly bent on effecting gigantic reforms in hotel bills, and accommodation all over the world, Channel steamboats, Post Office regulations, culinary economy, domestic service, the capacities of wine bottles, and the shape and material of men's hats.

Arrangements for many other Congresses are in active progress and may terminate at any moment. Due notice will be given of their completion, and of the dates of assembling, the time and place of meeting, and of luncheons, dinners, receptions, and excursions, in *Galignani's Messenger*, the *London Gazette*, *Charivari*, and the pages of this periodical.

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE JACK SPRATTS.

A Tale of Modern Art and Fashion.

PART IV.

JACK SPRATT, equally pure and guileless, and glad, as most of us are, to find his own taste justified in his own eyes by the good opinion of the world, began to feel an honest pride in his wife's beauty such as he had never quite felt before; and would not have changed her now for any blessed saint, virgin, or martyr in the whole National Gallery.

The truth is, that he had ceased to reverence those classic types. For his artistic nature was quick to receive new impressions and to forget old ones; and with that tendency to generalise hastily which is so characteristic of youth, he would now state everywhere, on his own authority as a painter, that there was no beauty out of the English aristocracy, amongst whom he naturally included Mrs. SPRATT and himself.

Moreover, it gratified his unselfish disposition to think that, after all, it was not entirely for *his* sake that Society had given so warm a welcome to *her*.

All of which did equal credit to his head and to his heart.

A more commonplace nature might have felt some jealousy; but JACK SPRATT, who knew that he had within him all the jealous potentialities of an *Othello*, should any real cause for jealousy arise, could scarcely so insult his wife's good sense as to suppose that any of these amiable but mindless triflers who pestered her with their well-meant attentions, could ever be possible rivals for such an one as he.

These were indeed halcyon days!

Mrs. SPRATT, as we have seen, by a burst of laughter so opportune that it might almost be called a stroke of genius, had cleared the house of the trusty, but not very presentable, old friends, and JACK had ceased to miss them.

The only surviving relative of the SPRATTS was JACK's grandfather, who kept an old established emporium for hosiery in St. Mary Axe; a good-natured and affectionate old man, who loved JACK with all a grandfather's partiality, but who had been much disgusted at his taking to such a beggarly and disreputable trade as painting pictures for hire.

If it had only been house painting, he could have understood it!

However, as JACK was in independent circumstances, there was no gainsaying his right to choose his own line of life, and daub away as much as he liked; and the old Gentleman had swallowed

his disgust, and would often drop in of an evening at his grandson's house.

These visits were not so pleasant to Mrs. SPRATT as the old Gentleman believed.

Although circumstances had made him a well-to-do and contented hosier, nature had intended him for a low comedian, or "funny" man; and he was never happy unless he made himself the life and soul of the party wherever he went.

He had never tired of poking fun at the trusty friends, for instance, whose lofty aims he could not sympathise with, and whom he had looked upon as a set of weak-minded, unwholesome, and affected nincompoops, and would mimic to the life under their very noses; especially PETER LEONARDO PYE.

Now Mrs. SPRATT hated fun, and thought it vulgar, as no doubt it very often is; and as for the trusty friends, they had loathed SPRATT Senior with deep though silent intensity, instead of doating on him as he had fondly imagined they did.

When JACK SPRATT had become famous through the "*Phayre Sockque-darrenère*," SPRATT Senior suddenly viewed picture-painting in quite a new light, and became as proud of his always beloved grandson, as he had hitherto been ashamed of him; and he took to visiting at the JACK SPRATTS' regularly on Wednesday afternoons, Mrs. SPRATT's day "at home;" but his visits were more unwelcome to that lady than ever.

At first the rank and fashion he met there awed him into silence and discreet behaviour; he had never seen a live lord before, for Swelldom does not usually buy its drawers and socks in St. Mary Axe.

And when he held his tongue and did not play the fool, he was rather ornamental than otherwise, being of truly venerable aspect, and scrupulously neat about his person.

But as soon as he discovered how easy and unconventional really good Society can be, how familiarly the glittering Swells would treat Mrs. SPRATT, and how unceremoniously they would bear themselves towards that great genius, her husband (for they had forgotten by this time that he was a great genius, and looked upon him as a fool, or something worse), the irrepressible old humorist recovered his wonted assurance, and became once more the life and soul of the party.



EARLY DAYS.

Little Wife. "OH, CHARLES DEAR, THERE'S THE PRETTIEST LITTLE FILLY YOU EVER SAW, DOWN AT THE HOME FARM."
Charles (expressively). "I KNOW A PRETTIER."

It must be owned that his behaviour was very trying, and betrayed a great deficiency in social tact.

For instance he would, unasked, insist on favouring the company with long-forgotten comic songs (which had lost all point for the present generation), and imitations of the actors of a hundred years ago; and the less Mrs. SPRATT and her guests would laugh, the more he would laugh himself, and the more he would persevere in trying to merit their applause by further efforts in the same line.

Then he would chaff the page who brought in the tea, and inquire of him if SALLY the Cook were as good-looking as ever, and still reciprocated his fond affection.

Or else he would hand his business cards to Viscounts and Guardsmen, and ask fine Ladies where they bought their hose, and volunteer to serve them with a superior article at Civil Service prices, to be delivered at their own doors, carriage paid, and so forth.

At last a day came when he went just a little too far.

The Duke of PENTONVILLE was at Mrs. SPRATT's, alone; for so stupendous were his Grace's rank and fashion, so advanced his age, and so respected his character, that it was thought good form for Viscounts and Guardsmen and such like humble Swells to make themselves scarce when he came—nor did they presume to knock at Mrs. SPRATT's door when the PENTONVILLE liveries were seen to be waiting outside.

JACK's Grandfather, who was quite wanting in this particular kind of delicacy, knocked at Mrs. SPRATT's door without the slightest diffidence, and entered the house, and walked straight into the drawing-room after the fashion of LISTON in *Paul Pry*, exclaiming, "I hope I don't intrude!"

The Duke stared at him with cold surprise, and immediately rose to take his leave. As he stooped, with old-fashioned courtesy, to kiss Mrs. SPRATT's lily-white hand (into which he had just forced a costly trinket), the tail-pockets of his well-fitting green cut-away coat were seen to gape, and Mr. SPRATT Senior took the opportunity of dropping into each of those ducal receptacles a printed circular, which stated that, owing to the sudden break-up of a well-known West-End Firm, SPRATT & Co. had been able to effect extensive purchases in underclothing at an extraordinary advantage, which enabled them to supply the Nobility, Gentry, and Public

generally, with first-rate articles at an unprecedented low rate—a handsome discount allowed for cash.

JACK SPRATT appeared on the scene as soon as he heard his Grandfather's voice, but it was too late to interfere; and the unconscious Duke, though much huffed at the untimely interruption, left the room with all the stately ease and high-bred self-control of a great British nobleman of the old school, ignoring alike old SPRATT's respectful obeisances, and young SPRATT's friendly and familiar farewell; while the ends of the two printed circulars stuck symmetrically out.

Buttons, who admired old SPRATT more than anybody else in the world, fairly exploded at this piece of practical fun.

But Mrs. SPRATT could contain herself no longer, and gave her Grandfather-in-law such a piece of her mind as at last enlightened him about the estimation in which she and her Swell friends held his powers of entertaining the company; so that he left the house bewildered and aghast, with tears in his poor old eyes, and all the jokes crushed out of his facetious old heart for many a long day to come.

Nor did he ever cross that threshold again, much to the grief of the twins, who, although æsthetically reared, could not help adoring their mirthful and indulgent old Great-Grandpapa, who made them laugh so.

And to JACK's grief also, for he had a warm heart, and was tenderly attached to the old man, in spite of his "larks."

But in the exciting whirl of his new life, in which the days flew by like hours, a very few hours sufficed to obliterate these fond regrets.

And JACK SPRATT felt no little elation in the thought that all their associates, however frivolous, were at least "Ladies and Gentlemen" a term which was constantly on his lips at this time, and which he only applied to those who were alike well-born, fashionably dressed, highly connected, and "in Society."

And now that Mrs. SPRATT had so effectually disposed of that inconvenient old Grandfather of his, he considered himself as good as any of them; and bore himself accordingly; being politely distant to his inferiors, affable to recognised merit of a high order, free and easy with his equals, the Swells, and acknowledging no superior under Royalty.

WILLOW!

(With Apologies to the Immortal Will.)

"We learn that the 'childlike and bland' dealers of Foochow agreed among themselves, some time ago, to make a further experiment by sending in dried and prepared Willow leaves instead of the real article."—*Daily Telegraph*.



A POOR Soul sat
sighing o'er
her cup o'
green tea,
"Tis all dried
Willow,
Fudged up at
Foochow by that
Heathen Chinee,
Mere Willow,
Willow, Wil-
low!"
The weak wash
before her was
tepid and thin,
Mere cat-lap pre-
pared by that
scoundrel AN
SIN
From Willow,
Willow, Wil-
low!

She scolded her
grocer, but what
said he then?
(Sing, Willow,
Willow!)
"You won't get
good Gunpow-
der at one shil-
ling and ten,
But Willow,
Willow, Wil-
low!"

Beshrew them who'd rob a poor Soul of her tea;
And give her, instead of her fragrant Bohea,
Mere Willow, Willow, Willow!

HOW TO MAKE A FORTUNE IN FIVE MINUTES.

(With Mr. Punch's compliments to those it may concern.)

SCENE—A respectable-looking Office, filled with Serious Young Clerks. In the distance is seen the Partners' Room, in which an Elderly Member of the Firm is discovered leisurely reading the Money Article of the "Times" through a pince-nez. Enter A. WEAKE BULL, Esq., bent on a "flutter." He is ushered into the Partners' Room by the most serious of the Serious Young Clerks.

Elderly Member of the Firm (looking up from his paper in a leisurely manner). Yes, Sir?

Mr. Bull. I have called because I think I would like to invest a little money in United Hottentots.

Elderly Member of the Firm (softly). Yes, yes. It is not altogether an investment we as a rule would recommend. The security is entirely composed of the bones that have accumulated for several centuries in the royal tomb. His present Majesty, too, has not altogether behaved with candour. We are told, on very fair authority, that he has surreptitiously hypothecated the remains of his ancestors to other and secret trusts. On the whole, we would rather recommend Consols—they are decidedly safer.

Mr. Bull. Thanks, yes. But, you see, United Hottentots are evidently going up. Yesterday they were at 39½, and to-day they are about 43. Now, if I bought in—

Elderly Member of the Firm (politely). Perhaps we had better see what the Market has been recently before we decide upon anything. (Touches bell, when enter the most serious of all the Serious Young Clerks.) Mr. GRAVESTONE, can you tell us, please, what United Hottentots have been doing during the past few days?

Mr. Gravestone. Certainly, Sir. On Monday they were at 53½; on Tuesday at 18; on Wednesday they touched 45; yesterday they were at 39½; and to-day they are at 53.

Mr. Bull. I beg your pardon. You mean 43.

Mr. Gravestone. They were 43 when you came in, Sir, but they have had a slight rise since you entered the office. For the last forty-eight hours they have been comparatively steady—for them.

[Exit.

Elderly Member of the Firm. I am afraid they are a little high. I think, perhaps, you had better wait.

Mr. Gravestone (putting his head into the room slowly). I may add, Sir, that since I left, United Hottentots have gone down to 23½ to 2.

Mr. Bull (excitedly). Buy in, buy in at once! I will have five—no, ten of them.

Mr. Gravestone (on the Elderly Member of the Firm bowing his head). Very well, Sir. [Exit.

Mr. Bull (nervously). I am sure to make over them, eh?

Elderly Member of the Firm. Well, they used certainly once to pay their coupons.

Mr. Bull. Oh, but I shall sell out the moment they go up two.

Elderly Member of the Firm (with grave surprise). Dear me! I had no idea that you intended to speculate in a time bargain. It is not at all the sort of thing we like. In fact we do not undertake the "carrying over" business.

Mr. Gravestone (putting in his head). We have bought Ten Thousand Hottentots, Sir, at 46½. It was the best price we could obtain. There had been a slight rise before we could get over to the house to execute your order.

Mr. Bull (blankly). Ten Thousand!

Mr. Gravestone. You said ten, I think, Sir?

Mr. Bull. But if they go down one I stand to lose a hundred pounds?

Elderly Member of the Firm (leisurely doing a little sum on a piece of blotting paper). Rather more, with our commission—we charge Half-a-Crown for every £100 of Stock. Time bargains are very dangerous things. We usually recommend our clients to leave them alone. [Takes up the "Times" again and recommences its perusal.

Mr. Bull. Oh what will my wife say! Pray do send over to see if they have gone up.

Elderly Member of the Firm (politely relinquishing his paper). There is no necessity. We have a little instrument here which records all the business done on the Stock Exchange. You see it marks the various prices on a piece of tape. (Points to an electric self-acting printing machine under a glass case.) Would you like to see the mechanism?

Mr. Bull (eagerly). I would far sooner examine the tape!

Elderly Member of the Firm. Here you see. (Reading.) "12 o'clock. Moon Trams, 26½ to 3." (Tramways are not bad investments.) "Esquimaux Prefs. 103 to 104." (It is their first loan—they have borrowed at sixteen per cent.—new to the business—we can recommend them.) "United Hottentots, 47."

Mr. Bull (excitedly). They have gone up!

Elderly Member of the Firm. So far. (Continues reading.) "12.2. United Hottentots, 49."

Mr. Bull (more excitedly). Hur—

Elderly Member of the Firm (interrupting Mr. Bull's cheer). I beg your pardon. "12.4. United Hottentots, 46½. 12.5. United Hottentots, 45. 12.6. United Hottentots—"

Mr. Bull (interrupting). Stop! stop! Why, I have lost £150 in three minutes!

Elderly Member of the Firm (doing another sum on a piece of blotting-paper). A trifle over, with our commission. Would you like to lose a little more?

Mr. Bull (very excitedly). No, no! What shall I do—buy—sell—or what?

Elderly Member of the Firm (very leisurely). Well, if you wish to conclude the transaction, you will—

Mr. Bull (impatiently). Yes, yes?

Elderly Member of the Firm (playing with his eye-glass). You will sell the stock you have already bought.

Mr. Bull (at his wit's-end). Well, what shall I do?

Elderly Member of the Firm (calmly). It is difficult to advise. (Strokes his chin.) Of course, if they go up, you might clear a trifle, and, if they went down, you might lose a trifle. We do not usually recommend our clients to have very much to do with time bargains. You see—

Mr. Bull (in despair). And, while you are talking, they are going down like wildfire.

Elderly Member of the Firm (mildly). Well, I dare say they are fluctuating a little. If you like, I will look at the tape. Ah, here they are again. "12.9. United Hottentots, 37½."

Mr. Bull (jumping up from his chair). Oh dear, I shall be ruined! (Rushing into the outer office.) Here, any one, go and sell five thousand United Hottentots at any price you can—but mind you get rid of them!

[Returns to Partners' Room, panting.
Elderly Member of the Firm (looking at him vaguely, and then recognising him). Ah, to be sure. I think, Sir, you said you wished to buy some United Hottentots. It is not altogether an investment we as a rule would recommend, but—

Mr. Gravestone (putting in his head). I have sold them, Sir. They fluctuated a great deal. They went down as low as 14½, but I caught them on the hop, and got out neatly at 40.

Mr. Bull (wiping his forehead with his handkerchief). Thank you. And I have lost—?

Mr. Gravestone. About £650. Then, of course, there will be our commission, which will bring up the total to a trifle more. Shall I make out your account, Sir?

Mr. Bull. Thank you.

[*Produces cheque-book, and settles. Elderly Member of the Firm (who has been dozing, waking up with a start).* I really beg your pardon. You were saying, I think, that you would like to buy some United Hottentots—

Mr. Bull (putting on his hat, and leaving the office). No, thank you. I won't have any more of them to-day!

[*Exit, to explain matters to his Wife. Scene closes in as the tape marks "12'15. United Hottentots, 127½."*

A SABBATARIAN SUCCESS.



THE *Blackpool and Fleetwood Gazette* narrates at large the particulars of a munificent act of charity performed at Blackpool by the Managers of the Winter Gardens at that town, with the assistance of the Rev. C. H. WAINWRIGHT, Vicar of Christ Church. The Managers announced that, for the benefit of the distressed survivors of the Thames Collision, they would give a concert of sacred music at the gardens on Sunday afternoon—admission sixpence a head. Mr. WAINWRIGHT threatened that, if they did so, he would prosecute them under the Sabbatarian Statute 21 George III. The Managers therefore concluded, as our American Cousins say, to give their Concert admission *gratis*; a collection to be made after the performance, or rather, as a good work would have been unrelieved.

done on a Sunday, it may be called, the Service. By this expedient they obtained £157, to be transferred to the Mansion House Fund for the charitable purpose abovementioned.

Now this sum very much exceeds the amount which would have been taken at the doors, and, for the difference—the excess of the money they got over what they expected—they may thank the Reverend Gentleman; for if he had let them alone, and not interfered to prevent them from executing their benevolent intention in their own way, they would have netted so much the less for the relief of their suffering fellow-creatures, and so much the less misery would have been unrelieved.

If he has duly considered this, Mr. WAINWRIGHT must feel highly gratified with his attempt to prevent a performance of a devotional character with a pious object, which he, although a Clergyman of the Church of England, and not a Scotch Presbyterian Minister or old woman, deems a desecration of the "Sabbath."

The Public at large, too, as well as the Blackpool people, have reason for gratitude to the Rev. Mr. WAINWRIGHT. In a letter addressed, in view of the intended Concert, to the Editor of the abovenamed Journal, he explains why he objected to sacred music, designed for the succour of destitution, on a Sunday afternoon. In that beneficent design he beheld only a snake in the grass, otherwise our old introductory acquaintance of the lever kind. "The truth," he says, "is the Directors are trying to introduce the thin end of the wedge, to test how far the Public are prepared to support Sunday entertainments." By causing them to find a legal way of giving a Sunday Concert, he has not only furthered the introduction of the wedge, but helped to drive its thin end in considerably farther. In so far he has promoted the cause of innocent and rational Sunday recreation; and we must not look a gift horse in the mouth, even although religious intolerance may possibly be found under his tongue.

In the Cellar.

Lord Beaconsfield (to his Butler). Let the old Port stand. Don't shake it on any account.

Butler. If you please, my Lord, do you think it will be any the better for keeping? (*Smelling a bottle.*) It's rather gone already.

Lord Beaconsfield. Put it into a cradle. If it isn't worth drinking, we can use it for cooking purposes. I'll try the new Cyprus to-night.

[*Exit, to dress for dinner.*

ADIEU TO THE AUSTRALIANS.

"The Australians have completed their victorious career among our County Clubs. Since their first memorable match at Lord's, in May, when they beat the M.C.C. by ten wickets in a single day, they have played well nigh in every part of England, and their hard work has been rewarded by astonishing success."—*Newspaper Report.*

THE Australians came down like a wolf on the fold, In a trice the M.C.C. were caught, stumped, or bowled: Not a batsman 'gainst SPOFFORTH "the demon" could stay, And the match, a rare marvel, was won in a day.

They have travelled since then many cricketfields through, From Swansea to Sheffield, from Cambridge to Crewe; And though here and there scoring a casual "duck," They have everywhere shown us good play and good pluck.

They have given us rare proof that the noblest of games May be learned near the Murray as well as the Thames: That courage, good temper, and patience abound Whether commons or "Lord's" be the cricketing ground.

So a hearty Godspeed on their homeward-bound way To the gallant Eleven whose watchword is "Play!" With their comrades we'll make ever free of our soil, Captain GREGORY, BANNERMAN, BLACKHAM, and BOYLE.

QUEER FISH AT WESTMINSTER.



Q. WHAT is an Aquarium?

A. A place devoted entirely to the exhibition of every variety of living Fish in their native element.

Q. What, then, may the Visitor expect to see at the Westminster Aquarium?

A. He may expect to see Fish.

Q. Will he?

A. Yes; if he looks about very carefully.

Q. But if not?

A. Then he will see a Two-Headed Nightingale (which doesn't sound like a fish); a Party of Dwarfs; the valuable and interesting Mr. STOKES on Memory (he's not a fish, and doesn't even come from Stoke's Bay—which might be

his title were he to turn Turk, i.e. STOKES BEY); the Performing Fleas (not fish, certainly); the Articulating Telephone and Microphone (I don't think these are fish?); Portraits of Members of the Berlin Congress (fishy, perhaps); then there's *Uncle Tom's Cabin* (this sounds as if it had something to do with the sea, at all events, if not with fish; and it might be a cabin on board a fishing-smack—but it isn't); then there are POOLE, ZANLO, and POOLE (two POOLIES—getting near fish this time); PAULO's Comic Ballet; the ROIMAZ Trio (haven't an idea what this means, but of course it *might* be fish); the Skating Troupe; WHEELER's Prismatic Fountains; a Vocal and Instrumental Concert; and—with what joy the announcement is made—"ZAZEL. Free!"

The notes of admiration are thrown in gratis. She is to be congratulated on her freedom. Where's FARINI? In chains? No. Here is a line about him which is a puzzler:—

"FARINI'S ZAZEL TWICE DAILY."

Is he, indeed! He's ZAZEL twice daily. Odd. He is evidently the queerest fish in all this Marvellous Show. Never mind; if it isn't fish, at all events the Manager makes it so; and all's fish that comes just now into the net profits of the Aquarium.

OH! OH!

In most countries the field-labourer is the Happy Peasant. In Kent he is the Hoppy Peasant.



CAUTION AND LOVE.

"OH, EDWIN, LOVE, HERE'S THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF OUR WEDDING. LISTEN!" (*Reads*)—"ON THE 16TH INST., AT ST. GEORGE'S, HANOVER SQUARE, EDWIN GOLDMORE TOMKYN, ESQ., M.P., OF GOLDMORE PARK, SUFFOLK, AND 248, PRINCE'S GATE, TO LADY ANGELINA, TWELFTH DAUGHTER OF THE EARL OF SILVERLACKE."

"READ ON, MY OWN SWEET LOVE. THERE'S ANOTHER PARAGRAPH—IN BRACKETS, I THINK."

"OH YES." (*Reads on.*) "'MR. E. G. TOMKYN TAKES THIS OPPORTUNITY TO INTIMATE THAT HE WILL NOT BE RESPONSIBLE FOR ANY DEBTS CONTRACTED BY HIS WIFE, WITHOUT HIS WRITTEN AUTHORITY.'"

"THE BEST OF FRIENDS MUST PART."

Punch to Lord Dufferin.

MUST part! *Punch* protests it seems almost a pity,
And yet such a muster of fairly-won friends
As bade you farewell in Quebec's famous city,
For parting's sharp pang make most pleasant amends.
Young Canada gave you a warm-hearted *vale*,
And tribute of praise seldom better deserved
Than by him who has governed as wisely as gaily,
In tact never failed and from sense never swerved.

An Irishman! Yes; and few Sons of Old Erin
Show more of the best of that nimble-brained race;
And rare is the Saxon who'll prove him your peer in
The right Celtic mixture of gumption and grace.
With the flow of warm feeling, the skill at fine fooling,
As native as *nous* to the Sheridan blood,
You're a type of the people whose powers of ruling
You merrily vaunted in whimsical mood.

The man who can *graciously* brag is a master
Of chords dull mock-modesty never may move;
The sprightly-thrasonic binds spirits the faster
In fun-spangled fetters of fancy-fed love.
The fuss of the proser, the whine of the canter,
Are foreign as falsehood and fudge to the tongue,
Which has lent a fine charm e'en to blarney and banter,
And glamour of grace o'er formalities flung.

Yet serious business has found you no fumbler,
Fun's dear at the figure when toil it would shirk;

But who would be such an inveterate grumbler
As chide a good workman who sings at his work?
Small wonder that Canada sorrows at losing
A chief who can rule and not bungle or bore,
Who, working or playing, is aye found suffusing
The wisdom of MONCK with the fancy of MOORE.

Whilst pinchbeck Imperialism is posing
As England's new idol, 'tis pleasant indeed
To find one who contrives, without gammon or glosing,
To bind branch with branch of our old Island breed.
Heart ties, after all, form the only safe tether,
If we and our stout Western scion agree,
In fair or foul weather, to foot it together,
Large thanks will be due to such bricks as Lord D.

Punch swells the full chorus that sounds from Ontario,
He'll welcome him home, from our Colony far,
Who, steadfast as DOUGLAS while gay as LOTHARIO,
Good jest will not mull and tough task will not mar.
Let us hope your successor in brain's not behind you,—
He'll find it no trifle to stand in your shoes,—
But JOHN BULL a fresh berth must right speedily find you,
For in faith, my dear Lord, you are too good to lose!

Self-Coronation.

At a meeting lately held at Savona, in Italy, to celebrate the anniversary of the Genevan Alabama Award, Signor FILIPANTI, a Deputy, was loudly applauded on declaring that Germany "would cover herself with glory if she allowed Alsace-Lorraine to elect by plebiscite between France and Germany." Prince BISMARCK, perhaps, is of opinion that if he permitted Germany to do any such thing, he would be covering himself with a fool's cap.



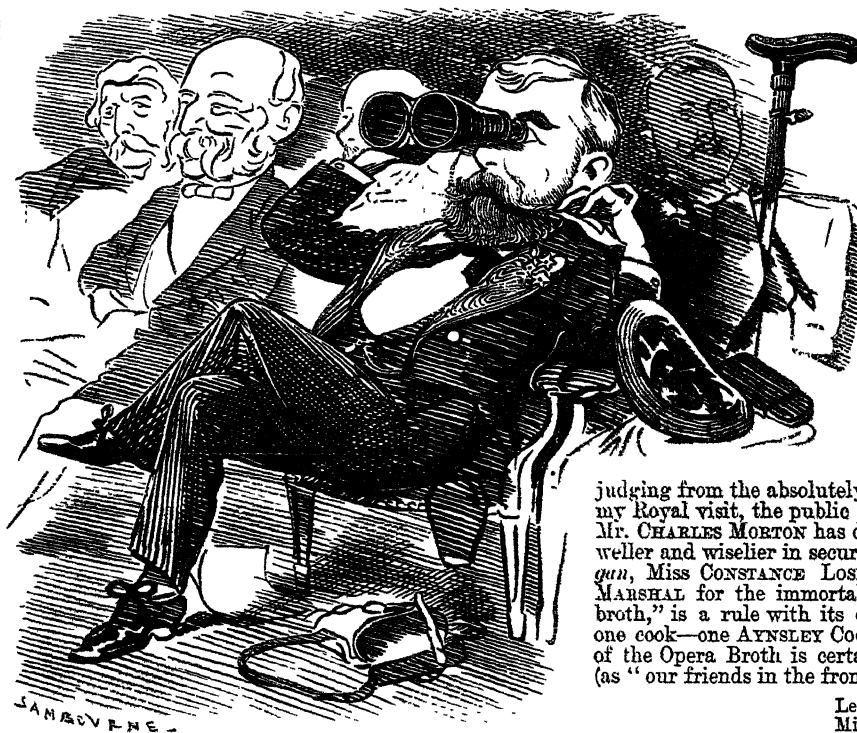
“THE BEST OF FRIENDS MUST PART.”

CANADA (to EX-GOVERNOR-GENERAL). “GOOD BYE, MY LORD! WE’RE VERY SORRY TO LOSE YOU!”

LORD D-FF-R-N. “AH, YES! MY TIME IS UP! BUT AT LEAST I CAN PROMISE YOU A RIGHT ROYAL SUCCESSOR!!”

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

On the Weather—A Word to the Wise—Geneviève de Brabant at the Alhambra—An Alberian Ballet—A Signature—And a Postscript.



AIR SIR,

The summer has gone. I announce it. It is so. By NEGRETTI AND ZAMBRA! but it is cold!!

Before proceeding any further I wish to protest. Somebody, no matter who it was, a somebody, and not a nobody, wrote to me, and expressed himself thus:—"I send you this," (i.e., some information) "for your behoof." Now, Sir, what did he mean by my "be-hoof?" Am I a quadruped? Did he intend to imply this? Have many people "be-hoofs?" If so, are they shod on their "be-hoofs?" And are these the Shoddies? Are certain persons fitted up with "be-hoofs," just as carriages are with "C-springs?" Let these questions be answered. I do not pause for a reply, or I shall be all behind—I mean all "behoof"—with my letter to you, respected Sir. Now for the Alhambra.

There is not one of Beauty's daughters in all *Opéra Bouffe* to whom I am more deeply attached than *Geneviève de Brabant*; and, judging from the absolutely crowded state of the Alhambra on the night of my Royal visit, the public seems to join me in singing "So say all of us." Mr. CHARLES MORTON has done well and wisely in producing *Geneviève*, and well and wisely in securing the services of Miss EMILY SOLDENE for *Drogan*, Miss CONSTANCE LOSEBY for the heroine, Messrs. FELIX BURY and MARSHAL for the immortal two Gendarmes. "Too many cooks spoil the broth," is a rule with its exception here: for *Drogan* being one cook, and one cook—one AYNLEY COOK—being *Cocorico Duke of Brabant*, the flavour of the Opera Broth is certain to be improved. With such a JENNY VAYVE (as "our friends in the front" call her), how can we wonder at *Drogan* being

Led by the nose by
Miss CONSTANCE LOSEBY?

Miss SOLDENE is the right *artiste* in the right place. She fills the stage with her presence, and, what is still more important, she fills the house with her voice. Her singing voice I mean, not her speaking voice, but the talk is really objectless at the Alhambra, and DUCROW's oft-quoted order to "cut the cackle and come to the 'osses," applies directly here, when the sooner the cackle is cut, and the quicker we get to the music, singing, and dancing, the better the public are pleased, invariably. I should like to hear a violent duett between Miss SOLDENE and Mdlle. ROSE BELL, the two Ladies *par excellence* for such a stage as that of the Alhambra. Couldn't they tear passion, and caps to rags, in a sort of Billingsgate quarrelling scene like that in *La Fille de Madame Angot*!

As to the story of JENNY VAYVE. Heavens! I've seen it many a time and oft in Paris and London, and if I can make head or tail of it I'm what—according to the authority of Mr. Weller's legal adviser—the Lord Chancellor said he was in confidence—and, of course, in a Pickwickian sense.

But who cares for the details of a story in an *Opéra Bouffe* where all goes briskly, brightly, and merrily, and where all ends happily? Who drilled those young Ladies in Scene 2, Act I.? They're as nearly satisfactory as any I've ever seen on the English *Opéra Bouffe* stage; for somehow, no matter who has them in hand, "Our Girls," like true Britons, never, never, never will be slaves; and the *ensemble* cannot be obtained, which in Paris is the result of tyrannic rehearsal. Mr. H. B. FARNIE, Librettist, and Stage Director, ought to be able to do it, if any one can; but even for him it is a Farniese Herculean Task. Suffice it that at the Alhambra—

"Like DON FERDINANDO,
They do what they can do,"—

which isn't exactly the quotation. But no matter. As for the young Ladies themselves, not even the Alhambra Co. Limited, could expect their *chères* to be doing better. First Act went admirably. The Serenade, sung by Mlle. SOLDENE, and LOSEBY winning a double *encore*.

The Second Act. I suppose the words of CHARLES MARTET's song are not intended to be a secret? If they are, Mr. KELLER keeps close to his instructions, as all I could catch, listening with rapt attention, was something about "Madame TUSSAUD" (which I applauded—I always do when I hear anything about Madame TUSSAUD), and "The Great Crusaders." The business of the song, executed by Our Girls, with rapiers, is very effective.

As the Automaton Hermit—or Jack in a Box-tree—Mr. J. DALLAS was very funny; but *Drogan's* song, however well given, is a trifle tedious; and it must be, when one feels that a sneeze from Miss CONSTANCE LOSEBY is quite a relief to the audience, as well as to herself,—bless her!

How many *encores* the two Gendarmes obtained I ceased to count. Messrs. MARSHAL and FELIX BURY are admirable, the only fault being that the latter, Full Private *Pitou*, is inclined to overdo the business by just so much of a hair's breadth, as endangers the crispness of the marked time on which the success of the duett greatly depends. Of all his burlesque duetts this is OFFENBACH's masterpiece. But what shall he do who comes after the two Gendarmes? Virtually, the Opera is over; and, feeling this, M. JACOB has brought into the last Scene a very telling Ballet—I don't know what it tells, but as may be literally said of a Ballet, *cela va sans dire*, i.e. it "goes" without saying anything—which, with his inspiring and melodious accompaniment, now graceful, now grotesque, gives a brilliant finish to as bright and as satisfactory an all-round performance as has been seen for many a long night at the Alhambra, and which I have no doubt will be seen for many a long night to come.

By the way, Miss ROSA's spirited dancing, and her leap into the Bohemian Boy's arms, are things to be seen and applauded.

Then followed about 10⁴⁵ (too late) a Ballet of Action, the story of which was written, or danced, by Mr. JAMES ALBERY, the Author of *The Two Roses*, which was not a Ballet, though the name sounds like it. I suppose the lateness of the hour prevented my being able to follow the story, which went away on any number of legs, and I did not feel inclined to pursue it.

I gathered from what I saw that an elegant Spanish Princess—who never appeared less at her ease than when seated in a large chair, for her legs, except when used for dancing, seemed to inconvenience her much—was, somehow or other, ill-treated by an elderly and apparently inebriated Turkish Gentleman, whom, at first, I took to be her father. Further consideration caused me to alter my opinion, for how should a Spanish Princess be the daughter of a Turk—whether inebriated or not is no matter? So I concluded he was some relation: uncle perhaps. He was always attracting his niece's attention to one of his fingers. Why? Had he hurt it? Did he want sticking-plaster? For the life of me I cannot make out why that disreputable old Turk bothered the Spanish Princess about such a trifle. Well—then a Gentleman in blue took a spear and a shield from the Princess, and made a great fuss about going to do something, but did nothing. Well—then vague people brought in gilded coal-scuttles for the Princess's inspection, but I fancy she didn't



BUSINESS IS BUSINESS.

Rector's Wife. "Oh, Mr. DOSSET, WE HAVE NOT SEEN YOUR ASSISTANT, WHO HAS SUCH A VERY NICE TENOR VOICE, IN THE CHORUS LATELY."

Country Grocer. "No, MA'AM; I'VE PARTED WITH HIM OWING TO THE RECTOR AND OTHER GENTLEMEN GETTING THEIR SUPPLIES FROM THE STORES IN LONDON!"

want to furnish, and so they took them all away again. About this time the inebriated Turkish Uncle, who had been looking daggers at everybody and everything, specially the coal-scuttles (he must have been very drunk), suddenly retired, either to take some more drink privately, or to recover from his past excess.

Well—that's the story, so far. It isn't *very* interesting, is it?

After this there appeared a Sea Nymph, and she and the Spanish Princess both fell in love with the man in blue. Then everyone broke into a dance of joy and cymbals, all, that is, except the tall Turkish Guards, who stood gloomily at the wings, their heads wrapped up as though suffering from severe face-aches and mumps, probably caught from standing night after night in the violent draughts of the Palace "wings."

Then the Sea Nymph showed her sea legs, and as the scene changed, I looked at my watch, and finding it was 11'30, and the story no further advanced, I said, Farewell unhappy Princess! *Addio*, Sea Nymph! Good-bye, Man in Blue and Drunken Uncle, I am off to get a cool American lemon squash, and a full-flavoured Havannah, and thanking you much, M. JACOB, for the capital dance music, I am, Ladies and Gentlemen,

Very truly,

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S.—"A New York audience yawned through the play of *Olivia*," writes a correspondent in America to the *Era*. The fact is in this instance, "the play's" not "the thing." The rehearsals and stage management, and the capital cast, made it what it was at the Court Theatre. If the "getting-up" on the American stage is not equal to that at the Court, the getting up in front of the house—and going out—will more than balance it.

To be seen—Mr. BYRON's new piece, *Conscience Money*. His last was *A Fool and his Money*. Still sticking to the *Money*—so they're not so soon parted—but now conscientiously. On the very best authority (except my own) I hear it is a success. *Crede BYRON*. A rule for Critics should be, "Don't judge by *First Appearances*." Of the popularity of sterling melodrama, you can judge by visiting *The*

Two Orphans (Messrs. D'ENNERY and CORMON) at the Olympic, and of the same Two Authors' success you will have at the Adelphi a most convincing *Proof*.

This is the last week of Messrs. GATTI's Concerts at Covent Garden. More's the pity. The other night a young Composer, as gifted as amiable (I dined with him), took me to hear Mr. ARTHUR SULLIVAN's Orchestra perform Mr. WALTER AUSTIN's *Fire King* Overture, first time in London; and after that we heard, with delight, Miss CUMMINGS' rendering of *The Lost Chord*, music by A. SULLIVAN, M.D., or rather by *The SULLIVAN*, M.D. On this occasion the *Lost Chord* was *Ong-chord*. After this *jeu de mot*, I bowed my acknowledgments from my Private Box, and withdrew.

Was it really?

WE object to hearing a Lady's name shouted out at the top of a guard's voice, or at the top of a guard's-van for the matter of that, as is daily done at Herne Hill Station, L. C. & D. line, when the guard and the porters sing out stentorially, "*Victoria Forward!*" Who is VICTORIA FORWARD? There was a Lady came over here, some time since, Victoria something—American she was—who lectured, rather warmly, on Woman's Rights. Was she VICTORIA FORWARD? But anyhow, why shout out her name at Herne Hill?

A BRAND NEW ONE.

Now then, where will you find the true "poetry of motion"? Give it up? Why, in your *lawn Tennyson*, of course!

N.B.—This joke may be tried with effect on the One Man now left in Rotten Row.

THE MODERN BOA OF WHISTLES (early edition.)—A railway junction at three o'clock in the morning.

KEEPING IT DOWN!



WHAT, Bogey-scared, O Man of Blood and Iron?
 You'd try Repression's bad old recipe?
 The Spectres which your strong-reared State environ
 You'd bind and box? An endless task, you'll see!
 Down with the lid! the ugly inmate throttle!
 It will not do—your system will not work:
 You'll find that, like the Geni in the bottle,
 'Twill out at last, in spite of tightest cork.

Jack-in-the-Box is sure to play you tricks, Sir,
 Unless you have the force to *break the spring*.
 Repression ever acts as an elixir
 To human yearnings for a freer wing.

To lay the Social Spectre is your duty,
 You doubtless think; but tyrant will in terror,
 Because its Bogey does not *look* a Beauty,
 O'erlooks its heart of truth—a fatal error!

The incubus of iron Militarism,
 Cramped freedom, stifled thought, and crippled trade,—
 These *will* breed discontent and Social schism,
 Dread forces 'gainst Autocracy arrayed.
 The plan of Mrs. PARTINGTON won't pay, Sir.
 Your Measure, like her mop, you'll fruitless find.
 Box up the Bogey for to-day you may, Sir;
 'Twill out to-morrow. Will can't bag the Wind!



AN APPETITE FOR INFORMATION.

Arthur (who has been listening with breathless interest to one of Grandpapa's Bible Stories).
 "AND WERE YOU IN THE ARK, GRANDPA, ALONG O' NOAH AND ALL THE REST OF 'EM?"

Grandpapa (indignantly). "N^O SIR, CERTAINLY NOT!"

Arthur. "THEN HOW IS IT YOU WASN'T DROWNED?"

THE STEEL HORSE.

THE Iron Horse a good one is, as the saying is, to go
 Behind him whilst he flies full speed as ye travel to and fro.
 Great wonders for mankind 'tis true that Iron Horse has done.
 But you talk about the Iron Horse as though there were but one.

And yet there is another Horse, in kind of iron frame;
 For I bestride a steed of steel whose mettle's full as game;
 My roadster: when I'm on his back, few things we go not by,
 Whether on wheels, or legs, or both, my Bicycle and I.

The Steel Horse ne'er in stable or stall stands eating off his head;
 He neither craves for corn nor hay—nor asks he coal instead.
 Nor doth he more to drink require than he demandeth feed.
 No water he lacks; and I pay no tax on account of my cheap Steel Steed.

My Steel Horse can convey but one, when he takes me up and down;
 He turns no lovely rural wild to close and sultry town.
 No ugly stuccoed settlements uprise upon his track;
 He bears no travellers to the bourne wherefrom they ne'er come back.

Occasion he for gambling none gives Cads of low degree.
 The Betting-men, the Sporting Gents, can't get at him or me.
 No slinking knaves environ him, and dog his ins and outs;
 No jockeys, ostlers, stable-boys, no tipsters, and no touts.

'Tis true that he on level ground alone can hold his pace,
 And the Steel Horse would avail me nought to win a steeplechase.
 Bear me 'cross country, after hounds, o'er hedge and ditch and gate;
 Fling me, and make me leave my friends to mourn my sudden fate.

But O, my Steel Horse never jibs, my Steel
 Horse never shies;
 He ne'er takes fright and bolts with me—at
 the worst can but capsize.
 Through the 'pikes we roll exempt from
 toll, as befits a Centaur free.
 There is nought to pay on the Queen's high-
 way for my Bicycle and me!

RULES IN RHYME.

(To the Editor.)

SIR,
 In the letters that have appeared in
 the *Times* relative to the Rules of Naviga-
 tion, the poetical regulations of the Board
 of Trade have been quoted. As for
 example:—

"When on your starboard red appear,
 It is your duty to keep clear—
 To act as judgment says is proper,
 To port, or starboard, back her, stop her."

The Poet is, of course, kept on the pre-
 mises. Who is the Bard of Trade? Is
 there a Trade Laureate? Is the place open
 to competition? If so, "Here stands a
 post" that I'll go in for. But in what
 direction? Why not for Cab-drivers? or
 for Police? Why not *all* regulations in
 verse, and the verse to music? Here's a
 specimen:—

When you want to reach the Bank,
 Hail a Cabman from the rank.
 It is a shilling fare
 Do not pay him till you're there.
 And, if you've got any sense,
 Do not give him eightpence.

Here's another:—

Give a Cabman just his fare,
 My! how he will cuss and swear!
 Give him half-a-crown too much,
 And his hat, *perhaps*, he'll touch.

Rule for Cabmen, in another measure:—

No matter where you're going, any day,
 Through Covent Garden is the shortest way.
 "Wait for the Waggon" you can sing, *sans doute*,
 You'll wait for lots of waggons on this route.

Rule for Impeccunious Passenger:—

Order the Cabman whom you cannot pay
 Without the Burlington Arcade to stay.
 Say, "Wait for me in Piccadilly, friend!"
 Then you'll retire by the other end.

Rule for ordinary driving:—

To the right you want to go,
 You must pull the right, you know;
 For you'd be of sense bereft,
 If, for right, you pulled the left.
 Or you must be very tight,
 When you think the left is right.

Advice to "Crawlers" unoccupied:—

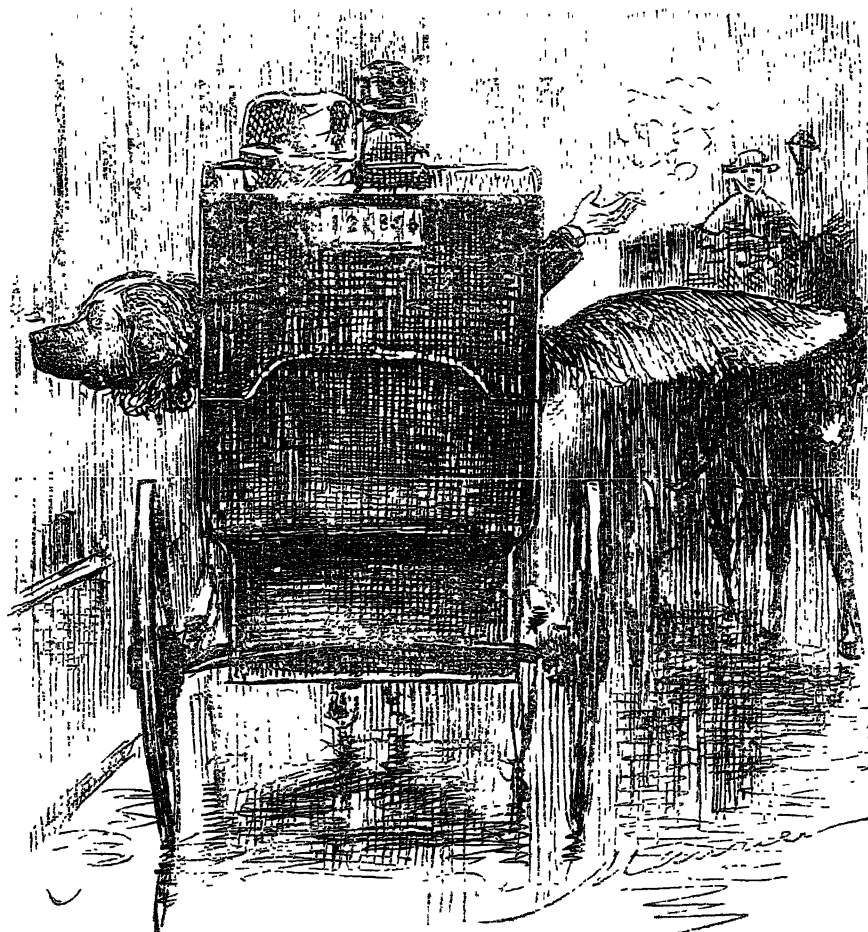
Crawl along until you see
 Some one crossing cautiously.
 Almost knock him down, then cry,
 "Now then, stoopid, mind your eye!"

As to Excuses, here's the rule:—

When you have a jibbing horse,
 Say he's rather fresh, of course.
 If he kicks like mad, you'll say,
 "Bless you, Sir, that's only play!"
 If each step's a dangerous trip,
 Say, "He never makes a slip."

These are some few suggestions, which
 may be taken up by your numerous Poetical
 Correspondents, and applied all round. In
 the meantime, please remember,
 YOUR POOR POET.

QUESTION.—Is the Native Widow of a
 deceased Nabob an India-vidual?



AN UNWIELDY CAB-FARE.

THE LAMENT OF THE VASE.

(Lately echoed from the Louvre.)

FASHIONED by heroic hands,
 Graced I once old PRIAM's table,
 Saw the rage of ARGIVE bands,
 Watched sweet HELEN fade in fable:
 Till fair Athens rose, and I,
 'Mid her cherished treasures numbered,
 Told her of the times gone by,
 Of the dead that with them slumbered.
 And as cycles sank away,
 Rome, the mighty spoiler, found me
 Witness of her splendid sway,
 While her triumph rang around me:
 Witness—till her sand was run,
 And, in whirl of Northern thunder,
 Trampling Vandal, Goth, and Hun
 Rent her giant strength in sunder!
 Yet intact was I, and whole,
 Destined for the joy of sages
 Thankful for this scanty dole
 Wrested from the grasping ages.
 And they gently took me hence,
 Pondered o'er my mist-veiled story;
 Honoured me with throne and fence,
 Set me up in single glory.
 Yet in vain they marked my grace,
 Marshall'd savans round about me—
 Where I stood an empty space,
 Says the world must live without me!
 Yes!—for spite cost, care,—each boon,—
 Tenderness that quite abashed me,—
 Suddenly, this afternoon,
Came a British Mob—and smashed me!

A Juvenile Attempt.

THE Porte is itself again. A telegram from Constantinople announces that:—
 "The Turkish authorities are re-established at Sis."

So they are once more in the Imperative Mood, Present Tense. Or the Potential Mood, Present Tense, Second Person Singular—whichever you please, Sir.

HOW TO ENJOY A HOLIDAY IN PARIS.

(By a Cynic, who has Attempted it.)

TAKE with you twice as much luggage as you can possibly require, to get lost on the railway, and to cause inconvenience and waste of time at the Custom House.

Depart by a train that entails getting up in the middle of the night, and breakfasting hurriedly in the early morning.

Cross over the sea in a ridiculously small steamer, which, overcrowded with passengers and luggage, rolls at the approach of every wavelet; or select a larger vessel infested with pickpockets.

Still suffering from the effects of a disagreeable voyage, hurry into a stuffy railway carriage, and spend half a dozen hours or so in it on your road to Paris.

Arrived in the gay Capital, select a large and comfortless Hotel, where you will be known as a number and treated as a cypher.

Dine at a bad and expensive *table d'hôte*, where you will be invited to partake of a morsel of four-and-twenty dishes in half as many minutes.

Hurry away to an overcrowded Theatre, and sit out for five hours a play either painfully frivolous, grossly immoral, absurdly sensational, or a combination of all three.

Rise early the next morning, and visit your favourite haunt in search of breakfast. Spend a couple of hours in the midst of a hungry throng, all attempting in vain to attract the notice of a few overworked waiters, vaguely carrying about some under-cooked dishes. Eat what you can secure, pay what you are forced to give, and come out half-starved and grumbling.

Lounge on the Boulevards, and submit to be elbowed off the pavement by the "brazen youth" of Dalston, Brixton, and other equally fashionable suburbs, and a few scores of thousands of personally-conducted Tourists.

Look into the shops, and notice that they are filled with English goods.

Leave the streets, and, for the first time for many years, "do"

the sights. Discover, when it is too late to retrace your steps, that the "Monuments of Paris" are in the hands of a gigantic crew of plebeian, uncultivated, and unappreciative excursionists.

As a last resource, visit the Exhibition and renew your acquaintance with the wonders of the Rue de Rivoli, Regent Street, Friedrich Strasse, Broadway, and several foreign imitations of the Tottenham Court Road.

Weary of the well-known triumphs of commerce, as displayed in chocolate drops, writing desks, easy chairs, and other equally interesting articles, walk into the Machinery Department, and secure a headache by watching the rather clumsy manufacture of a hat, a pill-box, or a pair of braces.

To regain your habitual calm, visit the Fine Art Galleries, and inspect the tarnished glories (?) of past and forgotten Royal Academy Exhibitions, Salons, and other Annual Collections of Pictures held in different parts of Europe.

Still in search of composure, stroll into the grounds and gaze upon theatrical representations of Asiatic houses and Japanese shopkeepers selling their native manufactures at exorbitant rates.

Tired to death of the Exhibition, return to your hotel in a badly-horsed, highly-priced, and broken-down Victoria, and find the place more crowded and more uncomfortable than ever.

Spend a month or six weeks dismally, finding Paris without the Parisians, the Boulevards without the glories of the shops, and the Theatres without the novelties.

Then, when you are quite bored, crush into a crowded train, embark in a thronged boat, and get home as best you can, thanking your lucky stars the while that you are once more housed in London.

"Cum Grano."

OUR Muscular Christian friend, MILO ALLSIDES, hearing Mr. CORNEY GRAIN most justly spoken of as "one out of ten thousand," innocently asked, "Does that mean that ten thousand common men had to be threshed to produce such a sample of Grain?"



"COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO!"

STRONG, BUT PLEASANT.

A REPORT in a Salopian paper presents to the imagination a vivid idea of the sanitary state of the district under the dominion of the Wellington Board of Guardians. At a meeting of those authorities the other day—

"Mr. H. J. TAYLOR, Sanitary Inspector, reported as to the existence of nuisances in various parts of the district, and in most instances orders for abatement were made."

The gravity—and graveolence—of those nuisances can be understood from the statement, immediately succeeding the above, that—

"The Inspector also reported that in one case there were four pigsties within three feet of a cottage, and that the filth from the sties ran down to the base of the house, and caused a great nuisance."

"Mr. JERVIS: A farmhouse is no good unless there is plenty of manure about it. (*Laughter.*)"

"The CHAIRMAN observed that he did not consider any pigsty a nuisance. —No action was taken in the matter."

If no action was taken in the matter—truly matter in the wrong place—of the four pigsties whose details are described in the forego-

ing quotation—what, as regards cleanliness and odour, must have been the state of things in the various cases in most of which orders for the abatement of it were made? The thought of it is enough to make any gentleman hold his nose; except, of course, the member of the Wellington Board of Guardians who thinks that "a farmhouse is no good," unless it be surrounded with the material which he named; and save also the Chairman, who said that "he did not consider any pigsty a nuisance," and to whose nostrils perhaps all pigsties are nasegays only more or less agreeably odoriferous.

Taste beyond the Tweed.

FALKIRK, Lord ROSEBURY the other day informed a meeting of its inhabitants, is to be provided with a School of Music and a School of Cookery. Was there nobody among his hearers to ask why, and whether it was possible that either Scotch Music or Scotch Cookery could be improved? What three dishes are there comparable to parritch, haggis, and sheep's-head and trotters? What three pieces of music are equal to "Scots, wha ha'e," "Auld Lang Syne," and "Tullochgorum"?



TRAVELLER TOO BONÂ FIDE.

Dusty Pedestrian. "I SHOULD LIKE A GLASS OF BEER, MISSIS, PLEASE——"

Landlady. "HAE YE BEEN TREVELLIN' BY RELL?"

Pedestrian. "NO, I'VE BEEN WALKING—FOURTEEN MILES."

Landlady. "NA, NA, NAE DRINK WILL ONY YIN GET HERE, WHA'S BEEN PLEASURE-SEEKIN' O' THE SAWBATH DAY!"

"JUDGE NOT HASTILY."

FROM the *Times'* paragraph subjoined it may appear that an unhappy peasant has had to suffer severely for a slight offence, and that Shropshire Justices make a preposterous account of

"RABBITS.—JOHN LEARY, a labourer, with two children, has, by the County Magistrates at Ludlow, been committed to gaol for twenty-one days, without the option of paying a fine, for taking a rabbit out of a trap in a hedge at Dilbury at night, and also required to give £20 bail not to offend again for twelve months."

But could the prisoner have paid a fine? and would any labourer be able to do that unless he were an habitual poacher? These questions are to be asked before it is assumed that the County Magistrates at Ludlow are Squires who regard rabbits as sacred animals,

insomuch as to punish the petty offence of "boning" one by committing a poor labourer to the House of Correction, and, perhaps, consigning his wife and family to the Workhouse.

CIRCULAR NOTES.

(Contributed by Our Jotter.)

THE Patron Saint for Messrs. Cook should be St. Martin of Tours.

A Gentleman, very particular as to locality, told me he felt a little uncertain of his position in Doubty Street, W.C. I replied that it, was spelt "Doughty." We argued. "Dough," says he, "spells 'Doe'; therefore it's Doety Street." "But," I replied, "Plough" spells 'Flow'; therefore 'tis Dowty Street." "Tough," says he, "is pronounced 'Tuff,' so 'tis Duffty Street." "If you come to that," I rejoined, "'Hough' spells 'Hock,' and therefore 'tis Dockty Street." This *argumentum ad 'hock'* made us thirsty, and we quaffed. There was a great deal to be said on both sides; more than fits into this paragraph. Yes, "paragram" is the word. Why not "paragram?" You send me a telegram, not a telegraph. You will telegraph me a telegram, and I will paragraph you a paragram. When the Learned Universities discussed the "Telegram" Question, years ago, no one suggested "paragram."

I've thought much of it since then, and this is the result in the Ollendorffian Method:—

Has the man telegraphed a telegram? He has not telegraphed a telegram, but he has photographed a photograph. The children of my neighbour (*i.e.*, my neighbour's children), paragraphed a paragram. What do you photograph? I photograph a photograph, but the sisters of the physician (*i.e.*, the physician's sisters), paragraph a paragram, &c., &c.

Where is the man who will write a history of the London Statues, with portraits and original designs? Guide to the Statues of London, by one of themselves, signed *Statue Quo*.

LORD BEACONSFIELD, to Greece, "Sons of freedom, you have a glorious past to look back to, a promising future—and—and—what can you want more for the present?" This is my LORD BEACONSFIELD'S nice present for Greece, if she'll only be a good girl, and not bother. A historical people should never become a hysterical people.

Which is the best quarter of London to live in? I should be delighted to find any part of London where there was "no quarter" given, or taken. But there, it's all owing to the Moon, that we have any quarter-days at all. This "argument from design," in the creation of the Moon, ought to be sufficient to confute and confound any infidel, especially if he be a landlord.

Some illustrated papers produce portraits of distinguished individuals, for which the artists should be drawn first, then quartered on the Editor for a month, and then executed on their own wood blocks on Tower Hill. By the way a good mediæval illustration of a *Tour de force* was the *Tower of London*.

There is a fine plot of land to be let at Birchington, Kent, quite a site for a School. Ground at Birchington is sold by the rod.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

He stoops to "Folly," and rises to the Olympic—A few words on the approach of Winter, and on some Good Old Times that might be revived with Advantage to Everybody.

SIR,

WHEN a theatre styles itself The Varieties, or the Vaudeville, or the Opéra Comique, it ought to act up to its pretensions. The Alhambra's full title is, I believe, The Alhambra Theatre of Varieties, and variety is its charm. There is nothing of the Vaudeville at present about the theatre managed by Messrs. JAMES AND THORNE, but the Opéra Comique sticks strictly to its line of business. The little Charing Cross Theatre, originally intended for such entertainments as those given by Mr. WOODEN, Mr. MACCABE, Lieutenant COLE, or half a dozen Ethiopian Serenaders, was christened some three years or so ago "The Folly."

Folly was to be, there, the order of the night. At the Folly, *Blue Beard*, with Miss LYDIA THOMPSON and Messrs. BROUGH and EDOUTIN, ran some hundred nights. The music was very catching,



the "Heathen Chinee" was a novelty, and Mr. BROUGH's "*That's the sort of Man I am*" made a hit.

Robinson Crusoe was a dismal failure on the first night; but, after excision and revision, it had a very long run. It was Folly to have produced such a piece as *Robinson*, it was Folly to stick to it, but Folly won in the end—won, in fact, in the long run.

True to its title, nothing could be greater folly than to produce two such pieces as *La Feuve* and *L'Etoile*, the one under the name of *The Idol*, the other as *Stars and Garters*.

The subject of *The Idol*, unless treated, either from an utterly extravagant, or a most painfully serious point of view, is unpleasant. A widow idolises her departed husband, has his bust stuck up in her drawing-room, addresses it as though it were her husband still living, is gradually disillusioned by his real character being brought to light, after which the bust is smashed, mended, laughed at, and placed in somebody else's room.

That there is humour of a certain sort in this notion has been shown us by Lord LYTTON's *Graves*, in *Money*, who, after perpetually invoking his "Sainted MARIA," and dwelling upon the impossibility of his ever finding anyone to fill her place, proposes to merry *Lady Franklin*. But that was only episodical, and very lightly, very farcically, touched.

In *The Idol*, the worship of the dear defunct is the very essence of the play, and a nasty essence too. The piece, treated eccentrically, might have been vulgarly called *Bust Up*!

Miss EASTLAKE looks well, dresses well, and plays fairly as *Cupid Erle*, and Miss EDITH BLANDE and Miss ROSE CULLEN are bright and lively as *Mrs. Jekyll* and *Bessy Jekyll*.

Mr. J. G. GRAHAM is an honest, hearty, impassioned Captain, in love with the Widow, but his attentions, at first sight, do not appear exactly honourable. Mr. LIONEL BROUGH is a stupid part. Mr. ALFRED BISHOP extorted from me the one single laugh I indulged in throughout the performance. His make-up is capital, and his

attempt, in the last Act, to address the people who won't listen to him, is immensely funny.

The best bit of acting is Mr. PAULTON's Jeweller. The scene is too long, and, in less clever hands, would be wearisome, but Mr. PAULTON has carefully thought it out point by point, and from first to last it is a very good performance. Mr. PAULTON, like Mr. HARE, takes pains to show us what can be done with a small character-part in a good situation, and his *Mr. Chisel* (a very bad name for such an honest and delicate-minded tradesman) is unquestionably the pearl of price in this very bad oyster.

As for *Stars and Garters*, except a trio, "*Going back to Dixie*," sung by Mr. ALFRED BISHOP, Miss ROSE CULLEN, and Miss ANNIE POOLE, and some verses and choruses divided between Messrs. BROUGH, PAULTON, and a bevy of girls, there is hardly anything to suggest the probability of a long run; yet I cannot forget how *Robinson Crusoe* was denounced as irredeemably bad, how it was knocked over, how it picked itself up, and had a really long run of prosperity. But the Folly is the Folly, be it never so Foolish.

Miss EDITH BLANDE looks magnificent, Miss LYDIA THOMPSON is as sprightly as ever, and the Pages and Maids of Honour are as smiling and smirking as Lord OGLE, the oldest *habitué* in the Stalls, could wish; but there is a lack of fun, a lack of "go," which in any other theatre would be fatal to success. The Manager can spell "Folly," but "Failure" is not in his dictionary. Yet, as the French Lady remarked on the absence of *ennui* from the English language, "What need of the word when they have the thing itself?"

King Jingo affords no opportunities for Mr. BROUGH's genuine burlesque humour; but I should say the part itself is very different from its original, *Ouf Premier*, as played by little, fat, fussy DAUBRAY at the Bouffes last year. But in Paris *L'Etoile* owed its non-success rather to the composer, M. CHABRIER, than to the librettists, MM. LETERRIER and VANLOO. Odd name, VANLOO! It looks like a muddled game of cards, something between Van John and Loo. So much, and enough too, for The Folly; and now for a visit to the Olympic Orphanage.

Les Deux Orphelines, by Messrs. D'ENNERY and CORMON, at the Olympic. What a clever play! in what masterly style is the plot put together! Yet how needless are the frequent repetitions of the story told over and over again to the different personages who are required as links in the chain. With a little extra care the English adaptation might have had the advantage over the French original in telling the story with equal lucidity and at less length.

Mr. NEVILLE, who has recently been the *Pierre* the Convict in *Proof* at the Adelphi, is now *Pierre*, the Cripple, in *The Two Orphans* at the Olympic. His performance is admirable. When I think of the two different figures, *Pierre Lorange*, the tall, manly, honest soldier, in *Proof*, and *Pierre*, the Cripple, the poor, helpless weakling in *The Two Orphans*, I can scarcely bring myself to believe they are played by one and the same person. Yet, there he is,—the "needy knife-grinder," at the Olympic, whom "a sense of wrongs does rouse to vengeance," who turns like the bruised worm, and, in his final struggle with his big bully of a brother, announces that it is the case of the sons of ADAM reversed, that it is ABEL who is going to kill CAIN, and now he is ABEL—to do it! What a scene that last! What a stab! Go it, you Cripple! What breathless interest and what delight when the Big Brother Bill—I beg his pardon, WILLIAM—RIGNOLD, gives his final kick, and expires. But 'tis a melancholy play, sad from beginning to end; no sun-light, no gleam of relief, not even from the Valet, *Picard*, whose hard humour is only aggravating. Nothing can be more pathetic than Miss MARION TERRY's Blind Girl, nothing more earnest than Miss ERNSTONE's *Henriette*, nothing more revolting than Mrs. HUNTLEY's *La Forcharde*, nothing more disgustingly repulsive than Mr. WILLIAM RIGNOLD's *Jacques*.

But it is too long, not being over till past twelve. The first part could be considerably curtailed; a whole handful could come out of Tableau IV., one Scene could be entirely eliminated, and at least three repetitions of the story could be taken for granted. Again, after the grand climax in the garret, the last Act is not required by the audience, who would be quite content to take Mr. NEVILLE's word for everything ending happily, if he would only step out, and pleading the lateness of the hour and the earliness of the closing movement (it is a thirsty piece), assure them that everything would be settled satisfactorily behind the curtain. This may be a hint worth taking. "*Our Girls*" wouldn't have been an inappropriate title for *Les Deux Orphelines*.

The *Winter's Tale* at Drury Lane reminds us that Christmas is coming. More on this head, I mean on this *Winter's Tale*, in my next.

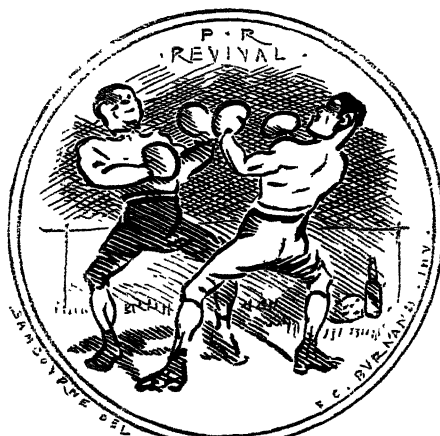
I hear that the Methodistical Melodrama, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, is drawing unprecedentedly big Pits at the Princess's. I don't care for this Moody-and-Sankey-panky on the stage, and very little for it off, and I would rather hear of another *Pink Dominoes* being licensed, than Niggers, in a theatrical performance, being permitted to sing such a verse as this,—I quote from memory, but the lines are very nearly these:—

"The Devil tempted a woman
A woman tempted a man;
And, if it hadn't been for the mercy of Heaven,
We'd all be dead and dam."

Whether in the third line "God" is used instead of "Heaven" I am not sure, but I think it was when I heard it. And this was received with a shout of laughter and encored! Well, but where stop? The Decalogue, or the Lord's Prayer, might be set and sung in the same way. This verse, certainly, ought to be excised by that sweet little cherub of a Chamberlain who sits up aloft and keeps watch for the morals of our theatre-going public.

I have done my theatres for this week, and now let me sit down in calm seclusion and enjoy the capitally-written

SLAVES OF THE



Records of British Boxers, Legends of Slaves of the Ring, Tales of the P.R., as they are now being re-told, week by week, in a paper that *Mrs. Malaprop* would have called the *Licentious Witters' Gazette*,—I mean the *Licensed Victuallers' Gazette*. To adapt the pet couplet of my favourite advertising poet to the present case—

"They come as a boon and a blessing
up to men,
These tales as re-
told by this Pu-
glist Pen."

The account of the fight got up for the benefit of the

Grand Duke NICHOLAS of Russia—fancy a Grand Duke having a benefit!—is historically interesting. The P.R., like many other excellent institutions, came to grief through want of inherent ability to reform itself and rectify abuses. But, in the interests of health, I should say that a good spar in England would save many a visit to a Spa abroad, and it would be a good thing for our young Athletes of the Schools and Universities were they to become "hand and glove" with the exercise of the Noble Art. I have heard it said that "it is a first-rate thing for the eye." I have found it so, and also for the nose. However, "The Mill is gone to decay, BEN BOLT," and those who "know the ropes" best, know that the stakes are not forthcoming to support them. *Heu prisca fides!* O Ancient Art of Pluck! Let me tap my own claret, and crack my own nut before the fire, and, at peace with all the world, be now and always

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

"BETTER DAY BETTER DEED."

SCENE—Paris. Wicket at entrance to Concours d'Agriculture, Department of Polled Cattle. TIME—Noon, Sunday. Eminent Scotch Cattle-Breeder emerging briskly from interior, encounters another eminent ditto.

First Eminent Scotch Cattle-Breeder. Hullo, MAC! you here?

Second Eminent Scotch Cattle-Breeder. Ou, ay, man! But I've keepit my bed till noo. Sad wark judging nowt o' Sabbath!

First Eminent Scotch Cattle-Breeder. Sad wark! Ye've little occasion to say that, and you gotten the feck o' the prizes.

Second Eminent Scotch Cattle-Breeder. Eh, man, d' ye say that! But will na the el'ers at hame hear o't?

First Eminent Scotch Cattle-Breeder. Come, noo, MAC—rin your chance for ance. What's the price o' your first prize bull?

Second Eminent Scotch Cattle-Breeder. Ah, weel, man, but we cudna speak aboot that. This is the Sabbath-Day, man. But an' the bullie be to be saul', the price is juist three hunner poun doon—nae a fardin less. (Pause.) Come awa till we see fat kin' o' soda-water they sell here. We never mak' dry bargains at hame.

[The two find their way into the nearest restaurant, where they discover a coterie of like-minded fellow-countrymen, by whom they are hilariously welcomed, and the Sabbath is kept in congenial fashion, the winner of the Prizes supplying the liquids.]

MOTTO FOR KIN BEYOND SEA.—"A little more than Kin, and less than kind."

"HOW I COULDN'T FIND STANLEY."

(An Indignant Protest addressed to the Editor by the Author of "How I went for Stanley.")

SIR,—You hinted—nay more than hinted—that, while I was professing to find STANLEY, I had never left my native shore, in fact, had stopped at Margate, or Ramsgate, or where the bright shrimp disports itself in the modest bay of Pegwell. I passed over those innuendoes with silent contempt.

But you implied that I had undertaken to find STANLEY—nay, that I had actually styled my admirable work on the subject *How I Found Stanley*,—and, in point of fact—the one point which I flatter myself is always my promontory on the Map of Truth—I had not found STANLEY at all.

Now, Sir, permit me to state here what is patent to the world, and no extra charge on the part of the patentee, that I called the first part of my great and immortal work "*How I went for Stanley*," and that *some one in the office* altered that title. I bowed to your superior judgment—for I am the politest man in the world, and I often bow even without recognising the person to whom I am bowing—and in my laconic and Wellingtonian manner, I exclaimed "*Stet*" and it stitted.

So you see, Sir, I had only undertaken to "go for" STANLEY, and for STANLEY I went.

Now observe. Was I the only man after STANLEY? STANLEY first, the rest nowhere. There was another indefatigable explorer who, assisted by means,—which, *from no fault of my own*, I could not command,—had got on the track, had taken the shortest and most expensive route, and while I was, heaven only knows where, in the Keep-It-Dark Country, risking my life for an idea, and sending you imploring letters for aid, even if it took the form of postage stamps, This Gentleman, of French extraction, I imagine by his name, had got the right STANLEY by the ear.

Why couldn't I find STANLEY? Because Mr. D'OILY CARTE had got him! He had hidden him away, he had secreted him, and for aught we know, as Mr. D'OILY CARTE is the Manager of the Opéra Comique, he may be utilising his newly acquired available talent on board *H.M.S. Pinafore*, where it may be that Mr. H. M. S-TANLEY is disguised as a sailor, and nightly joining in the GILBERT-CUM-SULLIVAN chorus of "*He is an Englishman*."

"For he himself has said it,
And 'tis greatly to his credit,
He is an Englishman!"

And how do I arrive at this? Thus: In the *Era* I find a paragraph which I present to you as my justification:—

"Mr. R. D'OILY CARTE, with characteristic energy, has arranged with the world-renowned explorer of Africa, Mr. HENRY M. STANLEY, to give a series of one hundred lectures this autumn in the principal towns of Great Britain. The lecture will be called 'Through the Dark Continent,' and will be, in fact, a narrative of Mr. STANLEY's last journey through Africa."

Good. And where shall I be meantime? My panorama will be ready, my speaking likenesses will be in working order, and I've engaged a double-handed brass band, and a double-headed trumpet blower, who will be heard for miles round. I shall be all there when the bell rings. There will be a portrait, in oils, of myself, outside, described as a *D'Oily Carte de Visite*, and my solicitor informs me that this, in his opinion (up to Six-and-Eightpence), is not a "Colourable Imitation," being already coloured.

I shall take two blacks who will help to "make" one white (myself) with a set of bones and banjones.

Banjones is accusative plural of Banjo. Observe, extract from the Dark Continent Grammar, page 5. Black Letter Copy:—

Singular.	
Nom. Banjo.	Acc. Banjonem.
Gen. Banjonis.	Voc. Banj-O! * *
Dat. Banjoni.	Abl. Banjone.

* * To distinguish from the ancient Celtie, "the O'Banjo."

Plural.	
Nom. Banjones.	Acc. Banjones (or Burn-Jones).
Gen. Banjonum.	Voc. (Wanting, or Owing-Jones.)
Dat. Banjonibus.	Abl. Banjonibus.

However, I'm not going to give you the result of all my hard work and study gratis, so "if you want any more you may sing it yourself," And I am yours with dignity,

THE EX-EX- (OR DOUBLE EX)-FLOER OF THE
"KEEP-IT-DARK CONTINENT."

P.S.—I have no objection to throw in the information that "once on a time" I *did* find STANLEY in Paris.

"How did I find him?"

I found him very well, thank you, and how are you?

Yours X. X. P.



LAWN-TENNIS UNDER DIFFICULTIES.—“PLAY!”

IF SPACE IS LIMITED, THERE IS NO REASON WHY ONE SHOULDN'T PLAY WITH ONE'S NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOURS, OVER THE GARDEN WALL. (ONE NEEDN'T VISIT THEM, YOU KNOW!)

THE SHADOW ON THE HILLS.

READY!

So rings the Watchword o'er the Western border.
And India, arms at hand, and well in order,
Stands still, attent, and steady,
Watching—what? Scarcely the Wolf, whose snarl of wrath
Affronts and would arrest her on her path;
Nor the red sun-glare on the glittering snow
That crowns the summits of the Sufeid Koh;
But a dim Shadow, vaguely vast, which creeps
Across the craggy steep.

Scared at a Shadow? Nay, she is not scared,
Nor menacing; but vigilant, prepared.
She need not fear, nor need she rashly flaunt,
Her hand in reach of the aye-ready steel,
The Lion at her heel,

A tutelary warder none may daunt.
But watch she must, and strike, if need arise.
Empress of realms beneath those Orient skies,
Where rumour shakes allegiance as the wind
Rustles dry reeds, and gossip can unbind
The bonds of generations. She too knows
That Nemesis of Conquest which forbids
The Conqueror at will to close
The circle of his dominating sweep,
Whilst rivals creep and creep,
Like Shadows first, then in more solid guise,
Nearer his holds, as to dispute the prize.

So India wakes, and watches, not again
Amidst those iron hills to stand at check,
Or fall in seeming wreck
Back from the ambushed Afghan's bullet-rain.
Not as inviting strife, but in defence,
Checkmating craft and curbing insolence,

Or overt or occult;
For they who dare insult
The Indian Una, dreaming, it may be,
The Lion sleeps or strays, right soon must see
The dusky Virgin is awake and armed,
Her champion alert and unalarmed.
No time for too close question of the past,
Of too unwary steps too hot retracing:
The Shadow o'er yon western hill-tops cast
May pass like other shades, but India, bracing
Her strength against all chances, firm and steady,
Must pass the Watchword—“Ready!”

CASTS OF “CHARACTERS.”

PROFESSOR PUNCH,

ENCOURAGEMENT of Research is certainly not one amongst the duties of the Home Office. The contrary, indeed, appears to be its policy, if not its function, from the conclusion of a letter addressed from that Department to a Gentleman who had complained of not having been permitted to take a cast of the head of a recently executed convict:—

“I am to add that Mr. Cross has thought it advisable to give directions that the practice of allowing casts to be taken of the heads of condemned criminals should be discontinued.—A. J. O. LIDDELL.”

Why, *Mr. Punch*, when the casts are not taken till after death? Was there ever any objectionable sale for the casts of criminals' heads, regarded as objects of morbid interest? Or is it possible that Mr. Cross considers the truth of Phrenology so completely demonstrated in every particular that there is no necessity whatever for any more study of the relation between the mental character and the form of the head? Can he be quite satisfied that on that point there is nothing more left to be ascertained by the student of Science through observations conducted on the lines laid down by Lord BACON? Surely the HOME SECRETARY cannot confound BACON with GAMMON.



THE SHADOW ON THE HILLS.



A MISTAKE.

Old Lady (emerging wrathfully from Calmen's Shelter). "I SAY, CONDUCTOR! IF YOU DON'T SEND THIS 'ERE TRAM ON DIRECTLY, I'LL REPORT YOU! AWF A HOUR I'VE BEEN SETTIN' A-WAITIN' A'READY. AIN'T YOU ASHAMED OF YOURSELF!"

HIBERNIAN MARVELS.

WONDERS will never cease, *Mr. Punch*.

The *Mayo Examiner* quotes from the *Rosary Magazine* a remarkable illustration, related by an Irish Dominican Father, of the "Efficacy of the Water of Lourdes"—a case of confirmed dipsomania completely cured. The patient was a man of respectable position but intemperate habits: he had been a drunkard for years. The Father invited him to take the pledge. He said he had taken it often before, but had never kept it two days, and was convinced that if he then took it he should break it again. In the meantime, the Father, having "put him on his knees," produced "a small bottle of water from the fountain of Lourdes." The rest is in his Reverence's own words:—

"I gave him the small bottle, and told him while yet on his knees to say a Hail Mary and take one drop of the water. He did so, and upon the instant he said he was convinced that with the protection of the Blessed Virgin he would keep the pledge. He was at the time in a shattered state of constitution from drink. He went home, and in the course of ten days he wrote to me in good spirits, saying he had kept his pledge, and was quite strong. He paid me a visit last week; he was the picture of health and happiness, and said that from the moment he tasted the water he had lost all thirst for stimulants."

Wonderful, if true—isn't it? But if this wonder be a truth indeed, the experiment above-narrated deserves repetition. Might not Cardinal MANNING possibly find Lourdes water a most potent aid to his valuable exertions in the cause of temperance? Could he point to its general and ordinary, not to say invariable, success in the treatment of dipsomania, what a triumph that would be for his own Temperance Society over that of the Church of England and every other—eh, *Mr. Punch*?

Suppose, Sir, that a drop of Lourdes water, taken under prescribed conditions, is really an infallible remedy for the disease of taking a drop too much. If so, one small bottle of that water would suffice to wean multitudes from the bottle—of whiskey or gin. The water of Lourdes would preclude the Permissive Bill, and be worth all the Good Templars, the Band of Hope, the United Kingdom Alliance, with Sir WILFRID LAWSON and his best jokes, into the bargain. The Lourdes water cure, no doubt, would be a perfect preventive as well as cure of drunkenness.

Besides, if Lourdes water is a specific for dipsomania, must it not be an equally certain cure for every other disease or injury, surgical as well as medical? A miracle is a miracle. Are not all miracles equally possible? No panacea can equal a genuine catholicon, which would supersede both pills and ointment too. If Lourdes water were such, the chorus of a popular dithyrambic might be teetotally turned to:—

"Lourdes' cures the gout, the colic, and the phthisic;
And it is believed to be the very best of physic."

Lourdes water might also be a general prophylactic. Ought it not to act as a never-failing substitute for vaccine lymph?

Another Irish paper also reports a fact which the Rev. FREDERICK LEE, of All Saints, Lambeth, can, if he pleases, introduce into his next edition of *Glimpses of the Supernatural*. Old AUBREY himself could not have more concisely and coolly chronicled an instance of a revenant than the *Tuam News* clearly has, thus:—

"THE LATE MOST REV. DR. OLIVER KELLY, ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM.—A solemn High Mass *de requiem* was celebrated at the cathedral, Tuam, on Monday last, for the soul of Most Rev. Dr. KELLY. His Grace the Archbishop was present."

Don't you think that the "manifestation" above recorded might be hopefully investigated by the British National Association of Spiritualists? We may be sure that it would engage their attention to as much purpose as any similar inquiry they have as yet pursued has resulted in. Both of the above stories, particularly the latter, are quite in their way, as well, Sir, as in yours, and in that of a philosopher with such a capacity of swallow as GORGAS.

THE NEW POLICY.

(Or, what ought to have come of it,—if there hadn't been a hitch somewhere.)

SCENE—The Reception-Hall in the Royal Palace at Cabul. The Ameer discovered on his throne, surrounded by high State functionaries, the Ladies of his Harem, his Body Guard, Court Jugglers, Slaves, and a private Brass Band. Enter Sir NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN on a richly-caparisoned White Elephant, escorted by one Thousand British Hussars, and the whole population of Afghanistan wild with enthusiasm.

The Ameer (descending from his throne, and crawling forward on his knees with marked civility). Welcome to the Great Stranger—a thousand times welcome! See, the old Ameer is proud to make his acquaintance. There is peace between us!

Sir Neville (through an interpreter). Ditto to you, old boy!

The Ameer. Allah be praised for that! Allah be praised for that! (Is assisted on to his feet.) And now tell me—has the Great Stranger brought the poor, easily-satisfied old Ameer any presents?

Sir Neville. Certainly. There you are! (Motions to his Suite, who empty the contents of several chests of carving-knives, Birmingham ware, teapots, moderators, opera-hats, and bicycles in a heap before him.) There! All that's from your great Feudal Sovereign, you know—the Kaiser-i-Hind, the mighty Empress. And here—here's a letter for you! [Hands him a despatch.]

The Ameer (bewildered). A letter to the poor, humble, easily-satisfied old Ameer! Oh, this is too gracious—too kind! But read it to him, my son; for he has never learned reading, writing—nor, indeed, he may add, arithmetic! His education has been sadly neglected—sadly. But Allah be praised for that! Allah be praised for that!

Sir Neville. Quite so. Well, this is about it. (Opens a despatch.) You see, LYTTON'S latest idea is to make things hot, and get up a row all round—somehow. He's stirring up the feudatories down South fairly now, and we calculate that *that* move will be tolerably ripe in a month or two. Meantime, as it is always pleasant to have more than one tough job on hand, we have thought it as well, hearing that you are a dangerous old savage, to drag you in—neck and heels. You see you are cut off from us completely by an almost impassable mountain range, and, with your four hundred and fifty miles of badly-watered territory to traverse, you could positively keep our natural enemies the Russians quite at arm's-length. But you don't. Now, this won't do, you know—it doesn't hit off the new policy. So, all you've got to manage is this. Send ABRAMOFF and his set flying back to St. Petersburg; and if that doesn't bring a Cossack horde over your borders,—well, take a dip over them North yourself, and see if you can't stir up a row that way. Meanwhile, all we want to do is to ride rough-shod over the place, depose you, you know, if necessary, and, in short, arrange everything with a view to a brisk universal Asiatic blow-up before—let's say, next spring.

The Ameer. And is that all, my son? Is that all?

Sir Neville. That's all, old boy!

The Ameer. Allah be praised for that! Allah be praised!

[Weeps tears of gratitude, and is left embracing all the members of the Mission, in turns, as the Curtain falls.]

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE JACK SPRATTS.

A Tale of Modern Art and Fashion.

PART V.

BUT, in spite of the honour and glory, JACK SPRATT found out, after a while, that he did not relish fashionable society with quite so keen a zest as at first.

He could neither dance, nor flirt, nor play cards. Of sport, the turf, and politics he knew nothing whatever, and cared as little for such topics as the gorgeous gilded glittering Swells cared for old music, old poets, and old pictures, which were his favourite themes, and on which he would descant most eloquently, and at great length, if anybody gave him a chance. The G. G. G. Swells never gave him a chance if they could help it, good-natured as they generally are. And it was borne upon him, in due time, that the illustrious representatives of Science, Literature, and Art did not come into the hollow world to talk or listen to the likes of him, nor even to each other, for the matter of that, but to practise repartee with noble Lords, and to instruct and amuse fine Ladies, which is capital good fun.

JACK SPRATT had no repartee, and loathed fun; and although he could talk to fine Ladies with eager fluency, his talk was all instruction and no amusement, as the fine Ladies very soon found out; and for Ladies that were *not* fine he did not profess to care.

In addition to which, the more he saw of fashionable society the less he thought of it; for he not only met there Artists like himself, but caricaturists, and comic singers, and play-actors, and such-like folk, for whom he had an almost unbounded contempt; and these people seemed to get on better with the fine Ladies than he did.

So he got into a habit of hanging about, and standing in people's way, and being jostled out of it, and would listlessly lean against walls and doors, and gaze by the hour at the mother of his twins (who used to think dancing so immodest), as she floated languidly by to the enervating measures of the Manolo Valse, rocked in the close embrace of some well-seasoned hero, of martial or diplomatic air, who never seemed to tire of his lovely burden; while her supple form, in its close-fitting sheeny sheath, would lend itself, as if by instinct, to all the witching undulations of the passionate "Lurch of Liverpool," or Boston's suggestive "dip."

Then rousing herself, as the strain would change, she would plunge headlong, supported by a fresh partner, into the stormy vortex of the polka, with a dishevelled recklessness even more seductive than her former dreamy and voluptuous abandon.

Or else in scented conservatories (discreetly dim), continental Princes with ardent exotic eyes, or foreign Ambassadors with tropical turns of speech, or polygamous Eastern potentates, with pearls and diamonds loose in their waistcoat pockets, would sit at her feet and ply her with the charm of their insidious conversation, while she fanned herself languidly, and drooped her sable lashes.

Or in the glare of crowded supper-rooms, bold, facetious Conservative Statesmen, or nice but naughty old Dukes, ribboned and starred and gartered so that there could be no mistake about them (which was always very pleasing to Mrs. SPRATT—and small blame to her), would lounge over her alabaster shoulders, and whisper into her pretty little pink ear; they did not pour State secrets into that shell-like organ, but very straightforward compliments, or racy jokes, or risky little personal anecdotes about exalted houses, to the washing

of whose family linen very few female Spratts are admitted in this nice, flattering, confidential way.

Fortunately, perhaps, absorbed as she now always was in the contemplation of her own peerless charms, she had contracted a habit of never listening to anecdotes of any kind, or jokes either; but she would reply to jokes, compliments, and risky little anecdotes alike with the same enchanting laugh, that had more music than meaning in its ring; and this got the poor dear a reputation for being the reverse of prudish, which made her more popular than ever with the more elderly of her admirers; so that really clever, but rather plain women of the world, who made up for their want of beauty by their complete freedom from prudishness, were literally nowhere.

Mrs. SPRATT's powers of conversation, never very brilliant, had been quite extinguished by her rise in the social scale. She was evidently made to be looked at—not to talk or listen. And yet, although there were many Ladies of high rank, quite as good to look at as she, and even more so, and who wore their dresses as low in the back, and as small in the waist, and as tight round the legs, and who, moreover, could both talk and listen delightfully to young or old, however frivolous, when it was worth their while; these were one and all deserted for Mrs. SPRATT, and left to waste their fragrance on the desert air, and talk and listen to each other. (Not to mention fresh, blooming, beautiful young girls, only just out, and about whom *Mr. Punch* will not trust himself to write, he being so very susceptible.)

For not to be seen familiarly talking and listening to Mrs. SPRATT, or rather pretending to do so, was to be "out of it."

And of all the men in that fashionable world, not one appeared more hopelessly "out of it" than JACK SPRATT; and in all society there was nobody left for him to listen and talk to but himself.

Even *he* grew to perceive this in time!

He also grew to perceive that late hours interfere with work, and Mrs. SPRATT had to go into the hollow world alone. Saddle-horses were brought round for her in the morning, broughams or victorias (according to the weather) in the afternoon, and in the evening there were dinners and dances, and bright little suppers in the small hours

of the night, to which she could very well go without him. For there was always at hand some smart unprejudiced woman of fashion, only too proud to *chaperone* the famous Mrs. SPRATT, and who could keep always in sight, and out of hearing, and all that, just as well as the most innocently complacent of husbands.

He was not missed, and there was plenty for him to do at home, besides painting. There were the little red books of the butcher and baker to look after, and the lists to make out for the Civil Service Supply Association, and so forth; and then there were the twins. He had occasionally to take them out into the flowery meads himself—perambulator and all—and even sometimes to bath them at night, and teach them to say their prayers, and put them to bye-bye. For the nurse, a warmhearted, but vain and extremely pretty woman in her humble way, was almost as fond of late hours and congenial society as her mistress, and much as she loved the pretty little darlings, who doated on her in return, she would sometimes yield to temptation, and leave them for gayer scenes.

They also doated, but in a distant and awestruck manner, on their mother, whom they very seldom saw, and then always in some new splendour of attire.



With unwashed faces and hands, in grimy little cotton frocks, and rice-milky bibs (everybody knows that the bib should be removed immediately after meals, and the pinafore resume its sway), they would patiently wait at the street-door, till they were rewarded by the sight of her, sweeping down the stairs and through the hall in her silks and muslins and laces; and before they could have said "Jack Spratt!" she was whisked away, telling them to be good, and kissing her daintily-gloved finger-tips to them, and showing her beautiful white teeth; and they would stare after her through the dust with wistful adoration.



Sometimes an organ would be playing a popular melody, such as "Tommy, make room," or "Don't make a noise" (which are not so bad when you don't know the words), and, excited by the pretty tune, they would pretend that the dust was a golden cloud, and the brougham or victoria a fiery chariot, and their mother a being made up of a fairy, a queen, an angel, a saint, and a goddess, going straight off to heaven in a mist of glory; till the nurse would come and box their ears for standing in the draught, for her love was tempered with a wise severity.

At other times Viscounts and Guardsmen would call, and smoke their cigarettes in the pretty front parlour (Mrs. SPRATT had never allowed the trusty friends to smoke when she was by, even in the open air); and the twins had to be kept out of sight, because they had holes in their socks, may be, and were not fit to be seen. And when the Guardsmen and Viscounts had taken their departure, and the little darlings hurried down-stairs to get a glimpse of their "lovely Mamma," she would tell them they were a perfect disgrace, and pack them off, crying, to bed; and quench the longings of her maternal heart by nursing a pair of Pugs, the gift of His Grace the Duke of PENTONVILLE.

Female finery is very costly nowadays, and has to be paid for. Think of JACK SPRATT, in the intervals of his domestic duties, painting against time, and wasting all that eagle-winged genius of his on pot-boilers, to pay for his wife's gorgeous apparel!

All his pictures represent pretty sock-darners, for it was the sock-darning and the pretty face, and nothing else, that had so touched the great heart of the British public in his first exhibited work; so he turns them out by the dozen in every variety of size, costume, attitude, and complexion. But the hired models he has to employ, and the lay-figure he has to fall back upon when these cannot be got, have not the face and form of Mrs. SPRATT; and all his sock-darners are inferior to that first one, and each sock-darner inferior to the last; so that a time must inevitably come when the great dealers will give him good advice instead of commissions, and finally cease to darken his doors, and he will have to darken theirs instead.

"A weary chase, a wasted hour!"

Be warned in time, ye rising young geniuses! Let no consideration tempt you into painting for filthy lucre, till you have realised a handsome independence by patient and steady devotion to Art for its own sweet sake!

ADDENDA TO YANKEE DOODLE.

THERE is a Man of master-mind,
A Sage of ken far-sighted,
One Seer alone amidst the blind
Of Britain's isle benighted.
A genuine for a bogus jewel,
The good stone for the bad stone,
They chucked away, and acted cruel
To WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.
Yankee doodle, &c.

When they their Greatest and their Best
Disowned for 'tother critter,
'Twas nateral for a noble breast
To feel that usage bitter;
A slight enough a Saint to rile,
And rise a good man's dander;
How like a long-eared animile
They spurned their late Commander!
Yankee doodle, &c.

But his ungrateful Country's kick
Ne'er moved his mind gigantic;
He only turned and looked, right slick,
Away athwart the Atlantic;
And saw that we a People air
By sitch a long chalk greater,
As, big with little to compare,
A pumpkin to a 'tater.
Yankee doodle, &c.

And what he sees he truly says
In large and liberal sperrit,
Of Uncle SAM he sings the praise,
And owns JOHN BULL's demerit.
Down, with a Woodman's artist-hand,
The British Oak he whittles,
And cracks up our splendacious land,
His own while he belittles.
Yankee doodle, &c.

He knows the Old World and the New,
And likes our world the better.
We spells queen with a little q,
Instead of a big letter;
But gives great P to President
With a differentiation,
Which noways don't his praise prevent,
Or check his admiration.
Yankee doodle, &c.

His *Kin beyond Sea* 's a 'tarnal sting
To trickster and to Tory,
'Bove them he soars on eagle wing,
In splendour and in glory.
An everlastin' cus is he
To knave as well as noodle,
'Cause why, he jines along o' we,
A singin', "Yankee doodle."
Yankee doodle, &c.

Highly Reasonable Honour.

THE subjoined scrap of newspaper information conveys obviously but a partial idea of the total amount of payments describable as—

"FEES OF HONOUR."—Under the head of the 'Queen's Household,' in a recently published return, the sum of £110 17s. 2d. appears as 'Fees of Honour.'

Only £110 17s. 2d. for Honour! How cheap would be the honour with which peace has been purchased by Lords BEACONSFIELD and SALISBURY, if it were to cost no more money than that per annum!

LESS SHARP THAN SHEARS.

MR. PUNCH has received innumerable communications relative to *SHERE ALL*. They all agree in the common property of being sheer nonsense.



UNEXPECTED GRATUITY.

Waiter. "BEG PARDON, SIR, BUT I THINK YOU'VE MADE A MISTAKE. THIS IS A HALFPENNY!"

Old Gent (gruffly). "OH DEAR NO—NOT AT ALL, NOT AT ALL! I NEVER GIVE LESS!"

ANGELINA ON HER TRAVELS.

MY OWN DEAREST BLANCHE,

IN spite of my promise to write to you twice a day from the moment of my leaving London for the Continent, in company with EDWIN, to the hour of my return, I have really found it utterly impossible to send you a single line, although we have been away now very nearly six weeks. The fact is, we have been so busy that we have had time for nothing. As it is now raining heavily, and EDWIN is fast asleep, I will devote my unusual leisure to telling you where we have been, what we have seen, and what we have been doing. As you have never been out of England, my love, I am sure you will be amused, and I think I may really add, *instructed* by my descriptions.

We had a most fortunate passage over. You know EDWIN is a barrister, and has to defend all sorts of dreadful people at the Old Bailey. He says that the thieves on board evidently recognised him as a "friend in need," and consequently allowed our boxes and *impedimenta* (EDWIN gave me that word) to escape molestation. Be this as it may, we certainly lost nothing—not even a watch. Were we not lucky?

Nothing of importance occurred on our road to Paris until we reached Amiens. The train stopped for ten minutes there, and we got such very nice mashed potatoes at the Buffet. I shall never forget them.

I am sure you would like Paris. Such a beautiful place! Such shops! There is one establishment on the other side of the water just like that large place in Westbourne Grove. I got some very nice mittens there, which you shall see on our return. We went to the Exhibition, too. It was rather amusing, but we came across such a number of badly-dressed people that it was quite a relief to get away from it.

Having now described Paris, I will tell you what we did next. We went to Switzerland. I was just the least bit disappointed with it. The country is very hilly, and rather damp. I found some trouble in walking (you know I am fond of high heels), and my feathers came wofully out of curl. Leaving these drawbacks out of the question, the place was rather nice. We got a very good *table-d'hôte* at Lucerne, and there was a capital band at Ouchy. EDWIN talked about staying a couple of nights at a hotel on the top of the Righi. At the last moment he found that the place was bankrupt, and said that, on the

whole, the company of a man in possession of a cloud-capped mountain might possibly produce a feeling of dulness. I was so glad when he gave up the scheme. I hate climbing. Not that there is much climbing on the Righi. You go up in a railway. But a railway is not as comfortable as a lift.

Having now told you all about Switzerland, I pass on to Italy. We thought it rather pleasant, although we could not find any respectable wine but Marsala. At Florence we came across an excellent English chemist's shop, where we found we could get the best Bond Street perfumes. There were some pretty pictures, too, at one of the Fine Art Galleries. Of course we went to Rome, and saw everything. EDWIN was very pleased with the place, as he ascertained that he could buy the *Times* and the other English newspapers at a library just opposite our hotel. We went to Milan, too, and saw the Cathedral. It was very nice, and reminded me rather of St. Andrew's, Wells Street. Of course we "did" Venice. It is rather difficult to describe. However, imagine what the effect would be were they to build stone houses on either side of the Regent's Canal, and you will get some notion of the sort of thing. We got some good ices at FLORIAN'S. The *table-d'hôte* at the Europa was certainly above the average.

Having now told you all about Italy, I will finish my letter by giving you a few rough notes from my Diary of other places we visited. As you one day may also take a tour, you may really find them very useful:—

Antwerp.—The place where REUBEN invented his hat. Patterns are to be found in the picture galleries.

Brussels.—The capital of Belgium, and a good place for buying boots.

Cologne.—You can get genuine *Eau de Cologne* here, but you will find it a bore to carry home.

Dieppe.—A place where they dress three times a day. There is some sea in the neighbourhood, which is used in fine weather for the display of bathing costumes.

Geneva.—On a fine morning you can see Mont Blanc from the window of your hotel. Rather pretty watches.

Heidelberg.—Mind you don't go up to the Castle—it's awfully fatiguing.

Madrid.—Really much better hotels than might be expected.

Naples.—Rather nice. Vesuvius pretty.

Padua.—Interesting, if you are fond of that sort of thing.

Pompeii.—Sweet.

Wiesbaden.—Rather dull since they have put a stop to the gambling.

There! I think I have written you quite enough; and as EDWIN is awake, and it has ceased raining, I must bring my letter to a conclusion. However, my own darling, I am sure you will readily own that there is nothing like foreign travel for improving the mind. Good-bye, and write soon. That's a dear, tell me all the news—I mean what you are all wearing. Ah! there's EDWIN calling for me! Once more, good-bye.

Your ever affectionate friend,

ANGELINA.

Tuesday.

P.S.—I don't send any address, as we are always on the move. Don't forget to write.

To His Grace the Duke of Bedford.

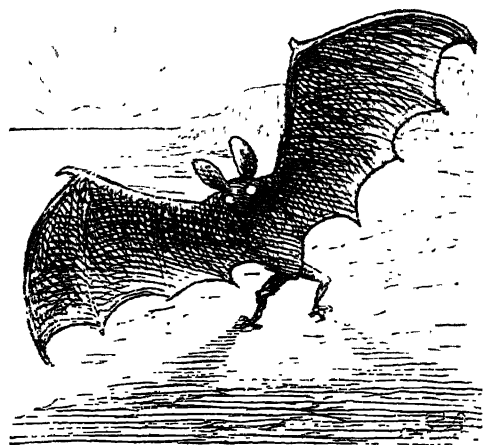
(Addressed by respectable Covent Gardeners and thereabouts.)

WE beg your pardon, but grant, your Grace, One favour. Do alter this filthy place Called Covent Garden—our neighbourhood's curse; We assure you 'tis getting worse and worse. 'Tis loathsome by day, and noisome by night, And a word from your Grace would set it right. It might be such a magnificent place! But now 'tis to London a thorough disgrace. Surely, the nuisance to remove, Your Grace's property 'twould improve.

AN AWKWARD NAME.

'ARRY, on a marine excursion, hearing mention made of the two sea-birds, the Great Auk and the Little Auk, inquired if the Little Auk was a Sparrow—'Auk.

SABBATARIAN SIMILITUDE.



VENERABLE MR. PUNCH, ONE of the late sittings of the Church Congress at Sheffield was devoted to a subject on which you, Sir, had the assembly been honoured with your presence, might have instructed it by your remarks.

Their Reverences discussed, on that occasion, "The attitude of the Church towards Popular Literature and Recreations."

That, as regards most literature, and most recreations, of a popular character, appears to be the same as the relative position in which a Ritualist Clergyman, whilst officiating, stands before the People to whose admiration he presents his embroidered shoulders. On those recreations and that literature, for the greater part, the Church turns its back.

You, Sir, would perhaps have had something new to say concerning topics upon which you are so highly qualified to speak. As it was, nobody added much, if anything, to the stock of existing information.

But one speaker, the Rev. C. BULLOCK, is reported to have distinguished himself by a metaphor more original than correct:—

"Passing on to the question of popular recreation in connection with Sunday observance, Mr. BULLOCK said that no one could be more alive than he was to the evil which was wrought morally as well as religiously, by the open public-house on the Lord's Day. But to meet that evil, as was proposed by some, by what was termed the counter-attraction of the museum, the picture gallery, the aquarium, or the theatre, would, as far as he could see, be to adopt a very bad form of homœopathic treatment."

Of course, Mr. Punch, the Reverend Gentleman knew the principle on which homœopathy is founded to be *similia similibus curantur*. Picture galleries, therefore, museums, aquariums, and theatres, he must regard as things of a like nature with public-houses. Perhaps, then, he further considers paintings, sculptures, objects of natural history, and dramatic entertainments similar, in moral, if not in physical effect, to intoxicating liquors.

It has not, perhaps, been as generally remarked as it might have been that, when the Rev. Mr. BULLOCK likened, by implication, things so very different from one another as intellectual amusements and animal indulgence—*Bos locutus est. Bos*, let us say *atque Sacerdos*—omitting, of course, the examples in the Latin Grammar which stand between *Bos* and *Sacerdos*. Not that I take *Bos* to be specifically a sacerdotalist; but, as an expositor of the common clerical mind, he decidedly speaks very much more like a Priest than

A LAYMAN.

P.S.—Is it not remarkable that in the animadversions on the Stage delivered by several of the assembled divines, there was no reference whatever made to performances like those going on at St. Alban's, Holborn?

JOHN MALONEY AND PRINCESS ALEXANDRINA.

(Vide Letters in Daily Telegraph.)

Who saved Queen Vic?

I, spy and quick,

Says JOHN MALONEY.

She was a babby then.

Why behave shabby, then?

Send me some money.

Britons! your Queen was saved by this hand!

Now—British Public!—what'll you stand?

J. M.

Reply from Balmoral.

PENSION to JOHN MALONEY, I allot one.

Although, my honey,

You now have money,

You own you've saved a Sovereign, and you've got one!

V. R.

PREPARING THE INDIAN PICKLE.

(Too many Cooks.)

THE following letters have been sent to 85, Fleet Street. Mr. Punch cannot help thinking that they all (with the exception of the last) must have been intended for the columns of his contemporaries:—

Sword and Fire Club, Pall Mall.

SIR,—Why hasn't Lord LYTTON been hanged? Were good Queen BESS still amongst us, the Viceroy would have been drawn and quartered long before this. What, Sir! Allow a miserable Blackamoor to insult us! Permit a cowardly nigger to snap his fingers in the face of the British Lion! Sir, it is shameful! Sir, it is scandalous! I can hardly write for indignation!

I tell you what we should have done, Sir. The moment our Envoy was sent back, we ought to have marched a hundred thousand men into the heart of Afghanistan. You want to know how we should have done this? Stuff, Sir, stuff! You don't know what you are talking about! The British Soldier can do anything—anything, Sir! I tell you what, Sir, our Indian Empire is a thing of the past!

Yours indignantly,

(Signed)

HERCULES BOMBHELL,
Lieut.-General (Retired List).

Noodles' Club, St. James's Street.

SIR,—I do not wish to use strong language, but I cannot help asking why hasn't Lord LYTTON been hanged? In the days of Queen ELIZABETH the question would have been unnecessary. Her Majesty knew how to deal with blundering Statesmen.

Sir, I fear the harm done by the Viceroy is past remedy. A friendly and enlightened chieftain has been needlessly outraged. The British Lion has snubbed one of his best and firmest allies. It is really too bad—a great deal too bad!

Of course this unfortunate Mission ought never to have been despatched. There is no doubt about that. And when SHERE ALI expressed his just indignation, instead of sending soldiers to the front, the Viceroy should have telegraphed apologies. Sir, from the first to the last our relations with Afghanistan have been a profound mistake. I do not wish to take too melancholy a view of the matter, but I cannot help feeling that our Indian Empire is a thing of the past.

Yours sorrowfully,

(Signed)

COBDEN PEECE,
(Late Bengal Civil Service).

Junior Sword and Fire Club, Pall Mall.

SIR,—The Viceroy deserves the thanks of every true Englishman for his very spirited conduct in this matter of Afghanistan. The question is, what should be done next? I know the country very well. I have read all the military books dealing with the subject for the last twenty years, although I have never strayed beyond Gibraltar. You will see that I am an excellent authority upon the subject.

Well, Sir, after due deliberation I am convinced that we should finish the war long before the snows of winter begin to accumulate. It will be easy enough, Sir, to manage a peace before Christmas. All we have to do is to march immediately to the frontier.

Yours confidently,

(Signed)

CHARLES SHAKO,
Sub-Lieut. 142nd Regt. Line.

Woolwich.

SIR,—We ought to be very much obliged to Lord LYTTON for having brought this unpleasant matter in Afghanistan to so satisfactory a conclusion. We have now to consider what should be done next. From my childhood I have made the geography of Asia a favourite study. From this you will see that I can really speak with some authority upon the subject.

I have thought the matter carefully out, and I am convinced that masterly inactivity should be the order of the day. It really would be sheer insanity to force our troops into a country simply impassable in the bitter cold of winter. Prepare as much as you please, but do not move a step until April, May, or June. Were it asked, such would be my advice to Lord LYTTON.

Yours confidently,

(Signed)

CHARLES BUSBY,
Sub-Lieut. Royal Artillery.

85, Fleet Street.

MASTER,—Don't you think the request "not to speak to the man at the wheel" might be extended to the men at the wheel of State? The Afghans have a proverb which we have annexed without appreciating. I mean the proverb which has the English equivalent, "Speech is silver, but silence is golden."

Yours thoughtfully,

(Signed)

TOBY.



FROM MANXLAND, HO!

STARVATION AND SOCIAL SCIENCE.

ALTHOUGH no famine exists in these dominions, there are, apparently, certain parts of them in which, as a contemporary testifies, poor people are dying of

"STARVATION.—The Sedgeley Correspondent of the Press Association telegraphs that the Medical Officers of Health in the coal and iron districts of Colesley, in making their reports on the state of mortality in September, allege that the number of deaths is unusually large among adults, and attribute the fact in a great measure to want of sufficient nourishment, arising from inability to obtain food through the serious depression of trade."

The hungry, says Mr. BUMBLE, might obtain food enough to support life in the Workhouse, if they would enter it, but they prefer to starve. This effect of the Poor-law our Beadle considers not alto-

gether so satisfactory as could be wished. Persons starved to death are, indeed, provided for with a shovel, at the cheapest possible rate, but it does not therefore follow that rates are saved, since many destitute parents die and leave families of children behind them, for whom there is no choice between starvation and in-door relief. Such is the Law, remarks Mr. BUMBLE; but then we all know what the Law is. The Law, however, being such, precludes a suggestion which he would otherwise submit to the Social Science Congress; namely, that, in conformity with the principles of Parochial Economy, the Legislature should, in cases of extreme distress, legalise suicide.

PUNS IN PROPORTION.—As SHERE ALI is to sheer nonsense, so is Ameer of AFGHANISTAN to mere stuff.

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE JACK SPRATTS.

A Tale of Modern Art and Fashion.

PART VI.

MRS. SPRATT's bed was not all roses neither. Smart people have at times a very provoking way with them. One day they are quite playful and familiar. The next, when we would be playful and familiar in our turn, with all the world looking on, they will publicly ignore us through a double eyeglass, to our great discomfiture, as we would naturally like to pass before the world for being their bosom friends.

That is, if we are SPRATTS.

And then they keep us in such tortures of suspense! either forgetting to bid us to the feast our Spratty souls are hungering for, or else inviting us, as by an afterthought, at the eleventh hour, when we feel puzzled as to whether we had better be Sprattishly dignified, and decline with thanks, or put our prides in our pockets and go; and if we go, it is ten to one they will look as if they wondered what the deuce we are doing there; and if we don't, they never perceive our absence, and we are none the better in their eyes for the self-respect that has cost us so much self-denial. O we Spratts!

Also, it must be owned that Mrs. SPRATT's beauty, and the very ample justice that was done to it both by herself and by the gorgeous Swells, did not greatly recommend that lady to the glittering Swellesses; so that she often met with cruel snubs and haunting slights from Ladies less beautiful, but of infinitely greater social importance than herself.

And she had not yet learnt how to dissemble when thus aggrieved, and swallow it all, and pretend she had not perceived it; nor could she yet toady the great of her own sex, and kiss the cruel hands that scratched her, and disarm such social tyranny by penitent, humble ways, without which arts no too pretty woman of her degree can appear to hold her own in the hollow world of fashion; nor had she, on the other hand, that mixture of thick-skinned impudence with ready mother-wit, which sometimes makes the merest *parvenue* a match for all the dowagers in England, and a thorn in their noble sides for ever; so that they give her a wide berth, and revenge themselves by telling each other that she is not a lady, and asking each other what they can expect.

Poor Mrs. SPRATT! She couldn't very well put out her tongue, and say "Yah!"

In after-moments of heartburning that came of such treatment,

Mrs. SPRATT would fold her children to her wounded bosom, and rail at the hollow world, and rave of love and peace and the homely domestic hearth, and the good old days of "Catsradle" and "Puss in the Corner," and the long-lost trusty friends, and the good old great-grandpapa; and, wildly calling for socks, she would darn them with any worsted that came to hand, the salt tears in her lovely eyes, a twin on each knee, and her clever JACK's protecting arm around her; and suddenly the postman would knock, and the Duchess's belated post-card arrive, just in time; and then, with jumps of joy, and trills of triumph, and a general scattering of socks, twins, worsted, and everything else to the four winds, up-stairs to dress, and away, away to the hollow world again!

And there, such snubs as she met with, she would try to pass on to others; for even in the most exclusive saloons she would occasionally have to encounter people whose presence there was an offence to her. For instance, wives and daughters of Science, Literature, and Art; actresses of high repute; eminent female physicians; great female philanthropists; poetesses, paintresses, authoresses, sculptoresses, and what not: worse than all, ladies whose only claim to distinction lay in their good looks and pretty manners.

Against all such upstart intruders of her own sex she would level her double eyeglass with happily copied impertinence. For just as those who rise from the ranks learn how to command by having first learnt how to obey, Mrs. SPRATT had learnt how to snub by having been well and frequently snubbed herself. Fortunately for her victims, and unfortunately for her, she did not bear the Queen's commission, so to speak, and had no rank as yet beyond that which is conferred by the possession of a pretty face; so that her snubbings were of no account, and, consequently, recoiled on herself; for a premeditated snub which nobody feels, is almost as bad for its perpetrator as a premeditated joke that nobody laughs at.

Indeed, these harmless little airs and graces of Mrs. SPRATT's were all set down to the fact that her late papa had been in the oil and Italian trade; which was very uncharitable and unjust, for they were only imitations of such airs and graces as she had seen many a real fine lady give herself any day; and very good imitations, too.

But one person may steal a horse, as we all know, while another must not even look at the stable-door.

And thus, snubbing and being snubbed, dressing and dancing and feasting and flirting, did she soar higher and higher in her butterfly

career, and, in spite of the disadvantage of her oily origin, she achieved a social success which even transcended in its glory that of the better-born beauties, her predecessors on the throne of Fashion, whose features are so familiar to us all, and about whose doings, and careerings, and dressings, and so forth, we hear so much through the fashionable prints.

Indeed, all Mrs. SPRATT's movements, where she went, what she wore, and how she looked in it, were duly chronicled for us week by week, and our mouths would water as we read how "Mrs. SPRATT honoured a small-and-early at Marlborough House with her presence," or "was graciously pleased to attend the State Ball at Buckingham Palace," &c., &c., &c.

Her portraits appeared in all the illustrated papers down to the *Police News*, and was printed on pocket-handkerchiefs, and stamped on fusée-boxes and cigar-cases, and cut out in gingerbread at country fairs; and her photographs, in every size, in every attitude, in every variety of dress and want of dress, were exhibited in the shop-windows, along with those of rival beauties of the world which has no English name. They were at all prices—from a shilling upwards; a reduction made on taking a quantity. So that even 'ARRY, who is as partial to lovely woman as his betters, could afford to hang her up, framed and glazed, in his humble abode, and recreate his soul by the contemplation of her peerless charms through a magnifying glass, and descant thereon with his pals, and make comparisons, in his knowing way, between her and other beauties of his collection, and have a real good time.

And, much as he dislikes 'ARRY, *Mr. Punch* is bound to admit that in this particular instance poor 'ARRY showed rather to advantage, and was really more chivalrous, delicate, and romantic in his imaginary delectations than were the gorgeous, gilded, glittering Swells—possibly because he gazed on those peerless charms from below, as on some bright particular star.

But we will leave the erotic 'ARRY, and return to Mrs. SPRATT, who, wherever she went, was so mobbed that you might have taken her for an accident, or a row, or a fit, or a pickpocket caught in the act, instead of a pretty woman! She was even mobbed by titled crowds at royal and ducal garden-parties, where a couple of policemen were always retained to make a way for her to the strawberries-and-cream; and at State balls, dowager-peeresses would almost climb on to the backs of good-looking young actors to catch a glimpse of the beautiful Mrs. SPRATT dancing with Royalty.

In vain she sought a refuge from this fashionable persecution in the solitudes of Rosherville, or the groves of Hampstead Heath on a Bank holiday. Even there she was recognised (by our friend 'ARRY, no doubt), and knock'emdowns, nigger minstrels and all, even the good old game of "kiss-in-the-ring," were deserted to stare at her, (just as at Chiswick and Campden Hill; for human nature is the same everywhere.)

When she appeared at the Opera, PATTI sang in vain. In vain did our most fashionable preachers preach when Mrs. SPRATT made one of the congregation; in vain did Messrs. HUXLEY or TYNDALL lecture in Albemarle Street, or Professor MAX MÜLLER at Westminster Abbey, if Mrs. SPRATT were among the lectured. Even the whales at the Aquarium would look small by Mrs. SPRATT's side, and Cleopatra's Needle would lose its point if Mrs. SPRATT drove on the Embankment. At the Crystal Palace people forgot to listen to the big organ; the cattle at the Cattle Show were left in peace; Irish Members obstructed Home Rulers; Mr. GLADSTONE lost the thread of his impeachment; Captain SHAW lost all control over his men; North London trains ran into Metropolitan; pleasure-vans drove, hooing, into MARSHALL and SNELGROVE'S; steam-rollers rolled bang into GUNTER'S or GRANGE'S; Old Bailey juries forgot to listen, Old Bailey Judges to sum up, Old Bailey barristers were condemned to death, Old Bailey solicitors removed in the van, while murderers left the Court without a stain on their character; and Heaven knows what all besides! and all through Mrs. SPRATT being there. Indeed, the only people who in that magic presence seemed to retain some self-possession, and keep an eye to business as well as an eye to beauty, were the pickpockets, who voted Mrs. SPRATT a public benefactor; and the photographers, who blessed her very name!

Even abroad her influence was felt; for it was whispered in high political circles that at the Cabul Conference Lord B— cunningly distracted old Prince G—'s attention from the matter in hand by flowery descriptions of Mrs. SPRATT's charms, and so demoralised that venerable statesman, that Count S— had repeatedly to call him to order; but — was nearly lost to the C— for all that.

And the best of it is, that everybody wondered how everybody else could be such a fool! especially the intelligent foreigner, who could not make out why, in this land of pretty women, there should be so much commotion about one pretty woman the more. And not such a very pretty woman either, he thought; for prettiness is a matter of taste, and not a mathematical certainty; and he would shrug his shoulders, and exclaim, "*Sont-ils drôles, ces Anglais, sont-ils drôles!*"

FORE-WHEEL AND WOE.

A WAIL.



I'M not a woman-hater,
Yet 'tis but human natur'
To roundly execrate her
Who, to her sex a traitor,
Becomes participator
In fiendish deeds. I rate her
A kind of female Satyr,
And would exterminate her,
Together with her pater,
Her mater, and her frater!
I would assimilate her
With grisly Alligator—
I'd blow her up—inflate her

With gas, and elevate her,
And drop her in a crater.
If this would not abate her,
I'd take and saturate her
With tar and feathers. Later,
I would excoriate her!
And if there's torment greater
Why, let it still await her,
And let me be spectator—
I so abominate her,
And all who imitate her
In wheeling on my gaiter
The vile PERAMBULATOR!

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

SIR,—I went to see Her Majesty's Servants perform WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE'S Romantic Play of *The Winter's Tale*. I wonder if it was the great "situation" in the Statue Scene that first struck WILLIAM, and set him to work on this drama? It certainly is worth waiting for. I don't think WILLIAM took much pains over some portion of the play, specially with regard to *Antigonus*, and his incumbance in "A Desert Country near the Sea"—a very awkward spot for an elderly Gentleman, unaccustomed to children, to be left alone in with a Baby.

WILLIAM knew as well as any one that a Baby on the stage was a safe laugh; and how he has got over the difficulty is a study in itself. In Scene 3 of Act I., where the Baby, in a cradle, makes its first appearance, he distracts our attention from the Infant; and it is *Paulina*, the scold, and *Antigonus*, the henpecked, who excite our laughter. In "A Desert Country," the old Shepherd who finds the Babe, is brought on as soon as possible; and he and his son introduce the low comedy. But the Baby is a difficulty.

Again, what is the real use of *Antiochus* as an aid to the plot? None whatever. In the present day the story would have been told to an English audience in four Acts, and as many Scenes; and in Paris it would have taken three Authors to write the piece; and they, having to share the evening's per-centage on receipts among them, would have been very careful to have eked out the plot in as many Acts, *Tableaux*, and Parts as possible, which, with the long *Entr'actes*, would infallibly prevent any other piece being performed with it to the injury of their fees. It is this desire to go in for the entire per-centage that gives rise to the long-windedness of the French Melodramatists, and the interminable talkiness of SARDOU, who, until he positively feels that he has tried even the endurance of a Parisian audience to its limits, is a sort of Wandering Jew of dramatic dialogue. *The Winter's Tale*, in the hands of French Authors, would have been told over and over again, *ad nauseam*, in the course of the piece.

It seemed to me that even the innate British reverence for the text of the Divine WILLIAMS was scarcely strong enough to prevent the densely-packed audience in Drury Lane from expressing their distaste for the repulsive exhibition of jealousy displayed by *Leontes* in the First Act.

The Divine WILLIAMS made no ado about calling a spade a spade, and in Mr. CHARLES DILLON's reading of the part, the lines lose nothing of their revolting coarseness. That the King's jealousy is

indeed a "brief madness" does not occur to the uncritical spectator until the dramatist makes *Paulina* allude, in Act II. Sc. 2, to

"These dangerous unsafe luns I' the King!"

And, in Act III. Sc. 2, when upbraiding him to his face for his previous conduct, she says,

"O think what they have done,
And then run mad indeed; stark mad! for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it."

But the explanation, for the sake of the audience, comes too late.

Then what an awkward contrivance is the sudden appearance of *Time* as Chorus, informing us that "Sixteen years are supposed to have elapsed" between the last scene of Act III. and the first of Act IV.

How came this lumbering *Time* scene to be written in? I think I see the true answer. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD once suggested that SHAKESPEARE played the *Ghost* in *Hamlet*, because, being Manager, and having an eye to business, he could run round, in the intervals between his appearances on the stage, and "count the house;" and our own SHIRLEY BROOKS always insisted on the Divine WILLIAMS being regarded not as a poet crowned with laurel, but as a hard-working "Actor, Manager, and Author too," going in for rehearsal, really "meaning business" and inventing it. "By this light," then, I see how this *Time* episode was brought in.

How came it about? Did Mr. CHATTERTON-BURBAGE tell Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE that they had a man in the company who could speak a few lines, and who, having nothing to do in the piece, was being paid a salary for doing it? Or, was there a difficulty about the stage-arrangements, and the Manager wanting to gain time, asked WILLIAM if he couldn't shove in something "just to fill up, eh?" And did WILLIAM, with ready wit, immediately reply, "What? want to get time between the Acts? Beshrew me, you shall have *Time*;" and forthwith going to the prompt-table, did he seize pen and paper, and write the stage-direction, and the lines, and saying, "There's plenty of *Time* for you!" hand the scrawl to the Theatre copyist?

Miss FOWLER is a graceful, pretty *Perdita*, and Mr. EDWARD COMPTON as noble a young *Florizel* as the ingenuous Milkmaid herself could wish. Mr. JOHN RYDER as *Antigonus* was excellent in his great comic scene with the Baby (*Musie*, "Don't make a noise, or else you'll wake the Baby!"—a suggestion for Mr. KARL MEYDER in the orchestra), and I was really sorry when the *Clown* (Mr. S. CALHAEM) came on, and told us that Pantaloon had been eaten by a Bear behind the scenes. What an opportunity was here lost of a genuine Pantomimic scene between the *Clown* (Mr. S. CALHAEM), Pantaloon-*Antigonus* (Mr. JOHN RYDER), the Bear (one of the LAURI family), and the Baby! More music for Mr. KARL MEYDER—"Oh, what a day we are having!" and several political hits about the Bear. But Mr. CHATTERTON rightly felt that he must go no further in anticipating Christmas than was warranted by the Inspired Dramatist's "Dance of Twelve Rustics habited as Satyrs."

This, again, looks uncommonly like the pump and tubs of Mr. CRUMPLES in SHAKESPEARE's time. "I say," said Mr. CRUMPLES-BURBAGE to Mr. SHAKESPEARE, "I bought all the dresses and properties for that last Masque, and we've only used 'em once; couldn't you bring 'em in again somehow?" And Mr. WILLIAM, the easiest-going Author in the world, as long as his pet lines were well delivered, looked over the manuscript, saw exactly the place for the dance, wrote in a few introductory speeches, and the thing was done—and done well.

Antigonus hasn't much to say, as no doubt the Mr. JOHN RYDER of SHAKESPEARE's time pointed out rather forcibly to the dramatist, who, admitting the justice of the objection, waited till he saw an opportunity in Act II. Sc. 3, where *Antigonus* is, for the most part, standing mumchance before his scolding wife, and then made *Leontes* turn on him with—

"And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hanged
That wilt not stay her tongue."

And gave *Antigonus* the telling retort—

"Hang all the husbands
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject."

Which, of course, coming from the Mr. JOHN RYDER of SHAKESPEARE's time, brought down the house, as it does every night at Drury Lane. The Divine WILLIAMS knew how to sweeten the draught, and induce his best men to play small parts.

The performance throughout at Drury Lane is generally good. Mrs. HERMANN VEZIN's *Paulina* is admirable, and thoroughly deserved the generally hearty applause that recalled her before the curtain after the Third Scene of the Second Act. She is never once indistinct—a fault common now-a-days to most Actors, whether in large or small theatres. If my friends in front will take my advice, and closely watch the manner, bearing, and remarkable "get up" of two distinguished, but untitled, Noblemen, mentioned mysteriously in the playbill as "Two other Sicilian Lords," they will not have

visited the "Lane" in vain. A classic slave, with the whiskers of *Jeames* of Berkeley Square, will also be an interesting study for the antiquarian. A better choice for *Hermione* than Miss WALLIS could not be made for Drury Lane. Mr. BEVERLY's scenery is, of course, a strong feature in the revival.

Mr. PHELPS is announced for November, to appear as *Cardinal Wolsey*; and there are to be morning performances of Operas in English, under the direction of Mr. KARL MEYDER, and the Pantomime, with the VOKESSES in it, is to be *Cinderella*, written by an entirely new hand—one Mr. E. L. BLANCHARD—of whom report says great things, and who, I am informed, has not written more than a hundred capital Christmas Annuals for the delight of old and young children at this very theatre. *Prosit*. Here's to you, Mr. E. L. B., and of course He'll be as successful as ever, which is the sentiment of

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S.—At the foot of the bill I read, as a sort of extra character omitted in the cast of *The Winter's Tale*, or as a star by himself,

Refreshment Contractor . . . Mr. T. G. CLARKE.

But why contract refreshments? Why not expand them, and develop the resources of the establishment? *A propos* of Clarkes—when may Clergymen go to a theatre? *Answer*.—When none of the audience pay, and *wholly orders* are admitted. This was the prize Catechism riddle at the Church Congress. It was asked by Bishop STORTFORD (of the Eastern Counties Diocese), who was much annoyed at not having been invited to the Pan-Anglican Synod.

COMFORT FOR CATTLE.



THE want advertised as below in the *Glasgow News* appears, on the face of it, to indicate peculiar and remarkable tenderness towards dumb animals, or, at any rate, extreme kindness to cattle:—

COOK.—Respectable middle-aged Country Woman WANTED—able to wash, dress, and milk a Cow. Good wage.—Address, &c.

Inquiry for a Cook and Milkmaid, whose office it will be not only to milk, but also

to wash and dress a Cow, apparently bespeaks a more than Brahminical consideration for cows. Of old, "dawtit, twal-pint Hawkie" was a phrase in Scotland denoting affection for a cow; but that feeling has hitherto never been imagined to amount to the fondness implied in tending that creature as though it were a baby. Was the original good man who kissed his cow, and said, "Everyone to his liking!" a canny Scot?

PARADOXICAL PLANETS.

THE Sun gives Venus very much less light Than Mercury, yet she shines as much more bright. Why does the darker Planet look the lighter; The less illumined shine by far the brighter? The reason is, Astronomers declare, Her atmosphere is dense, and his is rare. He hath no clouds, and probably no water. Both has the bright Orb named from Ocean's Daughter. Vapour, indeed, the face of Venus shrouds; But there's a silver lining to her clouds, The side of them that's turned towards the Sun. Of course as silver shines, so shines that one. To Womankind it is an old objection That they are Man's inferiors in reflection. But Venus a superior power displays To Mercury's, of reflecting solar rays. There's reason—din it into Men's dull ears In proof of Woman's wit, Strong-Minded Dears.



HOW TO KILL TIME AT THE SEA-SIDE.

HIRE BATH-CHAIRS, PUT THE BATH-CHAIRMEN INSIDE, AND DRAG THEM AS FAST AS YOU CAN UP AND DOWN THE PARADE.

THE OPPRESSED IN EXCELSIS; OR, ALMOST ENOUGH OF IT?

THE Executive Committee of the Very Green Island Chained, Gagged, Stified, and Strangled Patriots' Society met again yesterday for the further discussion of public business.

After a little preliminary window-breaking, and a free fight or two in the body of the hall as the best method of opening the proceedings, the Chairman, who took his seat amid a shower of oaths and inkstands, said—they had been summoned together on the present occasion for the purpose of taking into immediate consideration the attitude that their great, glorious, and giant-strengthened Society ought to assume in the face of the yawning gulf that he was happy to think was now opening visibly under the feet of the surly and cowardly British beast—(cheers)—who for eight-and-twenty centuries had been growling at them from the other side of St. George's Channel. (*Tremendous cheering.*) It was an important moment. Though so stifled, as all the generous and civilised world knew it to be, was the whispering voice of liberty in the mouth of the very green islander that he could now only shout out what the brutal and bloodthirsty oppressor called "treason" in the miserable and ineffective shape of as much newspaper fine writing as he could possibly turn out;—though his limbs were so chafed with the iron shackles of a grim and despotic executive that he had not yet been able even to blow the Tower of London bodily into the Thames, or to tear the Crown and Constitution into shreds on St. Stephen's Green;—though the sweet lady-like spirit of the beauteous nation was so utterly collapsed in a perfect heap over her battered, mangled, and stringless harp that it had become impossible to raise to the memory of the glorious martyrs of '71, '74, '83, '85, '98, '2, '10, '15, '37, '39, '47, '56, '62, '65, '70, '72, and '76 more than a couple of colossal monuments all round every six months;—though, in a word, the brightest, the liveliest, the most intellectual, and, on the whole, the cleanest people in the world, had been so outraged, downtrodden, neglected, choked, that they now scarcely knew what it was they really wanted—(*loud and prolonged cheering*)—yes, though things had come to this pitiable and awful pass, still, a golden, gleaming, and streaming blaze of breaking sunrise was already gilding with

glittering jewels the riven roots of the green sea and gem-washed island! (*A voice—"More power to you!"*) Yes; for when the dastard ensign that was dragged by fraud and fear up the easy slopes of the Alma and through the pleasant shades of Inkerman,—the hated flag is about at last to be trampled low under the august and holy feet of the very green Islanders' personal and admirable friend, the enlightened potentate who, from St. Petersburg, directs the progress of European liberty.

But here the speech of the Chairman was suddenly brought to an abrupt conclusion by the quite unexpected appearance of *Mr. Punch* who, at the head of a large following of "real Irish boys," ready and eager for the welcome work, cleared the hall of what they called "all thim foreign varmin," and put an end to the proceedings without even the formal sham of an "adjournment *sine die*."

FROM THE GAZETTE.

Most Extraordinary—Paris Edition.

LORD GLADSTONE to take the title of Duke REECHMON-ILL, and be invested with the grand cordon of the Order of le "Star-Garter."

SIR BRIGHT to be summoned to the Ouse-of-Peers as le Baron CROMWELL-ROAD, and accept the Colonelcy of Her Majesty's Gentlemen-Riders at Arms.

Le General O'GORMAN to be Prince de CHYPRE, and be nominated honorary lieutenant of Les Cents Chilternes.

COUNT DERBY to resume his ancient title of Le Grand Duc HER-SOMME, and accept the Postmastership of the Windsor Stag-Ounds.

Mr. Secretary LOCKS-BEACH to be raised to the Knighthood with the title of Sir-MICHAEL, and be appointed hereditary LOR MAIRE-Elect; and

LORD BEACONSFIELD to take the further appellation of Viscount GARMOZZLE and Earl TAIRNS.

INDIAN RELISH.—ONE among the Condiments for which India is famous was named after the King of OUDE. But the King of OUDE's Sauce is nothing to the Ameer of AFGHANISTAN's.



INDIAN CURRY.

LORD B. "RATHER HOT, SIR!"

JOHN BULL. "WELL, YES, I THINK I'D BETTER WAIT, AND SEE WHAT'S COMING!"

VERY MUCH ABROAD!



father had only treated you as you have treated me! Education is indeed a blessing! If you only knew as much about reading, writing, and arithmetic (the three R's as you rather inaccurately call them), as you do about farming, what a clever man you would be! But we can't have everything. A thought which affords me infinite consolation when I consider that I myself know far more about Greek roots than English turnips.

To return to my trip. As it was my first visit to foreign parts, you thought it better that I should travel with a party rather than trust to my own inexperienced guidance. Doubtless you were right, but certainly a great number of my companions were a little uncultivated. Many of them saw the sea for the first time as we left Newhaven, and not a few asked me if they could find a quiet public-house where they could get a "hunch of bread and cheese and a glass of beer" at Paris. From this you may take it that their ideas of the Continent were, to say the least, a little vague. But what right have I to speak of vagueness, when my own notions are so decidedly confused? I can assure you, my dear Father, I have been doing my very best to take in where we have been and what we have seen, but with the feeblest results. If you doubt me, read the following transcript of my Diary, which I have kept from day to day at odd times in odd corners:—

Monday.—We have arrived in Paris. Of this I am quite certain, because we have been hurried through a large sort of bazaar which *must* have been the Exhibition. So far as I could see (as we ran about), there seemed to be a good deal to look at. We passed the pictures so rapidly that they appeared to be a kind of unconnected panorama. After we had done the Exhibition, I think we went to the Louvre, or it may have been the Luxembourg, or perhaps it was the Maison Dieu. At any rate, wherever we went, we saw one picture which cost (so we were told) the French Government no less than two hundred thousand francs. I forget what the picture was about and who painted it, but I am tolerably sure that I have got the figures right.

Tuesday.—From what I can make out, we seem to be in Switzerland. All this morning we have been looking at hills, and I hear that some of them are very high, with snow at the top. You have honey at breakfast in Switzerland. I think we have been to Bâle. We may have been to Interlaken, and I rather fancy we have, for I know we were to go there, and we keep to our route most religiously. If we *did* go to Interlaken, I forget what it was like. Our Conductor is full of information. All I can remember, however, of his lecture is that the Municipal Government of Berne pays for the keep of some bears.

Wednesday.—I rather think we must be in Germany. As we were flying past a station this morning, I think I saw a Prussian helmet. We have certainly seen a good deal to-day. Lots of statues and lots of places. I should not be surprised to find, on referring to my programme, that I have gazed upon the celebrated Castle of Heidelberg, and perhaps even seen Cologne Cathedral. Unluckily, one has so little time for consideration, that before you are quite sure that you are looking at a mountain, you find yourself facing a waterfall. The lecture to-day was more than usually interesting. I remember distinctly that our guide informed us that a large quantity of Eau-de-Cologne is really made in Cologne.

MY DEAR FATHER, In compliance with your request, I have been "improving my mind by travelling" for the last week, and I seize a leisure moment to tell you where I have been—so far, of course, as I have been able to make out. I am not at all sure of my facts or my names, as our movements have been very rapid. We have certainly got over a wonderful amount of ground, and, if my mind could be improved when I started, I am sure by this time it *must* have reached perfection. However, thanks to your kindness and a Grammar School, my wits have always been tolerably bright. My only regret, as I write these lines, is the feeling that you possibly may not be able to read them. Ah! my dear Father, if my Grand-

Thursday.—We have been in a steamboat all day, looking at lots of castles and hills. We have been listening to such a number of legends that I forget what they are all about. A great deal of wine is made upon this river for exportation abroad. Our guide gave us some interesting statistics about the various vineyards. I did not like to interrupt him to ask him the name of the river. It appears to be rather pretty, and in some places reminds me of our Thames above Richmond.

Friday.—It now appears that yesterday we were doing the Rhine. To-day we are, I think, somewhere in Italy. I know we have been through a big tunnel. The people, too, seem to be talking a different sort of language. I have not had time to think much about anything, as we have been galloping through some score of picture-galleries. The guide's lecture was again most interesting. Sir PETER RUBBENS received the honour of knighthood. We were all pleased to hear this.

Saturday.—I really don't know where we are, but we are going to see a cathedral, four picture-galleries, a couple of glaciers, and an amphitheatre or two, after breakfast.

And at this point my Diary stops, as it is my last entry. For obvious reasons I have put no address to this letter. Firstly, I don't know in the least where we are; and, secondly, if I did it would be of no earthly use to tell you, because, before you can receive this note I shall be thousands of miles away from the reading-room of this very fourth-rate hotel.

I began by saying that my mind is perfect. So it is—it is a perfect blank. Before I left Old England, I had some sort of notion of foreign lands, but since I have taken this trip my knowledge, such as it was, has entirely disappeared. The Continent now seems to me a jumble of second-class carriages, vague castles, indistinct water-courses, undigested picture-galleries, indifferent tables-d'hôte, disappointing beauties of Nature, incomprehensible statues, confused town-halls, and unappreciated cathedrals. Nevertheless, my dear Father, many thanks; for whatever may be the result of my tour, you certainly meant well.

In great haste (as we are again *en route*),

Your affectionate Son,

GILES CLODHOPPER, Jun.

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

HERE is a bit of news, which to some people may prove of paramount importance:—

"For a rich dinner toilette mahogany is now a colour likely to be popular. Ruby and bright rose will also be in vogue this autumn."

For a dinner dress mahogany may seem a fitting hue, and there is something quite convivial in rose-colour and ruby. They remind us of the songs which *Mr. Swiveller* was so fond of, wherein "the rosy" and "the ruby" were so copiously poured forth. Such colours seem less suitable for ladies than for men, and there is something still more masculine in the fashion next recorded:—

"A semi-fitting jacket with faille collar and revers opens over a waistcoat of bronze faille made precisely like those worn by gentlemen."

Jackets and waistcoats may be worn by Ladies without question, but there are certain other manly garments which we fondly hope will never be in fashion with the fair sex. Moreover, we will trust that wearing male attire may not lead to manly habits on the part of those adopting it. A man might stare if a cigar-case were to drop from his aunt's jacket as he helped her to her carriage; and if a husband were to borrow a white waistcoat of his wife, he might feel a little annoyed to find a latch-key in the pocket.

More Sites and Sounds.

THE Alcazar! The Alcazar!

Will soon appear in Leicester Squarr.

I only hope the Alcazar Directors

Have Leicester-squared the circle of objectors.

If so, the Company has shown some nous

In taking such a site as Savill House.

But shocked Alhambra cried, as well she might,

"'Tis very rude near me to take a site!"

Darwinism for Doctors.

At King's College the subject of the introductory Lecture delivered on Saint Phœasant's Day, by Professor GARRON, is described to have been "The Evolution of the Medical Profession, and the Survival of the Fittest to Practise and Struggle for a Professional Existence." It is generally a struggle for existence, indeed; and if anybody thinks of engaging in it, and living by his practice alone, be it known to him that he cannot reasonably expect to exist very long.



NEW FORM OF RIVALRY.

Janet. "MAMMA DEAR, WHAT TIME IN THE DAY WAS I BORN?"

Mamma. "AT TWO O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING."

Jack. "AND WHAT TIME WAS I BORN?"

Mamma. "NOT UNTIL EIGHT O'CLOCK."

Janet. "AH, MY BIRTHDAY IS LONGER THAN YOURS, JACK!"

Jack. "WHAT'S THE USE OF BEING BORN BEFORE IT'S TIME TO GET UP?"

KINDNESS AND CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

THE following passage in a Report of the introductory Lecture delivered, on the 1st instant, by Professor RAY LANKESTER at University College, is commended to the serious consideration of the Society for the Total and Entire Abolition of Vivisection:—

"It was grossly unfair of Englishmen to legislate against the study of physiology, to refuse to Medicine all means of research, all endowments, and yet to profit by Vivisection carried on in Germany. Every man and woman who consulted an English physician or surgeon was an accomplice of physiology, and connived at Vivisection; for the English medical man had now to gain his knowledge from Germany and France."

What effect, then, will be likely to result from an Act of Parliament to prohibit altogether the practice of Vivisection in this country? Simply, that of still more necessarily and generally driving British medical students, in order to acquire the necessary physiological knowledge, abroad. The mere stoppage of Vivisection in our medical schools will only tend to promote its practice in those of other countries; and that under no limitations imposed by humanity. Perhaps, therefore, the Anti-Vivisectionists will perceive it to be advisable that any enactment for the suppression of experiments on living animals in the United Kingdom should, in order that it may not operate to the increase instead of the diminution of animal suffering, be accompanied by a rider subjecting every student of Medicine and Surgery to an interdict equivalent to the writ *Ne exeat regno*.

Archæologists at Work.

THE Rev. Canon GREENWELL, F.R.S., and the Rev. WALTER MONEY, F.S.A., of Newbury, are reported to have been exploring certain of the numerous Celtic grave-mounds in North Wiltshire, one of which they opened last week, and discovered in it human skeletons, animals' bones, a pot, a bone pin, a flake of flint, some beads, and a kind of scraper. Success to the interesting researches in which the reverend and learned Gentlemen are still engaged. Their labours deserve every encouragement; and although they are Antiquaries, and not Costermongers, it may not be improper to say to those assiduous examiners of ancient British tumuli, "Go on with your Barrow!"

A DREAM OF QUEER WOMEN.

(With Apologies to the Poet-Laureate.)

I READ, before mine eyelids dropt their shade.
The last romance from MUDIE'S, lately writ
By one who is considered—in the trade—
The flower of female wit.

Miss BLANK, the famous writer, whose wild wa:
Of fiction-weaving was the first to fill
The startled times of good VICTORIA
With ghosts which haunt them still.

And for awhile I tumbled on my bed,
Her Art from slumber held me, as strong gale:
Hold driven birds from lighting, and my head
Chock-full of her strange tales,

Charged both mine eyes with horror. Her black
band
Haunted my thoughts, and everywhere I saw
Beauty and Murder walking hand-in-hand,
Dogg'd by smart limbs of law.

At last methought that I had wandered far
Into some limbo, wild, inane, obscure,
Where all things seemed to jostle, grumble, jar,
And nought seemed straight or sure.

There was no freshness in the heavy air,
Nor any natural sound of speech or song,
The smell of patchouli reigned everywhere,
An odour stale yet strong.

And from within me something seemed to say,
"Be careful! This is an unhealthy clime.
Pass quickly through; you will not wish to stay
For any length of time."

At last I saw a Lady within call,
Stiffer than stiffest marble, standing there;
A daughter of the giants, strangely tall,
And sulphurously fair.

Her hideousness with horror and surprise
Tied up my tongue. She, turning on my face
The lamp-like lustre of her goggle-eyes,
Spoke hoarsely in her place:—

"I'm an Art-Beauty! Do not ask my name,
I have so many!" (Here she heaved a sigh.)
"The supersensuous critics sound my fame,
I'm sure I can't tell why."

"I marvel, too, the fact I won't conceal,
Your face appears pea-green, your looks look
died."

I answered free, and, turning, made appeal
To one who stood beside.

But she, with sour and spleenful looks averse,
To her lank height her bony body draws.
"My sex," she said, "is blighted by the curse
Of harsh man-fashioned laws.

"I am cut off from hope of that fair place
St. Stephen's hight, where men our shackles
frame,
With issues that involve our deep disgrace
And their eternal shame.

"Yet I *can* speak—I *do* so now and then—
For of the shrieking sisterhood am I,
And still the bearded monsters, ruthless men,
The franchise dare deny."

Whereto that other with a scornful brow:—
"I'd put my dagger-edge to mine own throat
Could I not fool and rule fond man somehow,
Without a stupid Vote!"

Her bitter words flashed through the silence
drear;

Methought "Can an Art-Beauty be a shrew?"
Sudden I heard a voice that cried, "Come here!
I want to look at you."

I, turning, saw, curled in an easy chair,
One sitting well wrapped up, as if from cold,
Her cheeks were peachy, and her fluffy hair
Was of the tawny gold.

She, flashing forth a Circe-smile, began :—

"I murdered men for fun—it was my trade;
But oh, 'tis long since I have slain a man.
Once, panther-like, I played

"With many husbands, and then shed their blood,
But life in this dim place is vastly slow;
I have no men to murder in my mood—
That makes my only woe!

"The men, my lovers, how they bowed their necks
'Neath the neat boots wherewith my feet were shod!
I witched them, and the sturdiest of the sex
Were vassals to my nod.

"At last the sly detective tracked me down;
I tried to coax *him*, but the brute was cold.
They found the last poor fool I tried to drown,
And for the rest—behold!"

With that she tore her robe apart, and half
The polished ivory of her shoulders grand
Laid bare. Thereto she pointed with a laugh,
Showing the convict's brand.

* * * * *

Losing her laughter, I stood drowsily
As doth a slavey with fatigue half dead
When lodgers' bells are ringing low and high,
Though it is time for bed.

"Alas! alas!" a low voice full of care
Grumbled beside me; "turn and look on me!
I'm the enamoured girl, as fast as fair,
If what I was I be.

"Would I had been some dowdy dull and cold
O me! that I should ever see the light
Of those male optics burning, black, and bold,
Which haunt me day and night!

"I frisked and flirted, said most *risqué* things,
Mixed the salacious with the smart-profane,
Knew all about the kiss that burns and stings,
The clasp that fires the brain.

"Then came an ugly brute, all brawn and beard,
Witched me with insolence I fancied grand,
And, knowing not if most I loved or feared,
I gave the wretch my hand.

"He made me his mere slave. My fate was just!"
To whom the Panther, "Oh, you tamely fell!
You should have chloroformed the clown, and thrust
His carcase down a well."

With that smart speech, sheer horror's creeping thrill,
Cold at my heart, dissolved the agony
Of nightmare sleep. I woke, extremely chill,
And cramped, and much awry.

Morn breached the sombre ramparts of the dark,
Ere I saw her of the *agaçant* glance,
With mien like some Anonyma of the Park,
And morals fresh from France.

Or her who, flouting love as very trash,
And holding life's first aim the wedding-ring,
Deems not mere soft affection, but hard cash
The all-important thing.

No Miner labours harder from the deep
Dark mines of coal to hew the sooty seams,
When market-rates rule high, than I from sleep
To gather more such dreams.

Not that the visions pleased; they gave me pain.
Yet might it profit men could I but strike
Into that startling track of dreams again;
But no two dreams are like.

For me, I loathe, as an unholy pest,
The Women worshipped in these latter years,
With loathing that can hardly be exprest,
By shudders, groans, or tears.

Because these Creatures of Sensation-Art,
Failing in all that's natural, wholesome, sweet,
Sicken the fancy and oppress the heart
With weariness complete.



"HAPPY GO LUCKY!"

Timorous Passenger. "THAT WHEEL SOUNDED CRACKED TO ME, PORTER!"
Porter. "IT IS, SORR. BUT FAIX, OI THINK SHE'LL GET AS FAR AS DUBLIN!"

TRAVELLERS' PHRASES.

(TO BE TRANSLATED FROM THE ENGLISH.)

On Landing on Foreign Soil.

WHICH is the way to the most English hotel?
Why must I pay duty on my tea, my coffee, my cigars, and my other hundred
comforts of English manufacture?
Do you not know that an Englishman cannot travel without them?
In spite of my excellent accent, my camp-stool, my bundle of rugs, sticks,
and umbrellas, and my *Murray*, have you not guessed that I am an Englishman?

On reaching a Hotel.

Can I have tea, eggs, bacon, toast, and a rumpsteak?
Which is the way to the English Church, the English Library, and the English
Doctor?
No, I will not take any of the wine of the country. I prefer BASS'S
Pale Ale.
Will you get me some soap, and a large tub?
Soap is a sort of hard lard for cleansing the face and hands.
I am not at all surprised to find that you have never seen it. You will be
able to get some at the English chemist's.

When Sight-Seeing.

This cathedral cannot be compared for a moment to Westminster Abbey.
This lake is far inferior to the Serpentine.
This collection must not be mentioned in the same week with the glories of
the British Museum.
I do not think much of this theatre.
It appears to me that the music of this Opera is very fourth-rate.
These people in size and character are vastly inferior to the lowest stratum of
our population.
How very absurd! There is nothing we can see here to compare with what
we have left at home.

On reaching one's Destination.

At last! And now, that we have got to our journey's end, let us make haste
and get home again!

CIRCULAR NOTES.

(By Our Jotter.)



“MR. ADAM and his Constituents” was the heading of a paragraph in the *Daily Telegraph*. I don’t suppose that DARWIN would be reckoned among the constituents of our MR. ADAM.

The *Whitehall Review* has published two lists—unnecessary, and professedly most incomplete—of “Rome’s Converts.” I am at least glad to see the word “Converts” used. “Pervert” is designedly malicious and illiteral: “vert” is vulgar. There are some who object to all three. For the benefit of this class of kindly-disposed persons, I would propose the use of the word “Revert.” Protestants of the nineteenth century, in the free exercise of their private judgment, conscientiously renouncing the religion of their fathers, only revert to that of their great-great-greatest grandfathers in the sixteenth century.

And, in most cases, the Reverts have suffered serious reverses in consequence of their Reversion.

MR. CHARLES WYNDHAM, of the Criterion Theatre, as a grateful tribute to the success of the well-known piece still running, will henceforth date everything from *Anno Dominos*.

SHAKESPEARE evidently imagined steam locomotion as existing between Sicilia and Bohemia in most remote times;—vide *Winter’s Tale* (as Mr. CHATTERTON would say just now), Act V. Sc. 1, where, when a Gentleman of the Court—not Mr. JOHN HARE, though that’s a neat designation for the Manager in Sloane Square—announces the arrival of *Florizel* and *Perdita*, the King observes—

“’Tis not a visitation.”—

meaning that *Florizel* was not an Archbishop—

“’Tis not a visitation framed, but forced
By need and accident.”

The word “accident” suggests the anxious question that immediately follows—

“What train?”

But to this the Gentleman of the Court does not make a fitting reply. He does not refer His Majesty to *Bradshaw*, or a local timetable. But, after all, it was only one of WILLIAM’S flashes of inspiration—just like him.

The Reverend MR. EVERARD, of Wolverhampton, who, at the Church Congress last week, as the Bishop of MANCHESTER observed, “Quite took his breath away by his fierce denunciation of the Stage,” must be written down as a Neddy—a conscientious Neddy probably, but none the less a Neddy “for a’ that.” MR. EVERARD—or MR. EVER-SOFT, as he might more correctly be called, if judged by the quality of so much brain as he may happen to possess—has many opportunities at Wolverhampton for seeing some excellent acting; for the Wolverhampton Theatre is rather a favourite with some of our London Stars—*Fallen Stars*, eh, MR. EVER-SOFT, like MR. J. L. TOOLE, for example?—and some of our London Stars are great favourites at Wolverhampton, greater, perhaps, than even MR. EVERARD himself. MR. EVERARD, however, knows no more of a Theatrical Star than the child in Dr. WATTS’S hymn:—

Twinkle, twinkle, Mister Star,
How I wonder what you are!

The tip-top swells of the Dramatic Profession are a considerable cut above MR. EVERARD, who is, probably, a very Low Churchman, and only in the rank and file of “Soupers.” The Bishop of MANCHESTER spoke fairly well on the subject, but what a gushing goody-goody story that was of his about the Manchester T. R. Stage Manager, who clasped the Bishop’s hands, and thanked him for “speaking kindly to the poor Players.” Didn’t that Professional Gent

go round the corner immediately after the performance, and have a liquor up with a brother “Pro.,” and didn’t they wink at one another over their glasses as they drank his Lordship’s jolly good health?

But, MR. EVERARD (by the way, don’t I know how clever MISS EVERARD is as “poor *Little Buttercup*” at the Opéra Comique—any relation?), but, Sir, while you and t’others of the Cloth—not Broad Cloth, but narrow, I mean—enjoy freedom of speech and liberty for all sorts of opinions, the Stage has a strict *Censor Morum*,

A High Cockalorum,
Chief *Censor Morum*,

—(not a “censor” as used by Ritualists, whom you very likely confound, and worse than confound, with Theatrical people generally)—who won’t allow anything wrong or rude, and who has just refused his licence to a very risky French piece called *Niniche*, for whom one of the Brothers ROWE had provided an English dress with the very properest skirts.

So that’s a finish
For poor little *Niniche*.

Yes, Anglicised, *Niniche* does rhyme with finish; ask MR. ROWE. By the way, I don’t know which ROWE it was, whether HARD ROWE or SOFT ROWE, or FIRST ROWE, or SECOND ROWE; but, anyhow, in answer to his touching appeal, the Licensor only waved his hand, and said, with senatorial dignity, “Back, ROWE!” Back ROWE smiled sadly and replied, that he would adapt himself—to the peculiar circumstances. The deputation of One then withdrew. “Rebellion’s dead!” exclaimed the Licensor with *King Arthur* in *Tom Thumb*, “and now we’ll go to breakfast!” For the motto of the Theatrical Licensing Department in the Lord Chamberlain’s Office must ever be “Piece with honour.”

A propos of mottoes, in a shop-window in Hanway Street there is this announcement:—“Blind Unions in all Colours.” I do not profess to elucidate its technical meaning, but what a motto it would be for a combination of essentially opposite parties in a political crisis!

What will the Gaiety Christmas Extravaganza be? Probably, *Aladdin and the Electrician*; or, *New Lamps for Old Ones*. The cast to be supplied by J. HOLLINGSHEAD’S Laughing-Gas Company.

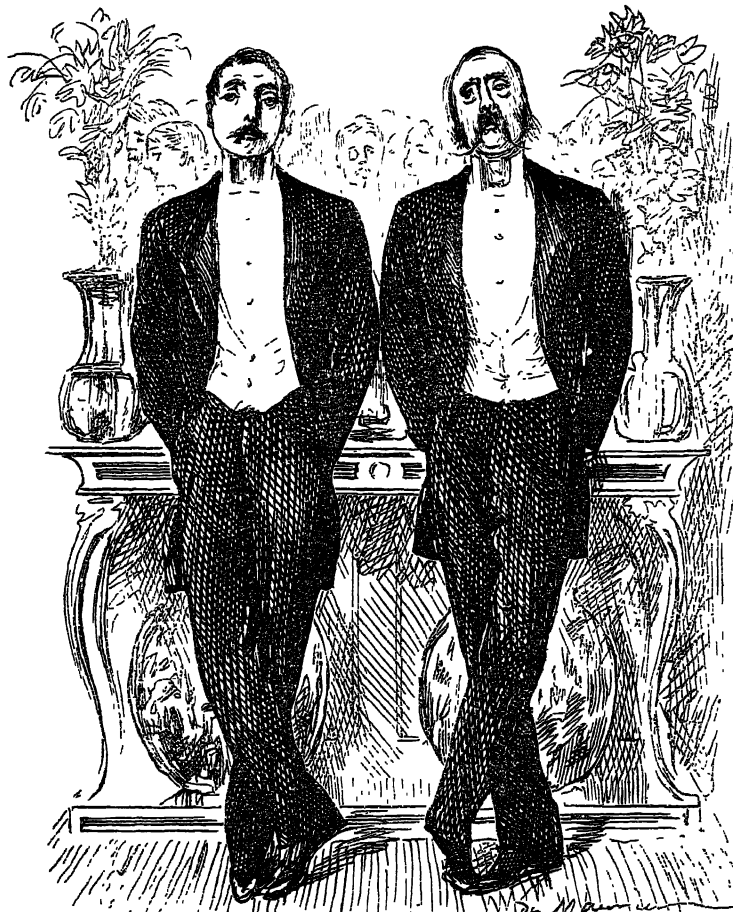
MR. GLADSTONE has recently been telling the Manxmen that he is going to retire into private life. He has said something like this before. If “Men of Manx” is synonymous with Manxmen, then W. E. G., here is a couplet “to be said or sung”:—

Henceforth I beg to state, good men of Manx,
All invitations I decline with thanks.

FAVOURITE FLOWERS, ETC.

NOT long ago it was revealed to the world that ROUSSEAU’S favourite flower was the Periwinkle. It may be valuable to the contemporary observer, and precious to the future historian, to possess a record of some other flowers, and in one or two instances—where the information could be obtained without trespassing too far on domestic privacy—of fruits and vegetables also, understood to be favourites with distinguished persons of our own time and country:—

Prince of WALES—Prince’s Feather.
Princess of Wales—Eyebright and None-so-Pretty.
Duke of CAMBRIDGE—Bugle.
BROWN AND POLSON—Cornflower.
The LORD MAYOR—London Pride.
The PRIMATE—Canterbury Bells.
MR. MACKONOCHE—Monkshood.
Earl of BEACONSFIELD—Laurels and Cypress.
CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER—Thrift.
FIRST LORD of the ADMIRALTY—Sea kale and Docks.
MR. GLADSTONE—Sweet William.
SIR A. H. LAFARD—Turk’s Cap.
SIR GARNET WOLSELEY—Speedwell.
Earl of ROSEBERRY—Marigold.
BARONESS BURDETT COUTTS—Angelica.
MRS. LANGETRY—Nonsuch.
GOVERNOR of the BANK of ENGLAND—Stocks.
MR. CARLYLE—Sage.
MR. JOHN RUSKIN—Jonquil.
MR. THOMES—Cent(a)ury.
MR. H. M. STANLEY—Traveller’s Joy.
MESSRS. BIGGAR and PARNELL—No authentic information has reached us as to the favourite flowers of these two prominent Members of Parliament, but it deserves to be recorded, if only as a singular coincidence, that both of them like nothing so well as a Medlar.
The Royal Marines—Water Soldiers.
The Genuine Briton—Lords and Ladies.
MR. PUNCH—Everlasting.



DEGENERATE TIMES.

First Dragoon. "AWFULLY FINE GIRL, THAT!"

Second Dragoon. "YA'AS—BUT HASN'T GOT A WORD TO SAY FOR HERSELF. ASKED HER IF SHE WASN'T AWF'LLY FOND OF HUNTING? SAID SHE'D NEVER BEEN ON A HORSE IN HER LIFE! NOW, WHAT'S A FELLER TO SAY AFTER THAT? CAN'T MAKE OUT WHAT GIRLS DO TALK ABOUT IN THESE DAYS!"

THE PLEASURES OF FOREIGN TRAVEL.

The pleasure of feeling that you have left all the bores of your Club behind for an indefinite time.

The pleasure of knowing that you need not attend to "little accounts" when they follow you to France, Switzerland, or Italy.

The pleasure of escaping the fogs of London, the winds of Brighton, and the drainage of Ramsgate.

The pleasure of knowing that all news of an exciting character will reach you some days late; and if the Funds *have* gone down, that they may have gone up again by the time you receive the unwelcome intelligence.

The pleasure of finding it unnecessary to condole with JONES upon the failure of his last comedy, or to congratulate SMITH upon the success of his latest novel.

The pleasure of not having to wear a tail-coat and white necktie more than once a week on the average.

The pleasure of having one's French understood by a well-fee'd and, consequently, obsequious foreign waiter.

The pleasure of travelling in comfort, and lurching *en route* on something more palatable than sawdust sandwiches and turpentine-flavoured sherry.

The pleasure of buying and reading all the best novels and works of travel at about one shilling and sixpence a volume.

The pleasure of comparing the works of Art of foreign countries with those of your native land, to the great glorification of the latter.

The pleasure of meeting an Englishman on the summit of an out-of-the-way mountain, and then and there discussing with him the rates of house-rent in Brompton, and other interesting matters of a domestic character.

MERCY BY THE MERSEY.

[MANCHESTER.—Mr. RAYNER WOOD, a Magistrate, residing at Singleton Lodge, Singleton Brook, prosecuted two Sisters of Mercy for begging. These Sisters support a large number of aged and infirm poor at Plymouth Grove and Cheetham Hill. The case was at once dismissed, the Bench regretting that Mr. Wood should have acted in this manner.—*Daily Telegraph*, Oct. 7.]

THERE is a Mr. RAYNER WOOD,
A Magistrate, be it understood,
Of Singleton Lodge, near Singleton Brook,
Who on himself as Magistrate took
To arrest two Sisters of Mercy—
Two Little Sisters of the Poor,
Who beg about from door to door,
And *with* their pensioners try to live
On scraps of food that the rich may give,
These genuine Sisters of Mercy.
But Mister WOOD, with his heart of stone,
Would not give them so much as a bone;
But had the Sisters locked up all night
As Beggars! Fancy their wretched plight,
These Angels of Mercy! Was Mister Wood right?
No! Very much *vice versa*.
And so, next morning, he was told
By a brother Magistrate, honest and bold,
Who, indignantly, the case dismissed,
When I hope Mr. Wood was loudly hissed—
Be he tall, or short, or pursy,
This Wood's not British Oak, I guess,
"Laying hands on females in distress!"
The worst I wish him—when near his end—
To ease his anguish, and to attend
On his couch of pain, may his Good Angel send
These very two Sisters of Mercy!

Pleasantries of a Primus.

PUNCH often finds competitors where he did not expect them. But of all unlikely places to look for a rival he would have named the meeting of the Representative Church Council of the Episcopal Church of Scotland. It was held in the Kinnaird Hall on the 9th inst. Judge his surprise when he found the venerable Primus of that highly decorous Church thus disporting himself:—

"The Primus proposed that the next annual meeting be held at Inverness, and he undertook to say that they would receive a right Highland welcome. Perhaps the laity might feel themselves disposed to come in Highland costume—(laughter)—and if so they might rely upon it there would be no visible breaches amongst them. (Great laughter.)"

The delight, after an abstinence of some weeks, of a pint of draught porter from the pewter, and a cut off a roast sirloin.

The pleasure of knowing that you are packing up your portmanteau for the last time, and paying your last hotel bill.

And, lastly—greatest pleasure of all—the intense delight and relief of turning your back on foreign parts, and coming home again!

The Saddle on the Right Horse.

AN old and true saw tells us that "Spectators see most of the game." *Punch's* sharp and respected contemporary, the *Spectator*, seems to him to have a clear insight into the game which the Glasgow Bank has been playing. That game, if play to the Bank's Directors, is likely to prove death to the Shareholders. But surely the *Spectator* has got the right sow by the ear, in his concluding paragraph:—

"Many a murder is stopped by fear of the coroner's inquest, many a ship is saved by dread of the Board of Trade inquiry, and many a bank would be safe if its Directors knew that failure would be the immediate signal for a pitiless investigation."

To be followed, *Punch* would add, by condign punishment in cases where rascality and recklessness are brought home to the peccant parties who have abused their opportunities as Directors to the ruin of their Shareholders. At all events, the change would be one from the wrong to the right direction.

QUITE UNINTENTIONAL.

A PASSENGER between Wych Street and Holywell Street, inquiring his way, asked Which is Wych?



DARWINIAN MOMENT—SELECTION OF THE FITTEST!

ON THE LINE.

(With Mr. Punch's best wishes to the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants.)

MR. PUNCH was dozing on the banks of a river, enjoying the welcome warmth of the latter-summer. As he gazed upon the running water, it seemed to change to a railway-track, and he saw a pair of iron rails appearing from a double row of sand-covered sleepers. Near the track stood a well-fed, rosy-cheeked labourer cheerfully employed upon his toil of plate-laying. Mr. Punch was surprised to notice his perfect contentment. Until now plate-laying had always been accompanied by apprehension.

"You have no fear of any passing train, my friend?" said Mr. Punch.

"Not I, master," returned the workman, with a careless whistle. "You see, since the new law came in, the Engine-drivers daren't run over me. If they did, they would have to answer for it."

Leaving the Plate-layer, Mr. Punch walked on until he came to the train stopping in a siding. The Engine-driver was calmly smoking a pipe.

"All right?" questioned Mr. Punch.

"Quite right, Sir," replied the Engine-driver. "If anything goes wrong, so long as I obey the Guard, I am on the safe side of the road. If anything happens to me, and my mate through his carelessness, why our widows can proceed (as the lawyers call it) against him for damages."

"How do you like that?" asked Mr. Punch, as the Guard approached him.



MEDICAL REMUNERATION.

Doctor. "UM! MOST INSOLENT!" (*To his Wife.*) "LISTEN TO THIS, MY DEAR." (*Reads Letter aloud.*) "SIR,—I ENCLOSE A P. O. ORDER FOR THIRTEEN SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE, HOPING IT WILL DO YOU AS LITTLE GOOD AS YOUR TWO VERY SMALL BOTTLES OF 'PHYSIC' DID ME."

"Very well, Sir," replied the man with the belt. "Personal responsibility won't hurt any of us so long as we do our duty. I feel much more comfortable now that I know I have a remedy against the Signalman if I come to grief through his culpable carelessness."

And *Mr. Punch* walked on until he reached a box full of telegraph-discs. A lively, bright-eyed official was in charge.

"I suppose you have just come on duty?" hinted *Mr. Punch*.

"Just going off, you mean, Sir," replied the Signalman, cheerily.

"Yes, Sir; since the new Act's become law, we have a fair amount of sleep and work."

"Dear me! Why?"

"Because the Station-master is directly responsible to us, Sir. If we make any mistake through over-work, we can look to him. But pardon me, Sir, I have to attend to my discs. A train is just due, and here it comes, exact to a minute."

"You keep punctual time?"

"We are obliged, Sir, since we are all directly responsible."

Mr. Punch, well pleased with what he had seen and heard, walked on to the Station. He found its Master smiling.

"Everything right?"

"Everything, thank you, Sir. Now that we have direct personal responsibility, it's perfectly wonderful how smoothly everything goes."

"No accidents, eh?"

"Accidents, Sir! Why, we have almost forgotten what they are! How can we have accidents, when the Traffic-manager is responsible to the Station-master for the proper timing of all the trains? With punctuality, we know where we are, Sir. Working a line now is as easy as A B C."

Suddenly *Mr. Punch* found himself transported to a comfortably furnished office, in which an Elderly Gentleman was busily engaged in the direction of a numerous staff of *employés*.

"Glad to see you, Sir," said the Elderly Gentleman, who immediately recognised his august visitor; "but I am sure you will pardon me if I give my undivided attention to the work before me. A very heavy responsibility sits upon me, *Mr. Punch*—a very heavy responsibility indeed."

"And you are not over-worked, Mr. Traffic-manager?"

"Certainly not, *Mr. Punch*. The Directors are personally responsible to me. If I were over-worked, they would be the sufferers. Since the new Act, no one can shirk his duties. And now good-bye."

Mr. Punch took the hint, and withdrew. Again suddenly he found himself in another room, in which a number of excited and portly persons were engaged in a most animated conversation. They rushed up to *Mr. Punch* as he entered, and overpowered him with questions.

"Is the Traffic-manager looking after the trains?" asked one.

"Are the Station-masters telegraphing to the Signalmen?" said another.

"Are the Guards obeying the signals?" cried a third.

"Are the Engine-drivers looking after the Plate-layers?" shouted a fourth.

"Stop, stop!" exclaimed *Mr. Punch*. "Pray tell me why are you so interested in these matters?"

"Because," they cried in angry unison, "we are responsible to everybody—not only to our *employés*, but to the Public, and the Law as well. It is shameful, scandalous, disgraceful!"

"I suppose you are——"

"Directors!" they shouted. "Fancy making Directors responsible!"

"I suppose the new Act——"

But here *Mr. Punch* was interrupted by an absolute shriek of rage. The noise (which turned out to be the braying of some donkeys) woke him, and he found, as he looked once more at the running river, that the visions he had seen were merely the shadows of a pleasant dream. May those shadows have coming events to follow them!

"LE SPECTRE ROUGE."

HERR FRANKENSTEIN, in the German Parliament, as spokesman for the Centre, proclaims opposition to the Anti-Socialist Bill. Naturally, FRANKENSTEIN has had enough of making monsters.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

At Covent Garden Promenade Concerts—The Italian Night—Observations for any other Night—The real Attraction—A Hint—A Hint.



SIR.—The motion that Mr. ARTHUR SULLIVAN do now leave the Chair being carried, and that eminent Composer having personally, and most successfully, conducted the Concert party so far into the middle of the Season, Mr. RIVIÈRE—the shining RIVIÈRE—has taken the vacant seat, and is giving us English Nights (this sounds like our old friends the men in armour of the Ninth of November), French Nights (or Bayards), Scottish Nights (Quentin Durwards), Classical Nights (Agamemnon, Achilles, Ulysses, & Co.) and many more very pleasant nights, judging by the appearance of the sitting and promenading audience on the night of my visit, i.e. “the Italian Night.” I selected the Italian Night because what can be more beautiful

than an Italian night? At this time of year I believe the Italian nights are at their best. And then what a real treat in mid-October, in mid-London, in our very un-Italian climate, to be able to enjoy a genuine Italian night!

“*Como gentili!*” I hummed to myself. I always hum to myself, first, because I like an appreciative audience; and, secondly, because I have heard myself called a “hummerist,” and, of course, one likes to keep up the character. These reflections are appropriate in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden as I pass the old “Hummins,” celebrated for its Humming Ale.

But to return—*Au Rivière*.

A change has come over the arrangements. The position of the Chair has been altered. Mr. SULLIVAN used to sit with his back to the audience. Everyone understood why. Isn't he the composer of “*Looking Back*”? And his taking up that position must have sent up the sale of that popular song some millions.

But Mons. RIVIÈRE—who is both a *Mons* and a *Rivière*—takes another view of the situation—a front view. He faces the audience. Occasionally he descends from his throne, to conduct the Orchestra from a place near the piano; then he remounts—the *Mons* remounted—to his seat in the midst of his army of performers, so as to keep an eye on the Military and the Ladies of the Chorus in the back rows: the Ladies being a new feature—and some very pretty features, too—in the programme.

First there was the Overture to “*Nabucodonosor*”—generally abbreviated, by his personal friends, to “*Nabuco*.” I know the Overture, but not the Opera. I suppose the Second Act, if it follows the story, is entirely pastoral. I don't think you can gather much of the plot—the grass-plot in the case of poor *Nabuco*—from the Overture. I suppose, by the way, that *Nabucodonosor* is the *Nebuchadnezzar* with whom “every schoolboy” is well acquainted at a very early age?

The next item of importance was a Violoncello Solo by M. VAN BIENE, who came on first, as the “*Van*,” while Mr. LINDSAY SLOPER brought up the rear, and accompanied the Fiddling Dutchman on the piano. The audience were immensely pleased with M. VAN BIENE, the Double Dutchman, or the Double-Bass Dutchman.

I do like Mr. LINDSAY SLOPER as an accompanist. He seems so pleased at being asked. He comes on to the platform with an air of surprise, as if he had only just arrived to make a friendly call on Mons. RIVIÈRE, who had suddenly jumped up, and said, “My dear SLOPER, now you are here, do play us an accompaniment.” And the amiable Mr. SLOPER, unable to refuse, had there and then consented, and had been at once introduced to Mr. VAN BIENE, or Signo URIO, or whoever the soloist might be, had said some pleasant and polite things to him, asked how all the little Vans were at home—VAN JOHN, VAN TRUMP, VAN-ESSA, &c.—and, on Mons. RIVIÈRE looking at his watch, had courteously bowed to the Musical Hollander, and had accompanied him—on the platform, and on the piano.

Madame LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON's rendering of “*By the Margin of fair Zurich's Waters*” awoke the echoes of applause, and an encore

could not be denied. They *would* have it—but they *didn't*—because when Madame LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON did return, she in effect said, “I cannot sing the old Song,” and sang, instead, “*Love was once a little Boy*,” with which the audience were equally pleased.

They were highly delighted, too, with Madame JENNY PRATT's “*The Love who sailed away*”; and this lady too, being encored, sang something else.

I retired after the *Petit Duc* had been performed, with which—the music itself, not its execution—I confess I was disappointed. All the Petites Ducks of the Ladies' Chorus joined in, and the music lesson was the best thing of this selection.

The first time these young Ladies rose from their seats was to join, with much devotion, in the prayer from *Mosé in Egitto*. A profane person, without appreciation of anything above the level of a Music-Hall ditty, wanted to know if the present popular lyric, “Where was Moses when the light went out?” was taken from this Opera. He was at once, and properly, rebuked and instructed, by being informed that the very title of the Opera was an answer to the question, “Where was MOSES when the light went out?” Where? “*In Egitto*.”

What chiefly interested me during the Concert, from the time of the arrival of the Military Band, was the conduct of one of its members, who had been hampered with such a gigantic wind instrument as contained sufficient brass to have made twenty brazen serpents for MOSES AND SONS of Israel, when they got into the Desert.

What an instrument! It went round and round the unhappy warrior just as you'd twist a Scotch plaid, and as you might suppose would be the apparent result, if, in cold weather, a doctor had ordered a patient, with the smallest circulation in the world, to be fitted up with hot water pipes outside. I asked an intelligent-looking person what he thought was the name of this instrument of torture? He replied that “he thought it was a ‘Bombardon,’ and was generally played by a Bombardier.” I fancy my informant was not quite right in his mind. “Bombardon” is a big name, but not big enough. “Rhom-Bom-bom-bardon” would be nearer.

I waited nervously, anxiously, for the effect of the first blow. Had I been at one of the old P. R. matches, with money on it, I could not have been more excited. I regarded it as a contest between the Bombardier and the Bombardon. The Bombardier I knew would give the first blow to the Bombardon—but with what result? What would the Bombardon do to him, in return? I anticipated a thunderous blast, a hurricane, a gale which would send poor Bombardier head over heels, twirling in the air over the back rail, and down among the refreshment-tables.

Dare he give that Bombardon a blow? that was the question. I watched him closely during the selection from *La Traviata*. There were plenty of openings for a blow, but he didn't come up to the scratch. Several times I saw him prepare: once to make ready, twice to prepare—then he licked his lips, as though he relished the idea in theory, but just as he was putting his mouth to the instrument he thought better of it practically, shook his head, and *didn't*.

Presently I heard a deep bass note; very deep, very basso, *molto profondo*. I turned, expecting to see the Bombardier doing it gently. No: he *was* doing it gently—but he was doing nothing at all, nothing whatever. He was looking about admiringly, and utterly ignoring the presence of the Bombardon which was coiled round his body.

The *basso profondo* note came from a quiet-looking gentleman in the centre of the orchestra, provided with an instrument that hadn't got a quarter of the Bombardon's advantages.

Whether the Bombardon was annoyed at this it is impossible to say, but I fancy the wily Brazen Serpent must have given the Bombardier a squeeze round the ribs, as the next minute I saw him struggling with it, trying to untwist it, wriggling to get his head out of its clutches, and so to emancipate himself from its fatal embrace.

It was the Laocoon with the Serpent, without the two young people; but, a less unhappy coon than Laocoon, he showed himself a Hercules, for presently the Bombardon lay helpless by his side, and the Bombardier breathed again freely, victoriously.

But play it he never did—I mean not when I was looking. Was it a Dummy? If so, it was a Double-Dummy. And let Mons. RIVIÈRE take my advice, and not lose the opportunity for advertising such a trump card as this in his pack:—

“Solo on the Great Double-Dummy every evening by the Bombardier in full uniform. Exciting Struggle! ‘Blow for Blow’!! Victory of the British Arms!!!”

Then a song, composed expressly to the air “*Row on, thou Gondolier!*” commencing

“Blow on, thou Bombardier!”

Which, needless to say, after this publicity, would draw all London and all the Country. O RIVIÈRE, there is a current in the affairs of Concerts, which, if taken advantage of, leads on to fortune. Go on and prosper, but don't forget the Bombardier.

On rising and leaving, I was glad to see the energetic and polite Mr. HAYES in the foyer of Covent Garden. Such a bouquet in his

button-hole! You don't gather such flowers as those on all *haies*. Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD should send round his electric light to Covent Garden: they would want something extra brilliant when there's a Haze in front, were it not that there is nothing foggy, but just the reverse, about this Mister, not misty, HAYES.

I, as Your Representative, have very fair ground for complaint about a certain misleading advertisement; and, after this warning, I do hope that the Gentleman, who, having taken his degree of M.A. (Advertisement Manager) on the *D. T.*, has erred this once, may be *D. T.-erred* (oh!) from repeating the mistake. There may be twenty other papers doing the same, but I select the Largest Circulation, as one Representative should instinctively pick out another Representative. What's the indictment? *Le voici!* ("Here it is!"—I translate, in respectful imitation of Mr. GEORGE A. SALA—new style—who has lately taken to giving us in brackets "the English of it" in his capital letters—and they are Capital Letters—headed "*Paris after the Peace.*") At the end of the string of London theatrical advertisements in the *D. T.*, the Provincial Theatres are beginning to *afficher* ("advertise") themselves; and so the first after the Victoria Theatre is the Theatre Royal, Brighton. There is no objection to this; Brighton is a suburb of the Metropolis in the S. C., i. e., South Coast District; and then come the announcements made by the travelling Stars: Mr. IRVING with his *Bells* at Manchester; Miss BATEMAN and *Mary Warner* at Swansea; Mr. J. L. TOOLE as *A Fool and his Money*, at Liverpool; or, as he might put it in rhyme—no extra charge—

"Mr. TOOLE
Plays 'The Fool
And his Money' at Liverpool."

Then Mr. BARRY SULLIVAN at "all the principal cities of the Empire to follow"—which advertisement must have been written by a waiter at a grill-room, who couldn't get "to follow" out of his head; then Mr. ARTHUR GARNER's Company at Bristol, with the Play of *Stolen Kisses, or the Reward of Meritt*; then Mrs. BITTER BEERE (I beg her pardon, I mean Mrs. BERNARD BEERE) at Bradford, who gives us a very full advertisement, to "chronicle small Beere"; and then Miss GAINSBOROUGH at Bolton (is this a real Gainsborough?); and then I come upon three consecutive advertisements of the Canterbury Theatre of Varieties, setting forth how Miss NELLY POWER and Mlle. BARTOLETT "excite tumultuous applause"; how the Snow-ball Ballet is supported by a *corps de Snowballets*; and how NAPOLEON, WELLINGTON, STANLEY (the Dean, or the African Explorer?), Sir GARNET WOLSELEY, BEACONSFIELD (why not "Lord" BEACONSFIELD, if Sir GARNET has his title?) are impersonated by Messrs. RUSSELL, GROVER, and OTTLEY in a musical sketch. Now, Sir, what did I say, and naturally, at once? Why, let me have a London, Chatham and Dover return; let me be there (at Canterbury) to-day, and here *chez moi* ("at home") to-morrow, and I can see the Cathedral, hear the Anthem in the afternoon, dine at the "Old Canterbury Pilgrims' Inn," and enjoy the show at the Canterbury Theatre of Varieties, which till now I had thought was only opened to "Old Stagers" in the "Canterbury Week." Did I not at once make up a party to do this? Wasn't everything ready for a pilgrimage to the Canterbury Theatre? And wouldn't we all have gone there express, and been most fearfully and wonderfully sold, but for the happy thought of someone who suggested, "*Telegraph to the Manager for tickets.*" What was the reply? "Theatre closed."

Suddenly one of the party, quite an inspired person, lifted up his voice, and observed, that the Canterbury Theatre of Varieties must be the place with the Sliding Roof, where *Plevna* used to be performed. Then we all exclaimed, in chorus, "Why place that London advertisement so as to make it part and parcel of the Provincial Theatrical Advertisements, and thus mislead guileless youth?"

We paused for a reply. None came, and we separated. We did not go and sit under the Sliding Roof; but what we *did* do you will probably hear anon from

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

"The Fiasco of Cyprus."

(See Archibald Forbes's Article in the "Nineteenth Century.")

WHEN FORBES, stout Special, his recital
Of blunder thus baptises,
As to the meaning of the title
Perhaps, some doubt arises.

Fiasco's Italian for "bottle,"
But "mull" means metaphorically;
Why?—it would puzzle ARISTOTLE
To answer categorically.

But Cyprus wine, or Cyprus mull,
Cost, fever, and the rest of it,
There's only one course for JOHN BULL,—
To gulp, and make the best of it.

CIRCULAR NOTES.

(By our Jotter.)



SOME papers are giving puzzles in French Grammar. Excellent practice. At a "French Bee," the other evening, I asked what was the French for the flower called "Sweet William." A distinguished Professor, whose articles in the *Athenaeum* have attracted the attention of most of the European savants (someone translated this "soaps," but didn't get a prize, held up his hand, and demanded the *parole*, which was instantly accorded.

"The French for 'Sweet William,'" said that learned Professor, "is undoubtedly 'Billy doux.'"

He was knighted on the spot. If any would-be-knighted inquirer asks, "On what spot?" I shall only reply that this must remain a mystery, for, as

any billiard-player will inform you, the spot can never be plain.

ARE these correct? If not, why not?

He lived in the Isle of Wight.—*Il a vécu dans l'huile blanche.*

He drove a ball many miles with his bat.—*Avec son bâtiment il faisait se conduire un bal pour menus milles.*

The dog wagged his tail.—*Le chien vagua sa taille.*

Is the following a good translation of the French?—

Il alla deux journées presque à tâtons.—He allayed (his hunger) for two days almost (entirely) by eating 'taters.

Given: to express "The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress."

How's this?—*Le Maire et La Mère.*

Is this all regular:—*J'ai une boîte particulière à l'Opéra ce soir?*

Oh yes, you're quite correct;

Say it to someone, and try the effect.

MISS KATE SANTLEY has done her very best to get a licence for *Niche*. Personally, I wish she may get it, and, perhaps, she yet may. Here's a song arranged as a duett for the LORD CHAMBERLAIN and the Licenser:—

(AIR—"Sweet Kitty Clover.")

SWEET KITTY SANTLEY she bothers me so,

Oh, oh, oh, oh,

Oh, oh, oh, oh!

She asks for a licence—Ah! must we say "No"?

Oh, oh, oh, oh!

Oho!

Solo—LICENSER.

She comes in the morning as certain as fate,

She tries to induce me to talk *tête-à-tête*;

But, no—I am not to be caught—*pas si bête*—

No, no, no,

No, no!

BOTH (together dancing).

SWEET KITTY SANTLEY she bothers us so,

Oh, oh, oh, oh,

Oh, oh, oh, oh!

To such pretty pleading how can we say "No"?

No, no, no, no,

No, no!

[*Exeunt licensing.*]

Epitaph on the Argyll Rooms.

[On Friday last the Magistrates refused Mr. BRONELL his licence for the Argyll Rooms.]

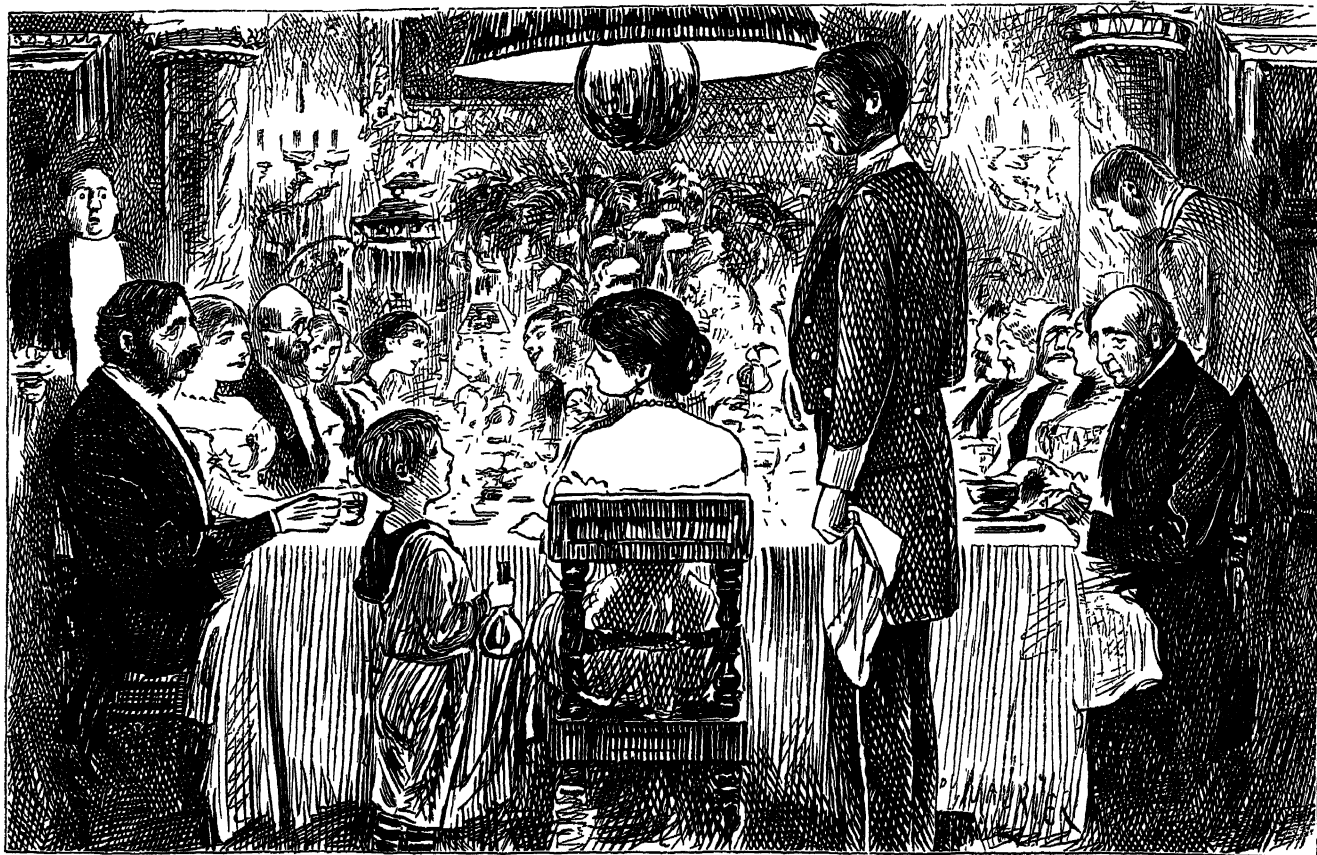
DING, Dong, Bell!

What do you tell?

The Argyll is dead!

The Beaks have said.

So over its grave let us ring a *Big Knell*.



A TRUE ARTIST.

Mamma (to Tommy, who has been allowed for a few minutes to wait at table). "Now, TOMMY, KISS ME, AND GO TO BED."

Tommy (to Footman). "DO YOU EVER KISS THE MISSUS, CHARLES?"

Footman. "No, SIR!"

Tommy. "THEN I WON'T!"

INELEGANT EXTRACTS.

Mr. Bull (irritably pushing aside a pile of papers). Well, *Mr. Punch*, if I don't see myself as others see me, it is not for want of opportunity. The process is anything but pleasant; but, as the poet intimates, I suppose it is profitable.

Mr. Punch. That depends.

Mr. Bull. What do you mean?

Mr. Punch. The utility of a mirror depends upon the accuracy of its reflections. "Others" may not always see us as we are. Hate, jealousy, prejudice, are media as distorting as self-love and personal vanity.

Mr. Bull. Well, certainly, regarding myself as painted in the foreign papers, I am equally disgusted and perplexed. Whether the portraits all resemble me, I can't say; they certainly do not resemble each other, and only agree in being extremely unflattering. I appear to be a sort of perfidious Proteus; but my presentations, though various, are all very objectionable.

Mr. Punch. I presume you have been reading some of the extracts from foreign prints, with which certain of our own papers have lately so liberally provided you.

Mr. Bull. Precisely.

Mr. Punch. Piquant reading, no doubt. But, of course, you do not allow these carefully calculated pungencies to poke you up?

Mr. Bull. Well—I—ahem!—they are deucedly unpleasant, you know.

Mr. Punch. Do you think, that adroitly selected excerpts from the less judicious tirades of certain of our Jingo journalists, would make the pleasantest reading for a Russian, or even an Austrian, or German.

Mr. Bull. Well, perhaps not. But who sets any store by such examples of "unauthorised outrecrudance"—to use one of the Jingo Journalist's own phrases.

Mr. Punch. Neatly translated, and suggestively commended to the notice of, say a foreign personage of ardent patriotism, but less

calmly judicial, enlightened, and cosmopolitan, than *Mr. BULL*. Is it not just possible that they might be taken as representative of British opinion, and indicative of British purpose?

Mr. Bull. Humph! I twig, Sir. *De te fabula*, eh? You would imply, that when the *Golos* vapours, or the *Gazette* blusters, it is all Muscovite Jingoism, and doesn't count?

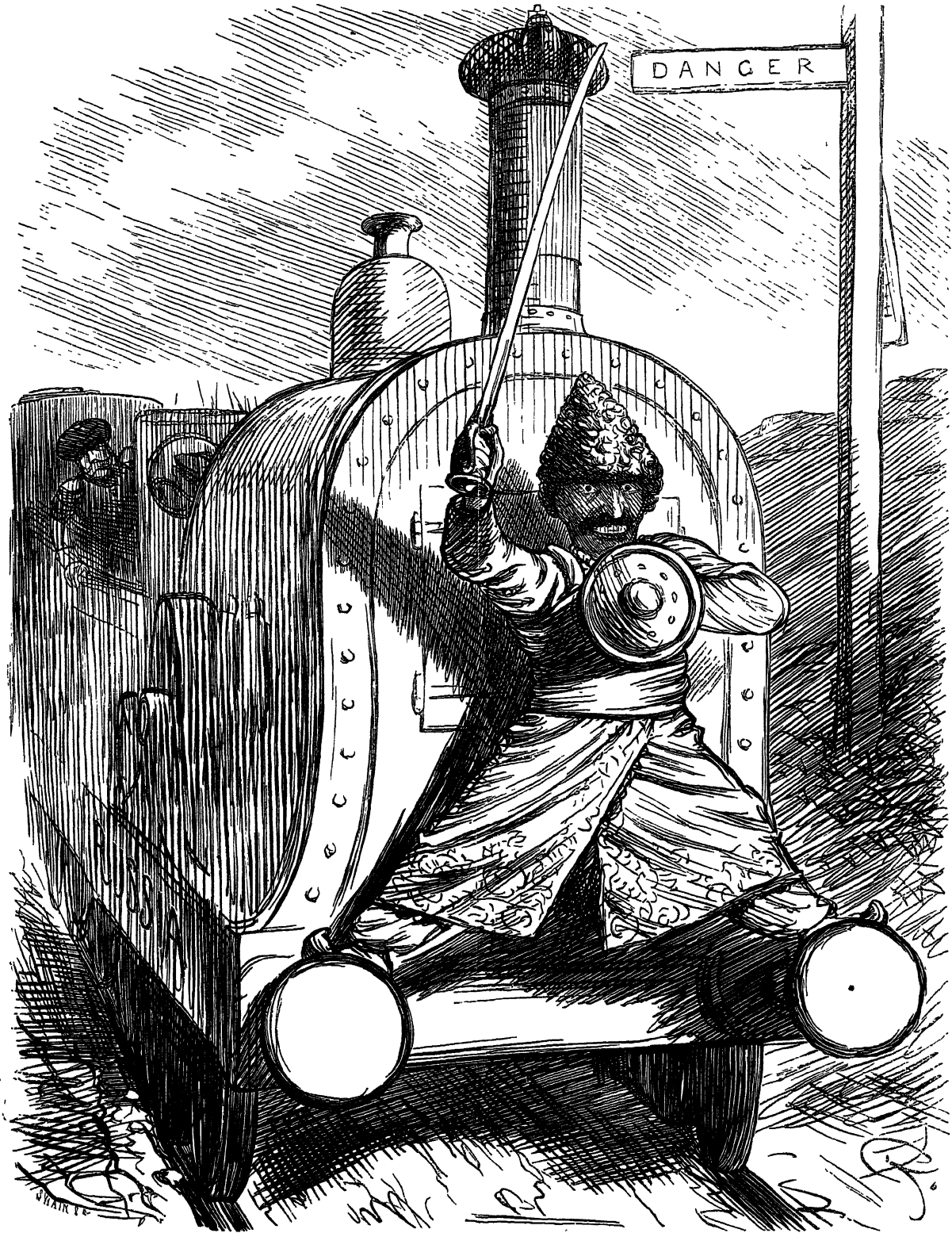
Mr. Punch. Not too absolute, *Mr. BULL*! What I mean, is, that the *ex pede Herculem* principle is not always a safe one, and that selected extracts from the hot philippics of irresponsible journalists may not always give the accurate measure of national opinion and policy.

Mr. Bull. But straws show which way the wind blows, you know.

Mr. Punch. Sometimes. But, on the whole, they are perhaps better indices of eddies and gusts than of set drifts and determined currents. Keep your eyes open, *Mr. BULL*, by all means, but look at the facts all round, and do not pay too much attention to the paper pellets of angry or interested scribblers. Specimens of foreign impertinence are continually dished up to you with the *sauce piquante* of partisan comment—for a purpose. The British Lion should not be stirred up by squibs. A policy guided by newspaper cuttings, or swayed by Inelegant Extracts, might prove but a very purblind one, *Mr. BULL*. National Prejudice has as many tongues as Rumour. Do not let their confused babble bewilder your judgment or thwart your steady purpose. Let the political gnats buzz noisily against each other; it is for you with a calm and judicial glance to look beyond and above their ephemeral charivari.

Comfort to Canada.

DRY those tears, freely flowing—
List trumpet and drumming!—
If DUFFERIN's going,
"The CAMPBELLS are coming."



“POOR BUFFER!”

(DANGER SIGNALS UP. PROSPECT OF COLLISION AT THE AFGHAN JUNCTION.)

“’Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes
Between the pass and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites.”—*Hamlet*, Act V. Sc. ii.

"WHICHEVER YOU LIKE, MY LITTLE 'DEARS."

(A Choice of Programmes.)



SCENE—A Council-Chamber in Whitehall. Members of the Cabinet discovered brushing their hats, and chatting cheerily in the act of departure.

The Prime Minister (summing up a long string of pros and cons). Well, then, Gentlemen, it's settled that we settle nothing. Eh? Give LYTON plenty of time, and let him wire if it's inconveniently hot? [All laugh heartily.]

The Lord Chancellor. Capital! Well, I'm off to Kingussie. Good-bye, everybody! [Exit.]

The Chancellor of the Exchequer. Lucky man! But I'm due at Balmoral, and shall have a shave for the Express as it is. So, ta, ta! [Follows him.]

The First Lord of the Admiralty. Well, I'm off. But I wish this blowy weather would stop. If it doesn't, we shall have to bring the Calais-Douvres round to Portsmouth to do our Official tripping in. Oh! I'm in earnest. Ha! ha! ha! [Exit merrily.]

The Secretary of State for War. The sea air doesn't seem to hurt SMITH, does it? I wonder how he would look after six months in the salubrious W. O.? Only hope I shan't see the inside of that for a month. By-bye! I'm off.

[Picks up his hat and skips out, whistling.]

The Rest of the Cabinet (volubly). Well, good-bye everybody—we

SCENE—A Council-Chamber in Whitehall. Members of the Cabinet discovered separating and shaking hands in solemn silence.

The Prime Minister (concluding a stirring peroration). I need scarcely say, Gentlemen, that by this resolute stroke of Imperial action we shall preserve unimpaired for remotest posterity that priceless heirloom of honour which peace may cherish, but patriotism alone can preserve.

[They cheer long and loudly.] The Lord Chancellor. Amen to that! [Is overcome in a corner.]

The Chancellor of the Exchequer. Amen! Fear not that our beloved country will lack resources. Trust to me to provide the needful millions.

The First Lord of the Admiralty. And I will undertake most solemnly to spend them! The traditions of the Armada are not forgotten in Whitehall, and while the spirit of NELSON lives here (he strikes his breast), it is not the sea that shall wreck the mighty vessel of the State!

[He grasps the hand of the Secretary of State for War firmly.]

The Secretary of State for War. Thank you for that noble sentiment. You give us courage. I too am about to proceed to my post in Pall Mall. Europe shall ring with the feats of the great Service I represent. It is indeed something at such a moment, to be, not only a soldier, but the organiser of soldiers.

[Strikes an heroic attitude.] The Rest of the Cabinet (in solemn unison). Glorious! Most

must be off, or we shall miss our trains!

[Exeunt with a rush taking the wrong umbrellas.]

The Prime Minister (calling after them). Mind—November (flings himself into a chair). Well, that's over! Bother Afghanistan.

[Pulls the Times Supplement over his face, and falls asleep as Scene closes.]

Glorious! But as our beloved country enters on this momentous action under our guidance, let us at once to our respective posts, prepared to give her our best service, and to stand, or fall along with her!

[They depart pale and agitated.]

The Prime Minister (falling on one knee). Beautiful! Oh England, my country, I have given you peace with honour already, and now—open your mouth and shut your eyes, and see what I'm going to give you—

[Raises his hand majestically in the direction of his nose, or the ceiling, as the Curtain falls.]

ODE TO THE COMING LIGHT.

A Domestic Dithyrambic. By Mrs. Gingham.

OORAY!

I'm glad as I have lived to see the day
When them there Gas Directors gets a staggerer.

Which a more stuck-up swaggerer
Than your Gas-man—'cept p'raps your Water-Rater—
Ain't to be found in Natur.

But this Electric Light 'll check their capers.
Lor' bless yer, they're a writing to the papers,
Protesting, and pooh-poohing, and explaining,
Trying to show as losing ground means gaining,
And with per-centages themselves confusing,
All which I must say's mightily amusing

To me.
But 'tain't no good; the Coming Light will come,
You 'll see;

And gas 'll have to go, like ile and taller,
And soon we shall consider it quite rum
That we could do so long with light so yaller,
So guv to flickering spirts and smoky flares,

So dismal, dim, and dingy,
As with this bright Electric Light compares
Like dowdy homespuns agin' shawls from Ingy.
I don't purfess to understand the process—
Which Coils and Carbon-points to me is riddles—

But all I knows is,
I ain't no patience with the indiwiddles,
Greedy monopolists or timorous fogies,
As looks on new inventions as on bogies;
Sich is the parties as would sneer and scoff
At EDISON and that there JABLOCHKOFF
(I 'ope his name's spelt right—these forren Mist'ers
Goes in for reg'lar twisters!);

But them as knows says there's no call for fright;
That this Electric Light

Is bright,
And white,
Don't give no heat, nor yet no smoke,
Nor nasty sooty fumes as soil and choke.
(Which going now-a-days to a theayter
Is bad as swelterin' in Etny's crater.)

And then the gilt and whitewash, paint and picters!
Well, I do 'ope them nagging contrydictors

As deals in sneers and stricters,
Swearin' the Light's too brilliant, deathly-blue,
Orkurd, expensive, and Old Nick knows what,
Will be proved wrong; drat the cantankerous crew!

I'd shet up the 'ole lot
Four hours in that there Gallery at the "Folly,"
The gas full on; I 'ope they'd find it jolly.
No; Gas may 'ave its uses still, no doubt;
But them as makes it ain't bin so perlite
That we should fret ourselves for their look-out—

Not quite!
If JABLOCHKOFF, or EDISON, or others,
Can give us better light and fewer bothers,
More wital airs and not no noxious waptors,
In spite of all the croakers in the papers,
I begs to say, emphatical, So be it!
And may I live to see it!

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE JACK SPRATTS.

A Tale of Modern Art and Fashion.

PART VII.

Now, *Mr. Punch*, who was kept *au fait* of all the SPRATTS' doings, and who had got to take a great interest in these young people, began to opine that their position was growing somewhat perilous, and that it was high time for him to interfere, like a *deus ex machina*, before another London season should wax and wane, when it might perhaps be too late.

For dreadful things were beginning to be said about Mrs. SPRATT; much too dreadful to be repeated here!

So he discovered, in the vernal glades of Camden Town, an American sculptor—one PYGMALION F. MINNOW—whose wife was ever so much taller, plumper, redder, and whiter than Mrs. SPRATT, and consequently twice as beautiful. So beautiful was she, in fact, that her husband had made a life-sized statue of her, in illustration of Mr. TENNYSON's beautiful poem, *The Mermaid*; and so beautiful was this statue, that the Royal Academicians found a place of honour for it all by itself (in the refreshment-room).

And so pleased were they by the singularly modest and unassuming demeanour of the sculptor, that, very much against his will, and although there was no vacancy in their ranks, they elected him full Royal Academician on the spot, a thing that had never been done at Burlington House before. Poor JACK SPRATT!

Instigated by *Mr. Punch*, that plucky Baronet who had bought the Little Sock-Darner, also bought the Mermaid, for his smoking-room; and not only that, but he gave the fortunate Artist a commission to execute from the same model a life-sized statue of Diana, as she appeared to the enterprising but ill-fated Actæon a few moments before his untimely death; which work of Art was intended by this plucky Baronet to be a nice little surprise for his good lady on her next birthday; and his good lady called on the sculptor and his wife at the studio, promiscuously, as she had done on the SPRATTS, and was so delighted with what she saw there, that she instantly dropped a fair Ethiopian ventriloquist, who could perform in five distinct South African dialects, and took up this young American couple instead, and invited them to a "small-and-early" at her house in Belgrave Square.

And there they had a success in the *tableau vivant* line that completely eclipsed that of the SPRATTS the year before, and the lovely GALATEA MINNOW became the fashion more suddenly, if possible, than Mrs. SPRATT had done. And from that moment Mrs. SPRATT might consider that her brief reign was over, and that she was for ever deposed from the throne of beauty.

Not that she abdicated without a struggle. The throne of beauty is wide enough for two, it seems; and two pretty women sitting close together, and thus publicly sunning themselves

"In the broad glare that beats upon a throne,"

make a much more edifying sight than only one. But the contest was soon decided in favour of the sculptor's wife. For although that omniscient Brother of the Brush (who had asserted that no such pretty woman as Mrs. SPRATT had been seen for four hundred

years) came forward with another assertion, namely, that Mrs. SPRATT was anatomically finer than Mrs. MINNOW, and would make a far more perfect skeleton, another lynx-eyed son of Apelles discovered that Mrs. MINNOW's foot, although larger than Mrs. SPRATT's, was constructed on truer artistic principles—more Greek, in fact; whereas Mrs. SPRATT's, however fascinating to the Philistines, was rather Roman than Greek, and belonged to a later and somewhat degraded period of Art. So Mrs. MINNOW, with her classical foot, won the day, and was the talk of Clubs and dinner-parties throughout the length and breadth of the land; and Mrs. SPRATT and her tootsicum were nowhere! *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

"*Le reine est mort! vive le reine!*" said his light-hearted old Grace, the Duke of PENTONVILLE, who was very proud of his perfect French; and the *mot*, coming from him, made quite a *furor*.

JACK was also destined to be unsuccessful this year. He had sent eight life-sized Sock-darners (with large landscape backgrounds) to the Royal Academy, with a short but perfectly polite note to the effect that he wished them to be hung all together in the large room, No. III., on the line, with sufficient space left between them to prevent their interfering with each other, and no other pictures hung above or below. There was also a postscript, mildly but firmly intimating that if these conditions were not complied with to the letter, he should feel bound for the future (in justice to himself) to exhibit his pictures in a private Gallery of his own, instead of sending them to the Royal Academy.

At the same time he displayed his tact by inviting the ten members of the Academy Council for the year to a banquet at Richmond, to meet two Viscounts, six Guardsmen, and an eminent Art-Critic. Previous engagements, it is true, prevented the ten Academicians from accepting this invitation; and as for the Art-Critic, he never even answered JACK's hospitable note. The Viscounts and Guardsmen alone accepted; but they never came.

So that the repast, though a sumptuous, was a lonely one. Well, to his utter surprise and bitter mortification, the eight Sock-darners were rejected, without even so much as a line to explain why! Nor would the dealers, great or small, have anything to do with those eight great Sock-darners; they had too many of JACK's wares on their hands already. Nor would the British Public; not at any price whatever.

To improve matters, and to pass the time, J. S. took to writing his views on Academicians, and dealers, and the British Public (and very strong views they were) in smart little pamphlets which he published at his own expense, and very liberally forwarded free of charge (and without previous application being made for the same).

But the worst was to come. Bad as it was in a financial and practical sense to be ignored by the Academicians, deserted by the British Public, and forsaken by the picture-dealers, there yet remained to JACK the gorgeous, gilded, glittering Swells, whose invitations last year had been so plentiful that he had occasionally revolted against them, exclaiming, "What nuisances they are, taking one from one's work, and running after a fellow like this!"

(For although smart people sometimes ask the husband without



the wife, it would hardly do to ask the wife without the husband: only, JACK had never quite seen it in this light.)

But this year, strange to say, not a single invitation for the SPRATTS from any house really worth going to, was delivered either by hand or by post; and Mrs. SPRATT would read aloud the fashionable arrangements for the week, and the week after, and the week after that; and not a card for any arrangement whatever, even at the eleventh hour! And even as she read, they groaned in the spirit together, and dropt the briny tear.

O ye SPRATTS! did you think it would go on for ever? Know ye not that all those wallowing sea-monsters of whom you small British fry are so doatingly fond, can be almost as fickle as yourselves—as ready to drop new friends for newer, as you are to drop old friends for *them*? Alas! pretty faces must not fade, pretty pictures never fail, and money be always forthcoming, for the likes of you to swim alongside of these giants of the main! And even if your power to amuse them *gratis* were, perennial, and you were suffered to live among them to that end forever and a day, you would still be only SPRATTS! And the porpoises would only roll over you, and the sharks tell you to get out of the way, for you are not worth eating up. Even the great good-natured Whales, whose eye and smile you live to catch, would hold out a fin one day, only to pass you by the next! And lord! how your fellow-SPRATTS would laugh when they heard of it all!

Had you but been a little less high and mighty, you might have commingled with another kind of fish, and not a low-class fish either; and you might have grown in stature thereby, and even have acquired some of their flavour, and lost some of your own, a little of which goes a very long way! Are there not the herrings and the mackerel? the flounders, the plaice, and the soles? the expensive smelt, scarcely bigger than yourselves, but oh! how much nicer! the mullets, red and white, but especially red! the codfish, the turbot, the brill, and the salmon? And last, but not least, the delicate, nutritious, and easily-digested Punch? all of which live to useful ends, that they may feed and benefit mankind; and are the very salt of the sea!

O SPRATTS, be wise in your generation, and ye would be happy, and live out your little lives in undisturbed self-complacency and mutual admiration among just a few carefully-selected SPRATTS of your own size!

Indeed, for most of us work-a-day folk, whether we be of the Spratt, Sole, or Salmon tribe, what is there in all the Hollow World of Fashion really worth our stooping to pick it up, beyond the mere honour and glory of stooping in the midst of our would-be betters? Truly and well sang the Augustan bard (we quote from memory):

"Oh! quite too fortunate, did they but know
Their own good luck, those Toilers, unto whom,
Far from the madding crowd, kind Fate allots
A red-brick house, well-stocked with china blue,
And trusty friends, and twins; and, crowning all,
A lovely wife, whose beauty doth concern
But one man only, and that man alone!"

(The Italics are ours.)

But we have not yet quite done with the SPRATTS, for whom poetical justice is duly waiting in our next.

TO MAKE THE BEST TOOTH-POWDER.—Grind your Teeth.

THE STATE V. SCIENCE.

MR. PUNCH lately questioned the meaning of an order from the Home Office for the discontinuance of the practice of taking plaster casts of the heads of condemned criminals as heretofore after death. Nevertheless, he has received no explanation of that mandate, which has also puzzled a professional contemporary. The *Medical Press and Circular* observes:—

"The object of this decision it is difficult to even guess at. It surely cannot be to arrest the study of comparative phrenology or craniology. We are fast drifting into a sentimental cycle in which a false humanity plays too important a part. It would not surprise us to hear that a Society was established to suppress the practice of dissection, so that our schools of medicine would then be rendered virtually useless."

The Anti-Vivisectionists, the Anti-Vaccinationists, and the Peculiar People are doubtless inspired with earnest joy and hope by the

anti-scientific action taken by the HOME SECRETARY as to the heads of malefactors. They, in concert with a congenial class of Clergymen, will perhaps shortly assemble and meet together, to vote Mr. CROSS a testimonial, or get up a deputation to present him with an address of thanks for his official demonstration of his hostility to physiological research. Their numbers will probably include some of the Anti-Phrenologists; those namely, who do not care whether Phrenology is true or false. Because if it is false, though further comparison of cerebral conformation with character would only prove the falsehood of Phrenology, it might also prove the truth of some other account of the relation between the brain and the mental functions; and they wish for no proof of any such thing.

Medicinal Mirth.

DR. DAWSON TURNER, the other day announced, in a letter to the *Times*, that a previous letter, requesting the benevolent to send amusing books to London Hospitals, had brought him already "200 or 250 charming readable books for the sick folk, and at least 400 magazines and serials." Thus physic for the body is supplemented by medicine for the mind, for

which nothing can be more sanatory than amusing books, magazines, and serials—especially serials. A generous Public will know how to adopt a purely benevolent suggestion. The next step will be due provision by the Hospital Staff for the distribution of this stimulating mental diet among the patients. The books when given must not be allowed to moulder unused, still less must they be surreptitiously got rid of, as waste paper at twopence a pound, as *Punch* has heard of their being, by a bitterly pious chaplain and a lot of like-minded visiting ladies, when the hospital was under repair, and the eyes of its wiser directors, for a moment, turned away.

"Wonders will never Cease."

OF all life-saving inventions who ever before thought of the one introduced in this advertisement from the *Daily News*:—

SYNDICATE.—WANTED, a number of Gentlemen to complete a SYNDICATE for WORKING PATENTS, whereby every life would be saved by collisions on the Thames.—Address, &c.





NECESSITY HAS NO LAW.

Parson (sternly). "How could you come to church to be married to a man in such a state as that!"

Bride (weeping). "It wasn't my fault, sir. I never can get him to come when he's sober!!"

GREECE'S LOANS AND GREECE'S LOVERS.

PUNCH, in 1863, printed the following:—

"CON. BY A GREEK BONDHOLDER.

Spell, in five letters, 'Bully, Bilk, and Sneak, Repudiator, Trickster'—read it, 'Greek.'"

The writer, no doubt, wrote out of the bitterness of his bondage, and Punch published according to his lights.

But now he feels he owes HELLAS an *amende honorable*, and it is with the utmost satisfaction that he pays it. She has offered a composition to her creditors, and considering the treatment she met with from her English friends and lovers some half century ago, quite as handsome a composition as her bondholders have any right to expect.

Complete knowledge of the facts and figures connected with the Greek loans of 1824 and 1825—such as may be gathered from the Press utterances of that time, reprinted without comment,* no doubt in explanation of the terms now offered—should satisfy everyone that the compendious character given in the bondholder's couplet of 1863 might more fairly be applied to the so-called Philhellenes who "financed" the Greek loans of half a century ago, than to poor Greece, who incurred the debt but did not receive the money.

The upshot of the Philhellene financing then was that out of nearly three millions of money nominally subscribed for her, Greece received little more than £300,000, and that the balance did not go into Greek pockets. That dark tale of roguery is a mess of dirt which Punch does not feel called upon to stir up. Suffice it to say that it is not Greece that comes worst out of it. Some of the loudest of her so-called English friends treated her as scurvily then as the English Government treats her now. Can Punch say more? He

* *The Greek Loans of 1824 and 1825. How they were handled, and what the World thought of it. Opinions of the day without Comment.* London: R. S. KING, Canada Building, King Street, Westminster.

A ROUND OF RHYMES.

(Contributed by returned Tourists of a certain familiar type.)

WHAT'S your mood, while fresh from Autumn outing?
Dismal, all misdoubting!
 Physical status, with a mind thus sceptic?
Deucedly dyspeptic!
 "Surveyed mankind from China to Peru" ?
Doesn't pay—a "do"!
 Widens the mind this survey wide, extensive?
Preciously expensive!
 Paris. The Exhibition was delightful?
Wearisome—fine art frightful!
 Galleries vastly fine in Rome and Florence?
Pictures my abhorrence!
 Picturesque, poetic, the Italians?
Lazy, rude rascallions!
 Antwerp quaint. Perhaps you liked that best?
PETER PAUL's a pest!
 Love the country of the hardy Switzer?
Not a blessed bit, Sir!
 Eh! Mont Blanc, the glaciers, pines, crevasses?
Chaps who climb are asses!
 Well, Cologne, and other towns Germanic?
Stinks perfectly Satanic!
 Oh! The Rhine—the blue, romantic! What of it?
Fair, but such a lot of it!
 Visited, I hear, the Isle of Venus?
Pestilent hole, between us!
 And the Golden Horn, the beauteous Bosphorus?
Shirked 'em—no great loss for us!
 Humph! How feel you, having widely travelled?
Gloomy, gritty, gravelled!
 Net result of Annual Vacation?
Peevishness, prostration!
 An intending tourist you might frighten?
Ramsgate's best—or Brighton!

Nobs and Snobs.

THERE is a book advertised entitled *Love your Lords*. It is a snobbish title. It sounds like a collection of anecdotes of the Upper House, published in order to foster the respectful attachment of the lower orders for that ancient institution where our hereditary rulers are seated. How W. M. THACKERAY would have relished this title!

is sorry to find that the score of HELLAS against BRITANNIA is so heavy, and begs to take his hat off to the ill-used little Lady, with an apology for having printed hard things of her which were not deserved.

She now offers terms for redemption of her debt, which, under the circumstances of the case—and of Greece—Punch feels to be fair, if they should not even be called liberal. If the Greek bondholders are wise they will take them, and be thankful. May Crete, Thessaly, and Epirus be soon as well out of Turkish bonds, as HELLAS, if her present offer be accepted, will be out of English ones.

REAL COULEUR DE ROSE.

No! need to cry "On, STANLEY, on!" Our War Secretary needs no stirring up. Thus gallantly, in his Blackpool oration, does he confront facts (see ALEXANDER FORBES's article in the *Nineteenth Century*) and fever (see Sir ANTHONY HOME's reports):—

"He believed there was no reason, despite all the desponding views which were taken of the position, that that part of the Anglo-Turkish Convention by which this country administered the island of Cyprus would prove otherwise than satisfactory. He did not wish to go into the military part of the question, but he thought the step they had taken was advisable, and that it had been proved to be prudent. A great deal had been said about the illness and suffering of the troops there; but although there had been illness in the island, which all must deplore, the authorities who were best qualified to speak continued to assure him there was no permanent likelihood of this remaining."

Certainly not. Any more than there is of the troops remaining. Punch quite agrees with Colonel STANLEY. If one STANLEY has traversed the darkness of a Continent, here is another who, with no less courage, "traverses"—in the legal sense—the darkness of an island—Cyprus, once the chosen abode of the Goddess of Love, now the head-quarters of the Fiend of Fever. The Colonel's "*couleur de rose*" must be the fastest colour known to the Trade. It defies all the bitterest water in the well of Truth to wash it out.



MODERN GALLANTRY.

"LET'S SEE! WHICH SHALL I DO?—CALL ON THE GROGRAM BROWNS, OR LOOK OVER OLD TURTLE'S STABLES? SAY THE STABLES—IT'S FINE WEATHER, AND THE LADIES WILL KEEP!"

THE COOKS AND THE BROTH.

(Or, What Will It Taste Like?)

It having been now settled in principle that satisfaction is to be given to the European susceptibilities and jealousies legitimately aroused by the appointment of an Englishman to the control of Egyptian Finance, the following scheme for the KHEDIVÉ'S Government has already been forwarded by *Mr. Punch* direct to Cairo.

The Egyptian Cabinet shall consist of as many Ministers as there are states capable of experiencing legitimate "susceptibilities" at the bare idea of being shut out of it. Should the number of these exceed the posts to be filled, it shall be the duty of the KHEDIVÉ not only to create new departments for the benefit of such surplus Ministers, but also to provide the necessary funds for the binding of their respective portfolios, their official uniforms, dress boots, political education, dinners, travelling expenses, sea-bathing, and opera stalls—besides their official salaries.

The language used at all meetings of the Cabinet shall be the old Upper Nile Coptic, and an Ollendorff's Method of acquiring the same, together with a Dictionary of the language, so soon as one can be compiled, shall lie on the Council Table for the benefit of beginners. At the same time, with a view to facilitate the dispatch of business, it shall not be considered out of order to have recourse to Spanish, Syriac, Irish, Chinese, Patagonian, Esquimaux, Basque, Welsh, Dongola, the Deaf and Dumb Alphabet, or any other known dialect.

As the object of every individual member of the Cabinet will be not so much to advance the interests of the Egyptian State as to steal a march on his European and other *confreres*, he undertakes, with a view to the more effective carrying out this object

- (1) To collect all the offensive stories he can about his colleagues, and retail them, with a wink, to every Pasha he comes across;

IN THE MULTITUDE OF COUNCILLORS.

"How came we into the mess?"
Well, we ARE in, not a doubt of it.
And just now the practical point
Is, which is the best way out of it?

"Hold hard!" says Lord LAWRENCE;
"Go along!" says STEPHEN;
"Hang backward, or push forward,"
Says FRERE, "the danger's even."

"Forge ahead!" says RAWLINSON;
"Turn astern!" says ADYE;—
Among her many councillors,
Pity a poor Lady!

Puzzled stands BRITANNIA,
All in the dark—
From Cabinet or Durbar
Of light not a spark!

A Good Idea.

TURKEY has been accusing Austria of "atrocities," as she has, in turn, accused Servia, Montenegro, Roumania, Greece, Russia, and every power she has come into collision with since her "flurry" began.

The *Spectator* suggests that the Pashas seeing how their own "atrocities" had alienated England, fancied that a charge of atrocities was a new weapon invented in Europe, and very effectual, and which, therefore, it behoved them to use. This is really the most rational explanation of the matter we have met with.

The Bundle of Sticks.

If Peterborough's lost her WHEALLEY,
Her present hitch denotes
He has left behind a seed of folly,
To grow, and split her votes:
Four Liberal Candidates—so jolly!—
Cutting each other's throats.

A TRUTH FOR BROCK OR BEACONSFIELD. — Fireworks must be paid for.

- (2) From time to time to offer the KHEDIVÉ "a few millions, for three months," or more, on his note of hand, from "a friend in the City"; and
- (3) To contribute regularly, in the character of "Our Own Correspondent," all the secrets of the Cabinet to a British provincial paper.

That the KHEDIVÉ, on his part, may avoid any sort of approach to a show of favouritism, he shall—

- (1) Deliver his speech on the opening of the Chambers in not less than twelve modern languages, reserving to himself the privilege of throwing in an Egyptian oath here and there, as emphasis may require, or irritation suggest;
- (2) Never see less than fifteen of his Ministers at a time, and then only at a *bal masqué*; and
- (3) Borrow money in turns, to a handsome figure, from all the Powers represented in his Cabinet, without invidious preference.

To indemnify himself for any extra expense that may be entailed on him by supplying stamped paper and providing for the interest on such loans, the KHEDIVÉ shall have the right, from the commencement of March to the end of October (New and Old Style), inclusive, to select from his Ministers as many Elevens as he can get together, and despatch them all over Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and Australia, arranging cricket-matches, of the gate-money whereof he is to be entitled to two-fifths, together with a bonus of ten per cent. on the gross receipts.

Should the financial results of such an enterprise prove disappointing, he shall have the power of negotiating with Messrs. MASKELYNE AND COOK, for his own appearance with the whole of his Ministry in a new series of Cabinet Tricks at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.

Should the above scheme fail to satisfy the "susceptibilities" of Europe, the KHEDIVÉ can always fall back upon *Mr. Punch*, who will be most happy to suggest some other plan to help him out of his difficulty.



"CHECK!"

BUT HOW LONG WILL THE GAME LAST?

CRIMSON SCALPS!

Don't be afraid—it is not a Cheyenne tale of horror that *Punch* is about to write. It is no new thing to have a lady's head running on caps and bonnets, feathers, flowers, and fal-lals. But it is a new thing to hear of a lady's caps and bonnets, flowers, feathers, and fal-lals running on her head, with the ugly result of "covering the scalp with bright crimson or magenta blotches."

Such, it seems, has been the disagreeable consequence of wearing caps and bonnets decorated with the artificial grasses dyed black and bronze, now so fashionable. "Some of the most brilliant aniline colours," we are told by Mr. BERNARD DYER (appropriate name!), Member of the Society of Public Analysts (in a letter to the *Times* of Friday, Oct. 18th), "may be obtained by merely rubbing some of these sombre-looking dyed grasses on a slightly moistened surface; and the stains of the dye are difficult to remove from the skin, or elsewhere."

"Serves anybody right," some cynic may say, "who has the bad taste to wear grasses dyed black and bronze." The crimson colour, *Punch* may add, was communicated to the finger-tips and nails of this luckless lady, who, in the night, had scratched her irritated scalp. No wonder her head and hands blushed for her!

All the same, *Punch* may save some of his fair and foolish correspondents from a disagreeable experience by giving wider publicity to this new danger hanging over their heads, if they insist on trying "the hazard of the dye"—unless, indeed, crimson scalp-locks become the fashion, when, no doubt, they will be voted awfully becoming.

Curious Optical Phenomenon.

(See the Home Secretary's Southport Oration.)

THE Look of Things in General.—By Direct Light, black as thunder; by Cross Light, couleur de rose.

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE JACK SPRATTS.

A Tale of Modern Art and Fashion.

PART VIII.

We will not follow Mrs. SPRATT through all the steps of her downward social career, nor describe how she, who had seen Dukes, Ambassadors, and Princes at her feet, had for a time to condescend to grovelling Honourables, and fall back on Baronets again, and even put up with Knights from the City; how she rouged, and blushed, and violet-powdered, and blackened her under-lids, and auricoma'd and soda'd her beautiful black hair till half of it turned red, and the rest fell off; how she dressed more extravagantly than ever, and became extremely High Church, and sat in *tableaux vivants*, held stalls at fashionable bazaars, sang OFFENBACH and LECOCQ at private theatricals, with short skirts on, &c., &c.

Even the Knights and Baronets failed her at last, and their dames ignored.

For some little while longer the *would-be* fashionable people—the hangers-on at the tail-end of Society, who had not yet received the straight tip about the sculptor's wife, or couldn't get her—would still ask Mrs. SPRATT, in spite of the snubs she had showered on them the preceding year. And much as she sickened at the contact of their vulgarity—for what can be more vulgar than second or third-rate people of fashion?—she was glad of their countenance as long as it lasted. But even this was withdrawn in time, and she fell out of the hollow world of fashion altogether. The hollow world had grown sick of the SPRATTS, and dropped them—beauty, genius, sock-darning, and all!

And you may be sure that, warned by Mr. Punch, Poetical Justice was at hand, with scales inexorably poised, and sword on high! And heavily did she smite them as they fell; and thus ran her decrees:—

Firstly,—That JOHN SPRATT should become a bankrupt—which he did. And straightway that beautiful old red-brick dwelling, where they had lived since they were first married, and might have lived happily ever after, was placarded all over with unsightly bills, and defiled from garret to basement by the muddy hoof of the ubiquitous Hebrew broker; and all their household gods were bared to the vulgar gaze; and every stick of their quaint old furniture was sold under the hammer, without reserve; and not a wrack was left behind to tell the wretched tale of ruin, except eight huge, frameless, staring Sock-darners, which nobody could be in-

duced to buy, nor even take away for the sake of the canvass on which they were painted.

Secondly,—That the said JOHN SPRATT be written down a FOOL, so that his fame as such should reach the uttermost ends of the earth, and endure thereon so long as the English tongue be spoken.

And, straightway, Mr. Punch took up his pencil and his pen, and wrote the story of the said JOHN SPRATT, and stamped the likeness of the same in ink that cannot fade.

"And think thyself lucky, thou miserable SPRATT," exclaimed P. J. in her sternest accents, "that thy name should go down to endless posterity uncoupled with a still more disgraceful epithet!"

"Hear! hear!" shouted Mr. P.

"Silence!!" vociferated P. J.

Thirdly, and lastly,—(and here P. J. frowned ominously through the bandage that veils her impartial eyes)—That Mrs. JOHN SPRATT, wife of the above, and mother of his children—But what is this?

Oh! Woman, lovely Woman! ever since Troy became a heap of ashes (and even before!) what evil hast thou left unwrought, what wild and wicked things have not been done for thy sweet beauty's sake? And yet oh! to what base weakness hast thou brought the hearts of the sons of men, that even at the bare thought of thee crouching in shame and terror, and bathed in tears, the righteously indignant, but alas! too susceptible Punch should falter in his just intent, and be foiled of his own set purpose at the eleventh hour!

For lo! he sinks him on his bended knee, and respectfully ventures to intercede on behalf of his most unhappy young friend, Mrs. JOHN SPRATT; he pleads her youth, her inexperience, the blindness of a silly, fatuous husband, the glittering baits and lures of a heartless, hollow world. He furthermore points out that the natural consequences of such a career as hers, if duly set forth, would quite too awfully harrow his gentle readers' feelings, and might very possibly, moreover, prove unfit for publication in his light and innocent page!

And behold! the generous plea prevails, and Poetical Justice, that greatest of all the Great Unpaid, tempers herself with mercy, and "sheathes her flaming brand!"

The SPRATTS are now comfortably settled at Acacia Lodge, a trim, well-built modern suburban residence, semi-detached, with gas and water laid on, TOBEN'S ventilators, MORRIS'S papers, bath-room, scullery, lawn, summer-house, and all the latest improvements!

Truly, our heaviest troubles are often our best friends, and we ought to make a good deal more of them than we generally do. At all events, JACK'S failure proved a very good friend to JACK; for it not only brought home to him, before it was too late, the fact that he was no genius, and that his early success had been a fluke, and that his twopenny-halfpenny Art was but "the milder echo of an echo mild;" but it also brought his grandfather to his side again, and the fatted calf was killed, and the reconciliation complete.

Now, this facetious old Philistine, who was over ninety, had taken it into his head that his was a critical time of life, and that he required, for a few years at least, some rest from the cares of his trade; and it was arranged that the emporium in St. Mary Axe (a very genteel and snug little business) should be managed by JACK, whose property it would eventually become; and that SPRATT Senior should spend the remainder of his days in peace under the same roof as his grand- and great-grandchildren, and be the object of their loving care as long as it should please Heaven to spare him.

Mrs. SPRATT, a wiser, if not a sadder woman, is once more the brightest ornament of her home; her locks have grown again in all their sable splendour, the roses and lilies are blooming once more in her cheeks, and she is as plump and hearty as when she used to darn the family socks, ever so many months ago. It is once more to darn the family socks (she says) that she has given up the hollow world; but this must be taken figuratively, for there is always an unlimited supply of those useful articles from St. Mary Axe.

She has exchanged her spinning-wheel for a sewing-machine, and her skipping-rope for a lawn-tennis racket, which she plies with unerring grace and precision. And if she still reads the old tales of chivalry aloud, it is only for the benefit of the twins, who are just rising five, and therefore of an age most keenly to appreciate those beautiful legends.

She dresses just like any of her neighbours, only better, and her stately beauty is much admired. Indeed, when she walks (no longer mobbed) with her ruddy children (no longer quaint and old-fashioned) in the Zoological Gardens, and SPRATT Senior, that nice, clean, respectable old gentleman, leaning on her arm, they form a picture of English middle-class domestic felicity which it does the intelligent foreigner good to see.

She never alludes to the hollow world but to speak of the folly of its men and the vanity of its women in terms of scorn and detestation, untinged, let us hope, with either envy or regret; and if she *does* take in the fashionable prints, it is only for the sake of their political opinions, and the graces of their literary style.

And she has always a bright smile for JACK when he comes home from business; and he is never without some elegant little article in the way of underclothing, bright-coloured and of delicate texture, either for the twins or herself.

Finally, she has returned to the simple faith of her forefathers, and worships at Eyre Chapel, near the Ebenezer Arms.

And the trusty friends?

Well, they have come back to the arms of SPRATT, as true and as trusty as ever, but in different guise.

Disgusted at never finding a publisher, and to revenge himself on the world for its neglect, PETER LEONARDO PYE has forsworn the Muse, and is now travelling for his father's firm. He has hardly as yet acquired that ready smartness so useful in such an occupation, but is much improved in health and appearance, dresses better, and, though somewhat reserved and dreamy, is not unpopular "on the road;" and Mr. Punch more than suspects that his facility for writing verse has been turned to account in certain widely-circulated panegyrics of PYE AND SON'S masculine head-gear, unequalled for taste, cheapness, and durability; as Mr. Punch can gratefully testify, having dealt there himself.

And so with the rest of these trusty friends; for they can get no churches to build, no editors to take their æsthetic essays, no publishers to print their poems. And, by some strange fatality, the doors of the Royal Academy, and of the Grosvenor Gallery, and, indeed, of all the Galleries, British or foreign (especially foreign), seem inexorably closed to their productions. And having been led thereby, and also by the persistent gnawing of their empty stomachs, to the conviction that it is ever the fate of genius to starve, while mediocrity batters on the fat of the land, they have very sensibly cut the Fine Arts, and taken to commercial pursuits instead; and they are doing uncommonly well.

They have also clipped their hair and beards, and they get their boots and clothes at first-rate West-End establishments, and their gloves and scarves at SPRATT's (cost price), and their hats at PYE's—like Mr. Punch.

And they can smoke their pipes and cigars, the rogues, and toss off their brandies and sodas, and their claret cups, and their pale dry sherries; and even roar at the endless buffooneries of SPRATT Senior (whom they have learnt to love), in spite of the death of the grand Old Masters. And they are always welcome at "Acacia Lodge" as flowers in May, for whatever we may think of their genius, their unsophisticated hearts are fond and faithful, warm and true.

And who so fit to appreciate these qualities, and hold them dear

and sacred, as those storm-tossed victims of the hollow world's caprice, Mr. and Mrs. JACK SPRATT?

And now, virtuous Reader, having relieved thy anxiety as to the fate of that worthy but once misguided pair, and steered them safe and sound into such a haven of respectability as, surely, was never reached by such perilous straits before (and probably never will be again), he will leave this tale to work its own moral in thy thoughtful bosom, and bid thee farewell for the present; for he has other business on hand, seeing that the sculptor's wife is giving the sculptor, and Mr. Punch, and the Duke of PENTONVILLE, and eke the Duchess thereof, and a good many more people besides, a great deal of unnecessary trouble!

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

A Word about Licensing—a Visit to the Oxford—a look in at the Royalty, Strand, and Folly—and a look out for the future.



HERE has been some talk lately about what sort of plays the LORD CHAMBERLAIN ought, or ought not, to license. Knowing that the line must be drawn somewhere, let him draw it tightly, boldly, fearlessly, and absolutely refuse to give his reasons for so doing. Let him be thorough, and not earn the title of Lord Half-and-Half-ford. As the Office exists, let the Officer do his duty. Whether there is any necessity for the Office itself, is a question which would probably be answered, in the affirmative, by a considerable majority.

The eminent adapter of *Les Femmes Pauvres* in his calmer moments, when alone in his conservatory watching his "growing dramatic reputation," will probably be grateful to the Licensor for having exercised a wise discretion in his behalf.

I can imagine, as a fancy sketch, the Licensor out early in the morning "exercising his discretion," and just nodding over the wall, as he trots

by Mr. MATHISON's house, and asking him in a friendly way, "how his growing dramatic reputation is getting on?" All a-blowing, all a-growing? Wasn't there a nigger tune some years ago called "O Billy Pattison!" Its rhythm and tune are appropriate:—

Why such a play to adapt did you choose?

O ARTHUR MATHISON!

Which Mr. CENSOR was bound to refuse?

O ARTHUR MATHISON!

But does this line, drawn by the LORD CHAMBERLAIN, extend to the Tight and Slack Rope, to the perilous acrobatic performances that are so often the great attraction at the Music-Halls?

For example, as Your Representative, Sir—as the Representative of Lord Chamberlain Punch—than whom no better *Censor Morum* exists—I visited the Oxford Music-Hall. It was crowded. The Stalls are more uncomfortable than at any other place of amusement I can just now call to mind. The stall-audience was much the same as all such audiences usually are, and—what invariably astonishes me at these places—the proportion of thoroughly respectable-looking women, with the comfortable air of well-to-do lodging-house keepers of the Bloomsbury Division, was really remarkable, reminding me much of a German audience, where a whole family take a table, in some festive entertainment of singing and music, and remain at it for hours, with the accompaniment of mild beer in long glasses, cigars at five for twopence, a hunk of bread, and some slices of milk-white veal. The very swell fast element does not seem to enter into the composition of an Oxford Music-Hall, to any appreciable extent.

I insist upon the respectability of the audience, as showing

what such an audience will enjoy in the way of—Heaven save the mark!—amusement. I pass over the *Japonorevelrie*, with its untidy-looking boys, shrill-voiced singing infant phenomenon, and over-rouged dancers, who skipped neatly—this being the best part of the performance, though a trifle stale by now; and of what preceded this wearisome stuff I am ignorant, but it was followed by some comic songs from the Oxford favourite, Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS—I beg his pardon, there is no “Mister” on the bills—he is familiarly known as “ARTHUR ROBERTS”—who is undoubtedly clever in his line, but who, at this moment, except a topical song (words by a namesake of the Archbishop of York), with the refrain “More or less,” has little much worth hearing; and then, after the Brothers HULINE had tried to amuse us by gymnastic fiddling not at all new, and had really surprised us by their marvellous adroitness in hat-catching, the feature of the evening was announced, namely, “LEONA-DARE, QUEEN OF THE ANTILLES.”

I do not know what “The Antilles” are doing in the absence of their Queen, or whether Her Majesty, having been deposed from that high position—(she could, I fancy, be deposed from any high position, and bet three to one on her coming down safely—like a cat)—is now reduced to earning an honest livelihood by showing what an Ex-Sovereign can do, when she is not fettered by the strict ceremonial and rigidly formal etiquette of a Court. The “Queen of the Antilles” has evidently discarded her regal robes, unless the acrobatic costume in which she appears is the Court-dress of the Mantilles. She enters, first of all, in a sort of thin wrapper, strikes an attitude—perhaps as “Queen of the Antilles” receiving the Antillesian nobility—and then dashes aside the flimsy robe, as though it were a bathing-dress, and she was going to take a plunge.

How do the nobility and courtiers of the Antilles act on such a trying occasion? Do they put their hands up to their faces and turn away? or do they at once hand her the trapeze, or the rope, or the bar, or whatever it may be? I fancy so, as Her Majesty is accompanied by a small wiry man, attired similarly to herself, who seems to know what Her Majesty likes, and what she wants. And what is this poor man’s reward? Why, after he has served her faithfully for over a quarter of an hour, throwing her ropes, tightening cords, seeing that everything is right, and finally devoting himself, recklessly, to her service, by loyally flinging himself from a giddy height, and joining her on a trapeze-bar, where they sit together,—she dignified as a Queen of the Antilles should be, he proud as a subject might well be at being raised to such an eminence by his own merits and by the command of his Royal mistress, and willing to obey her lightest word—he is suddenly deposed—poor favourite, and with a ring in his waistband that is linked to a ring which Her Majesty, now in a down-flying attitude, holds in her mouth, between her teeth—and thus this poor unhappy Prime Minister (or whatever he is) is suspended from his office by the Queen of the Antilles.

Then she slaps him, slaps him hard and frequently, and he being thus suspended, is sent round spinning like a whipping-top, until so fast and furious are his gyrations, that I could not tell what he had become—a man or a crab, a human being or a shapeless dummy.

At last that merciless, capricious Queen of the Antilles releases her victim, and once more allows him to resume his seat on the bar, where he appears dazed, bewildered, while she looks cruelly and maliciously *riante*. (By the way, this was good acting on the part of both performers, and looked uncommonly real.)

What was this man—her courtier, her slave, her servant?

From his connection with the bar, perhaps a Q.C.—a Queen’s Counsel—of the Antilles. Not a Judge, surely?

But suppose he were found to be the Lord Chamberlain at the Court of the Antilles, on a tour through Europe with the Queen? On a tour, and taking several “turns” nightly.

If so, would it not be well if, out of mere fraternal feeling, our LORD CHAMBERLAIN, or his Representative, were just to drop in to the Oxford, and see this performance? There is nothing to save this man from coming crash smash on to the Oxford stage. No net. The net is there at an earlier part of the show, but is withdrawn before the Queen takes it into her head to give her Prime Minister (or whatever he may be) an extra turn.

And what attraction has this entertainment for the respectable stall-audience I have already mentioned? Why, I honestly believe, simply, its peril, nothing else.

Why not have a strong swinging net beneath, during the whole performance; so that, come what come may, nothing more serious than a shaking can occur?

The Queen of the Antilles is a fine, handsome, graceful Lady, and her subjects would be really grieved if anything were to happen to her. But what can she expect, when she herself patronises her Prime Minister, or favourite Courtier, and makes him a helpless Revolutionist?

After this I left. Perhaps, not being an Oxford man myself, I have no great sympathy with their special amusements. But this really the way they go on in the Sheldonian? I trust not. If so, they manage these things better at Cambridge. I should recommend Our Censor to pay a visit to the American Bar at the tavern dedicated to the Horse Shoe (from the custom here of paying “on the nail”), and getting someone to treat him to an “Eye Opener.”

The other evening I went to see *La Jolie Parfumeuse*. For a piece got up in a hurry, because there was that disappointment about *Niniche*, it was very creditably put on the stage. Mr. H. J. BYRON did a version some time ago for the Alhambra, and I fancy I recognised some of his fun in the Third Act of this version, which is announced as by CHARLES LAMB KENNY. Perhaps in the hurry the two versions have got mixed. Miss SANTLEY sings the song of the Second Act (I forget its name) capitably, and wins the *encore*! But, beyond this, there is not much in it. There was a good deal in it at the *Bouffes*, where I first saw it, and DAUBRAY and THÉO were very funny. But it is peculiarly Parisian, and wants both the Parisian acting and the Parisian audience. There is little for anyone to do except the Low Comedian.

By the way, what a pretty little house the Royalty is now. What a difference from the old uncomfortable dingy theatre, when all the brightness was on the stage. Oddly enough, as long as that theatre was dingy and uncomfortable, it was generally crowded, and certainly during that time of grubbiness it made its biggest successes. Miss Pretty *Seerusan*-OLIVER will pardon me if I remind her that it was grubby.

But directly it was “done up”—it was done up, with a vengeance, and took a long time to recover itself, and get accustomed to its new dress. It’s as pretty and pleasant a little house for a light entertainment as any in London, and, with careful management, ought to have “the old times revived.” *Soit!* How about the Electric Light here? Just to show the way?

At the Strand, *Our Club*, which begins at seven and ends at nine, is capitably played all round, and the author may say this much and be thankful, and Mr. FARNIE’S *Nemesis*, which begins at 9’15, and plays till eleven, is, with Messrs. MARIUS AND COX, clever Miss LOTTIE VENN, and the new attraction, Miss VIOLET CAMERON, as amusing as ever it was in the principal situations, though Mr. LOREDDAN is scarcely an equivalent for Mr. EDWARD TERRY, being too much of the regular tenor, and too little of the low comedian.

The piece has yet to be seen by a new set of playgoers, who are at least four years older than when it was first produced, and four years do make a considerable difference to some very young folks.

Tantalus, at the Folly, is a new version of a farcical French piece (*Une Boîte à Bibi*) produced at this theatre last Christmas. The present cast is an improvement on the previous one; and Miss LYDIA THOMPSON has a part in it, with which she can do something more than it was even in her power to do with her rôle in *Stars and Garters*.

So much for the “Looks in.” We are to “look out” for Mr. IRVING at the Lyceum, with Miss ELLEN TERRY for *Ophelia*; for Mr. PHELPS, as *Cardinal Wolsey*, at Drury Lane; for the reopening of the St. James’s, for the revivification of Sadler’s Wells by Manageress Mrs. BATEMAN, who despises the old proverb about “Leaving Wells alone”—and unless Mr. J. L. TOOLE is made President of the Royal Academy, or Mr. CHATTERTON Archbishop of CANTERBURY, *vice* Dr. TAIT, resigned, I am not aware that there is anything else for you to hear from

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

NASTY PARTICULAR.—One of the Liverpool Music-Halls displays this notice at the Box entrance:—“Young Ladies without shoes and stockings are not allowed into the Boxes.”





LA VENDETTA.

(A Scene on Saffron Hill. Fact.)

Inferiuated Foreigner (armed with hatchet). "AH, CANAGLIA! TAM YOU! YOU SHALL NEVER PLAY TAT TAM 'NANCY LEE' NO MORE!" [Bangs away with his hatchet.]

The Crowd. "HOORAY! HOORAY!"

Old Gentleman. "WHAT'S THE ROW, POLICEMAN?"

Policeman. "ITALIAN ORGAN-GRINDER, SIR. JUST BEEN LEFT A LEGACY! AND THE VERY FIRST THING AS EVER HE DOES WITH HIS MONEY HE BUYS HIS ORGAN ON PURPOSE TO SMASH IT ALL TO BITS!"

Old Gentleman. "YOU DON'T SAY SO! HOORAY! HOORAY!! HOORAY!!!"

THE EDISON LIGHT, AND THE SILLY BIRDS.

LIGHT *versus* Darkness? Why no—not quite,
'Tis rather a question of Light *versus* Light.
Yet these fluttered creatures—a foolish flight,—
Are blind and noisy as birds of night,
Owls, gulls, and noddies, who, scared at the sight
Of the kindly glare from the lighthouse height,
Dash themselves dead in reason's despite.

Mr. Punch would gladly some words indite
To allay the fluster and bletherumskite
Too often aroused by occasion slight;
To sober counsels would fain invite
Each prematurely despondent wight,
Who sees but ruin about to alight
On Gas Share, and Profit, and Company-right;
Who woful wails to the papers indite,
About empty coffers, and markets tight;
To prove quite clear that foresight is fright,
That Gas Shares must come down like a stove-in kite,
That light is darkness, and black is white.
Cease, fools, your brainless heads to smite
Against an improvement of too much might
To be stayed by fear of your hopeless fight.
There's room for all; and this Edison Light,
With its lightning flash bringing day into night,
Will prove a blessing, and not a blight.
The shoe *may* pinch, as shoes will, when tight,
But Panic is madness,—'tis true, as trite;
A Hundred Millions is a sight
Too much to be gulped in a Stock-Exchange bite:

Then cease bewailing your piteous plight,
Hold to your Gas Shares tough and tight,
And you'll find that things will work themselves right,
Nor knock out your brains on the Edison Light.

ALMIGHTIES AT ODDS.

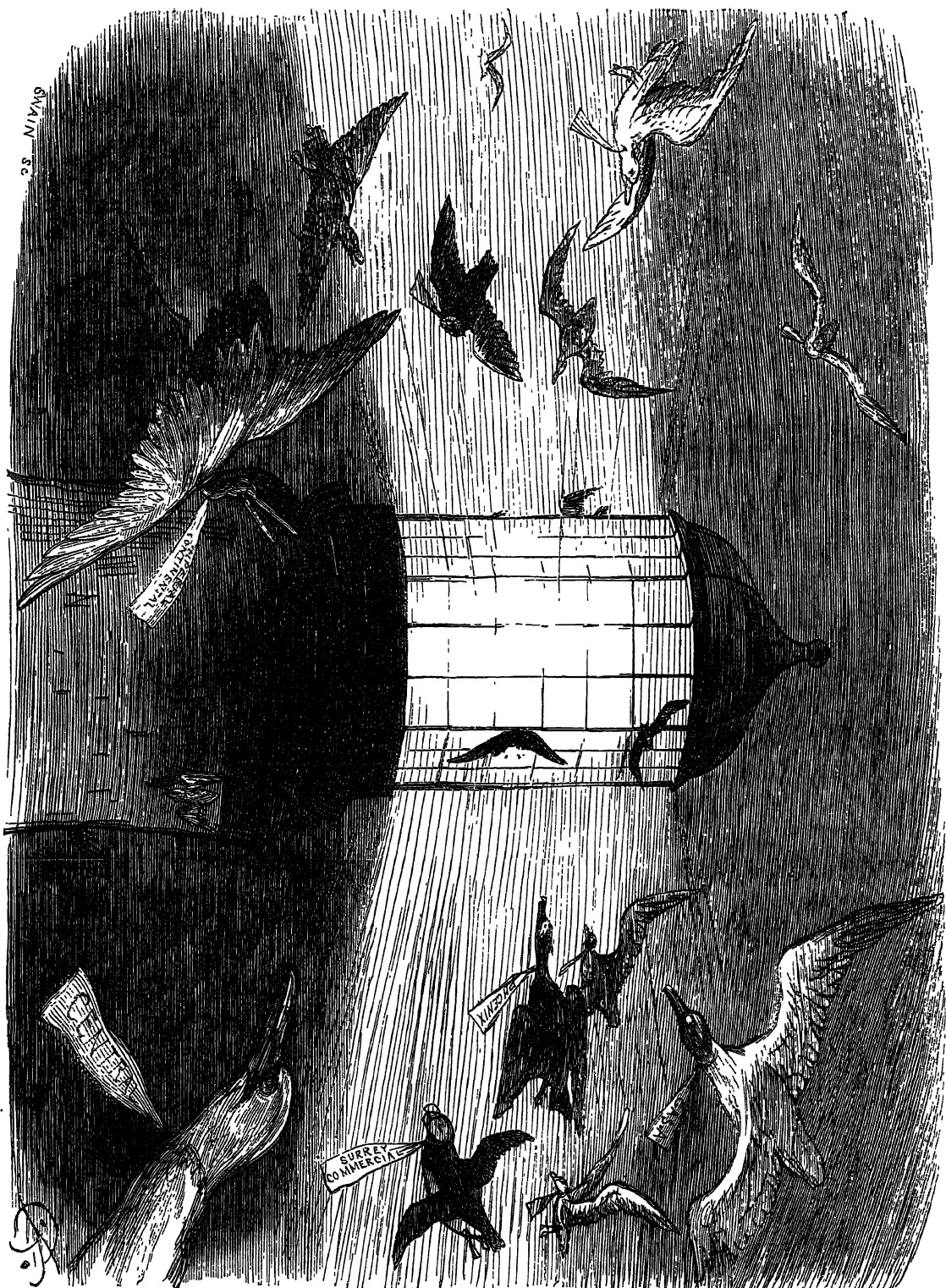
LORD DUFFERIN proposes that the Canadian and United States Governments should join to rid Niagara of all its shabby and shabby appendages, and to set it apart for the world's enjoyment of its grandeur, as an International Park, free, gratis, for nothing, and thus get rid of the present perpetual reminder in the neighbourhood of the mighty Fall, of a motive power greater than its own—that of the Almighty Dollar.

At the same moment we read of a Company being formed to utilise this "almighty water-power" for the compression of air to be transmitted by pipes to Buffalo, in unlimited quantities and at merely nominal cost. We are about to see a match, in fact, between the Almighty Cataract and the Almighty Dollar. Who will back the Cataract?

Keep Your Heads.

A HUNDRED Millions, it is said, is invested in Gas Shares. No wonder their holders are beginning to ask, if the Electric Light takes the shine out of Gas, where will their money go to? The more reason they should not throw away their shares in a panic, as they are doing, sacrificing their money, as the wretched Colosseum audience at Liverpool sacrificed their lives, in the "rush to get out."

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—OCTOBER 26, 1878.



THE EDISON LIGHT.

(AND THE SILLY BIRDS.)

ANGELINA AT THE EXHIBITION.

Grand Hôtel de Centfrancsparjour, Paris.

MY DEAREST BLANCHE, WHEN I wrote to you a few weeks ago, you may remember I told you all about France, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy. I asked you to answer my letter, and you (naughty girl!) have done nothing of the sort. You may say that I gave you no address. But, my dear child, be sensible. How could I? EDWIN and I have been here, there, and everywhere, and it would have been useless to have told you to write to one place when the chances were that we should have been "over the hills and far away" long before your letter could have reached us. However, I bear no malice; and to show you I can return good for evil, I send you another letter describing the Paris Exhibition.

In the course of our travels we found ourselves at Dinan (you know, the town near Dinard, not the place in Belgium), and as the direct way home was by a dreadful long sea-passage from St. Malo to Southampton, we decided upon going to Paris once more, to get within reach of the *Calais-Douvres*. And so we came here about a week ago, and here we have been ever since. EDWIN says that the prices are simply enormous. I should not mind this so much if there were any new bonnets in the shop-windows. But, my dear, I can assure you that they have only got last year's shapes. You remember that *toque* I bought last October at Boulogne, and wouldn't have trimmed because I did not care for it. Well, my dear, I saw one just like it, ticketed a novelty, in the Rue de la Paix! Only think of that! EDWIN said he never enjoyed shopping so much before. Stingy fellow! It was because I could find no excuse for buying anything!

And now, darling, let me tell you all about the Exhibition. I know you like to have your mind improved; and, without conceit, I think I may say that you will find this letter instructive. Poor dear! Fancy, not being able to get away from home! I do so pity you!

Well, dear, we got up early on the morning after our arrival, and took a *course* to the Champs de Mars. EDWIN bought two tickets at one place, had them clipped at another, and gave them up at a third, and then we were allowed to pass in. Dear fellow! he insisted upon my taking a seat in a sort of thing that looked like something between a skeleton Bath-chair and an overgrown perambulator. This conveyance was pushed along by a man dressed in a uniform which seemed to be made of the same stuff that they use here to cover pillows and mattresses. I selected the man out of a crowd—such a nice fatherly person, with white hair and moustaches, and blue spectacles. He had such a beautiful smile, too, which EDWIN said was "childlike and bland," when he came to settle with him. EDWIN said that the chairman's watch was "out and away" the most wonderful thing in the Exhibition. It gained at least twenty minutes in every hour; and as you pay for a chair by the hour, I have no doubt that this watch was very useful to the poor man. Although I liked being drawn about very much, I am sorry to say that the conveyance, as a way of seeing the show, was rather a failure. EDWIN, in his impulsive manner, told the man to take us to see the best things. Upon this, the chairman, with his beautiful smile, leisurely carried us off to look at a large piece of stone, a summer-house, a windmill which seemed to be working a pump, and a flag-staff. As the careful examination of these objects recommended by our guide consumed a very considerable time, EDWIN dismissed the chairman, and we passed the rest of the day on foot. I did not regret this so very much, when I found that the chairs were not admitted to the Fine Art Galleries, and were voted a decided nuisance by pedestrians everywhere else. I was quite pleased that EDWIN could not speak French when I heard what he said when he felt the chair-wheels passing over his feet. His remarks were really too dreadful.

And now, love, let me tell you all about the Exhibition. The moment we got in I said, "Oh! isn't it like the Crystal Palace

Bazaar in Oxford Street!" And so it is, dear, only, of course, very much bigger. We went first to look at the Prince of WALES's Indian Presents, which you remember you and I saw at the South Kensington Museum last year. We were so pleased to see them again. Then we "did" the British Department, and it was so nice. It was just like being back again in Bond Street or Piccadilly. We were so delighted at seeing the dear old London names and addresses. Then we strolled into the Fine Arts Gallery, and saw some of the paintings we had noticed for ever so many exhibitions of the Royal Academy. So nice. Mr. COPE and several other eminent R.A.'s have large and beautiful pictures on the line. Only I did not see anything of Mr. SOLOMON HART's. Then we went to an English Restaurant, and had a mutton chop and a bottle of Bass's Pale Ale. So interesting! We were so delighted with everything.

After lunch, EDWIN met an old friend of his who lives in Paris, who told him that the British Department was the best thing in the Exhibition, and that when he had seen that he had seen everything. I quite agree with him. In duty bound we "did" the rest of the place, but it was rather stupid. The Trocadero contains a sort of weak imitation of the South Kensington Museum; and the Foreign Courts, and the Machinery, and all those sorts of things, of course we had seen years ago in London, Vienna, and in former Expositions at Paris. But the Prince of WALES's apartments were too lovely! We got a ticket of admission, and were delighted with them. So aesthetic and so English! We saw a funny piano, too, that sounded (EDWIN said) like "a lot of poodles with a cold." What comical effects clever Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH, Junior (you remember we met him last season at Lady CACKLETON's) could get out of one!

And now, darling, having told you all about the Exhibition, I must bring my letter to a conclusion, the more especially as we are going to dine at a place with a thoroughly English name—I mean the Restaurant du High Life, in the Avenue de l'Opéra.

Ever, dearest, yours most affectionately,

ANGELINA.

P.S.—I have forgotten to say that really the best things in the Exhibition are some boot-heels in the Hungarian Court. They are quite too awfully lovely!

PUNCH STANDS CORRECTED.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

YOUR sentiments on Railway work and responsibility are entirely right, but the way you illustrate them is altogether wrong. For instance, Station-Masters *don't* telegraph to Signalmen. When a man is just under or over your nose—as the case may be—that is unnecessary. Perhaps once or twice a day a Station-Master may have to shout to a Signalsman, or, at a big Station, send a boy to him with a message, but Signalmen are telegraphing to one another all day and night long.

Then, again, if Railway working depended on Guards obeying signals, we *should* be in a muddle. Why, I've known a Guard sleep for five mortal hours on end, from Garngabber to Whitrope Tunnel, and nobody a whit the worse. If we can get them to hear the Driver's whistle (you know what a faint sound it is!) and put the brake on, we consider ourselves lucky. No; it is the Drivers that obey the signals, under a code more severe, and infinitely more summary, than that of DRACO.

Then you talk of Drivers looking after Plate-layers! Why, if that were the rule, traffic in day-time would have to be nearly suspended. No; the navvies have to make ready the way for the engine, and, in spite of all unpunctuality, "Don't delay the traffic," is the cardinal maxim of all classes and conditions of railway servants.

There can be no doubt, that when Directors so pull the purse-strings that the permanent way is starved, and trains run off metals resembling crooked rams' horns and cows' tails mixed and laid in rows, a winter or two at Dartmoor would be found beneficial, if not to their constitutions, to that of their line, iron as it may be. The same remedy might be usefully tried on Traffic-Managers who appoint raw bumpkins as signalmen at complex and "unlocked" junctions.

And now, if you please, I'll shut off steam, for "Drivers must approach this junction cautiously, and have their trains thoroughly under command." (Quotation from the Anywhere and Everywhere Railway Rule Book). Hullo—wonder if that Guard will hear my whistle? No!

Yours,

AN OLD DRIVER.

A Gregarious Fowl.

It appears that German Socialism has a Right and a Left Wing. What shall we call the bird thus typified? Socialism has been put forth by some of its apostles as an Eagle, by others as a Swan, but in so far as it has been tried it seems to have occasionally turned out a Vulture, but has often, and indeed as a rule, approved itself a Goose.



A DISAGREEABLE PARTY.

Cheerful Passenger (who had made several unsuccessful attempts at Conversation with his opposite Neighbour). "WHAT NOBLE INSTITUTIONS"—(they were passing Colney Hatch Asylum)—"ARE THESE, SIR, THAT DRAW A LINE—INTERPOSE A BARRIER, AS IT WERE—BETWEEN—YOU AND ME, FOR INSTANCE—AND THESE UNFORTUNATE PEOPLE—"

Taciturn Passenger (grumpily). "THAT MAY BE YOUR OPINION, SIR. I BEG YOU'LL SPEAK FOR YOURSELF, AND NOT FOR ME!"
[He got out at the Station, where some friends met him, to the great relief of No. 1.]

DITTO TO DUFFERIN.

"Lord DUFFERIN's parting suggestion to his friends in Ontario, with respect to the Falls of Niagara, deserves the attention of the two great Communities between whom the Cataract thunders. . . . The land about the Falls has been parcelled out, and a price is set on the privilege of admission to every favoured spot. . . . Half dollars and quarter dollars are demanded on every side. . . . Lord DUFFERIN's proposal is to make an International Park about Niagara."—*The Times*.

How does the Water come down at Niagara?

The answer one gets is a regular staggerer.

(The words are *not* antiphotetic precisely,
 But humour them kindly, and then they'll do nicely.)

Here it comes watched o'er, and there it comes warded,
 Railed in, and paled in, and hoarded, and boarded;
 Its points of view parcelled by touters and wardens,
 As though it were Shanklin or Rosherville Gardens.
 On each bank, hill, or isle is an ogre who collars,
 As showman or tollman, the traveller's dollars.

Where loud it comes tumbling,

The Visitor's fumbling

In pocket or purse for the lucre, and grumbling;

Where swift it comes rolling,

He pays, scarce controlling

His angry disgust at such tithing and tolling.

His choler at each fresh extortion still waxing,

He swears that the beauties of Nature thus taxing

Is Cockneyish greed that esteems it a duty

The Sublime to sack-dollar'ge, and Barnumise Beauty.

And *Punch* cannot wonder,

If when the Fall's thunder,

And the glories around, and above it, and under,

Are made a mere pretext for impudent plunder,

And a man, be he English, Canadian, or Yankee,

Is told by vile hucksters, unblushing and frank, he
 Must pay for each peep, he should answer, "No, thankce!"

It puts wholly to flight

One's most subtle delight

In splendours of Nature most mighty and rare, if

They're rented for peepshows and ruled by a tariff.

It concerns the repute of two spirited Nations

To stop these impertinent appropriations.

Punch seconds Lord DUFFERIN's parting suggestion.

Buy out the riparian Goths without question!

And let the Great Cataract tumble untolled,

One of Nature's free sights for all men to behold.

Away with each Showman, each fee-grabbing Shark!

And for the proposed International Park,

If there's no other way

To give Nature fair play,

Why, it's better than low Showman-tricks, any day,
 That Yank and Canadian should both in this matter act,
 And rescue from BARNUM their glorious Cataract!

Most Satisfactory.

SIR PATRICK O'BRIEN, at Philipstown, the other day, informed his constituents that he believed in Lord BEACONSFIELD, "because Lord BEACONSFIELD, like himself, was a Bohemian; and, like himself, Lord BEACONSFIELD was not what is called 'respectable.'"

On the "Birds of a Feather" principle, nothing can be more natural or more satisfactory. Will Sir PATRICK allow *Punch* to parody a verse of "*Brian O'Lynn*" in his honour?—

PADDY O'BRINE 'd no caràcter to wear,
 So he went to Bohemia, and got him one there;
 With the inner side seamy, the outer side fine—

"'Tis Lord B.'s to a moral!" quoth PADDY O'BRINE.



A COMPREHENSIVE PRONOUN.

Hairdresser (affably). "It's 'ARD UPON HUS, SIR, TO BE IN TOWN AT THIS TIME OF THE YEAR."

The Colonel. "AH, I SUPPOSE YOU WOULD LIKE TO TAKE YOUR FAMILY DOWN TO THE SEA-SIDE?"

Hairdresser. "I HAVE NO FAMILY, SIR. I MEANT IT WAS 'ARD UPON ME AND YOU!"

DE JURE ET DE FACTO.

SUPPOSE the law, which makes all ratepayers, of a certain standing, and with certain defined exceptions, liable to serve on Juries, were brought to bear—not *de jure*, as at present—but *de facto*? What would be like to come of it? Well-to-do Big-wigs, who now escape the burden of Common Juries altogether, would not like it. But—

Firstly. There would be some chance that the comfort and accommodation of Common Juries, now cavalierly and completely disregarded, would be attended to.

Secondly. Verdicts would be all the better for the leaven of better trained brains, and wider experiences.

Thirdly. Council would address Juries under the wholesome and much-needed check of increased respect for those they were talking to.

Fourthly. A burden, borne for the public good, which, as now imposed, lies heavy, would, when lightened, be next to nothing by fair distribution.

Fifthly, the Big-wigs, in their turn, would learn a good deal from a fair turn of duty in the common jury box.

Sixthly, and to conclude, the design of the British Constitution—to get into a box twelve good men and true—would be helped forward as it ought to be, by the upper, as well as the lower strata of the middle class. In short, without any Gambettising, even this best of all possible Englands would be all the better for the introduction of a *nouvelle couche sociale* into the jury box—all the more, as we would take our new *couche* from above, instead of below, the waist of the body politic.

AN AWFUL PROSPECT.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

THESE are troublous and troubled times, with muddle and mystery enthroned in the Cabinet, Parliament given the go-by, depression in trade, failures of banks and firms, War and increased Income-tax looming nearer and nearer. Such things, however, are bearable; but I was knocked over this morning when I read in the newspaper placards—"The Electric Light in Chancery"!

We lawyers have never been afraid of the clamour for Law Reform. It is a safe cry, and a "far cry," as the Highlander would say. In fact, we don't care how much JOHN BULL's eye is turned on the Law and its practices. It is not so likely to guide as to dazzle those who try to follow its lead. But once get the Electric Light in Chancery, and we ARE ruined.

Yours, in despair,

A LAWYER.

A LAST WORD TO WHALLEY

GOOD-BYE, honest WHALLEY,

For years *Punch* be-chaffed!
There was worth 'neath the folly
At which folks so laughed.

Of mind you were single,
You never bore malice;
None of bitter could mingle
Less spice in life's chalice.

To your lights you were leal,
Though false lights prone to follow;
Your kindness was real,
Your hates, only, hollow.

Simla Similibus.

THE Maharajah of Alwar—a potentate at Simla, who ought to be encountered by the Maharajah of Nowar—has volunteered to equip and maintain, at his own expense, a corps of camels and camel-drivers for service on the frontier. Very useful for the English forces. Bravo, Maharajah of Alwar! May we meet with many Simla characters.

BALLAD FOR JOHN BULL.

AIR—"Sally in our Alley."

Of all the folks in purse that smart
I best know money's valley;
My pocket lies so near my heart—
I do hate that SHERE ALI!

I ne'er enjoy a mind serene
On any blessed one day;
Not e'en on that which comes between
The Saturday and Monday.

Those telegraphs, they break my rest;
From one ere I can rally,
Another comes about that pest
Of pests, AMEER SHERE ALI!

But, for a hundred million pounds,
I must not shilly-shally;
With Russia close behind his bounds,
'Twon't do to stand SHERE ALI.

A "POOH-POOH" FROM SIR CRESUS PAUNCHFORD.

MAKE me a Common Juryman, Sir?—I defy you.
Do what you will, I must be an Uncommon Juryman; for here I am at sixty-five, and never was on a Common Jury in my life.

BRIGANDAGE AT HOME.

Tag-Rag and Bobtail Club, S. W.



MY DEAR MR. PUNCH, Will you grant me a little of your space to enter my strong protest against the system of brigandage which, in spite of all that has been done to remedy it by some courageous and much-to-be-commended Managers, still survives at most of our theatres? Last night I visited one of these dens of thieves, and what with fees here and fees there, I paid nearly double for my ticket. The worst of it is, that the

way in which this black mail is levied, makes it almost impossible to avoid payment. At any rate, it is so with every man who, like myself, would rather fork out his shilling than be scowled at. I am afraid there are a good many just as weak-kneed in this respect as I am. Again, why when I take my dear old mother to the theatre, must the poor old lady be made to take off her venerable bonnet, and sit in her still more venerable cap, in a place full of abominable draughts called the Dress Circle, or the Balcony Stalls—a fee being levied into the bargain for taking care of her said bonnet, while I may sit beside her in a dressing-gown, if I choose? Then why should a couple of strong-smelling programmes be thrust into my hand, and a fee of a shilling charged for them? I wonder how many customers would go back to a restaurant where, on paying your first bill, you found yourself debited with sixpence for the bill of fare? People talk of the decline of the Drama, and Managers wail about empty houses, but I am only surprised that they are not emptier, considering the system of robbery by saucy attendants which they openly countenance. Wherever a better system is worked, I am glad to see it worked by neat and attentive young women. Box-keeping and Box-opening is eminently woman's work. Wherever I have seen young women at it, they do it most pleasantly and attentively.

I am, Mr. Punch, your obedient servant,
Oct. 19, 1878. JOHN STRONG.

"LIGHT, MORE LIGHT!"

REVERTING to a paragraph in our last number on the urgent need that JOHN BULL should bring all the light of his Bull's-eye to bear on defaulting Directorates, we are glad to extract from the *Times*' City Article (Oct. 18) timely warning of the efforts now being made to keep that salutary and much-needed light away from the collapsed City of Glasgow Bank:—

"The deputation of directors and shareholders of the City of Glasgow Bank which came up to London yesterday, has had numerous interviews with bank managers and bill-brokers here to-day. The object of the deputation was mainly to obtain the sanction of the London creditors to the voluntary winding-up of the affairs of the bank, and naturally this proposition was favourably received. This method of winding-up is thought well of, because it is said to lessen expenses, and it probably does so. But there is another cause which makes creditors and debtors alike view it with favour, and that is the facility which it affords for hiding things away. Not only are malpractices apt to be concealed, but inconvenient facts about debts, liabilities, and the position generally of customers and creditors of the bankrupt institution. Now, this concealment is a thing which the mercantile community ought not to tolerate for a moment in a case like the present. Wind-up the bank's affairs by all means in the cheapest possible way, but let there be thorough and complete publicity—nay, more, let there be condign punishment of those whose malpractices, and fraudulent misstatements or concealments of facts, have wrecked the bank and caused the ruin of thousands of innocent people."

Saying this, the *Times* only says "Ditto to Mr. Punch," last week. And Mr. Punch has great pleasure, in this very sad and serious affair, in saying "Ditto to the *Times*," and in expressing his hope that all attempts to huddle up the discreditable truth, and keep the dirt dark, in the case of the collapsed Glasgow Bank, will be utterly defeated.

CIRCULAR NOTES.

(Jottings by Our Town Traveller.)

WHAT Mr. BIGNELL in vain attempted to prove before the Magistrates was that the Argyll Rooms are *guile-less*. "What will he do with it?" is the question; or, what is more important to the Proprietor at least, What will he do *without* it? After a recent decision, he won't be able to turn it into a "Progressive Club," on the pattern of the "Lady Burrel," which was shut up by the Magistrates' order ten days ago. Make it a theatre, and call it the Big-Nell Gwynn.

Sir JOHN LUBBOCK is on the Calendar as the City Saint, "St. Lubbock's Day" being dedicated to him as a genuine holyday. But there was one who had a prior right to the title, and who should certainly be the Patron Saint of "The House," and that is "St. Simon Stock."

"Light, more light!" is "the Gaiety not the Goethe version" of the Poet's last words—as Mr. H. J. BYRON describes his *Little Dr. Faust* Burlesque,—applied, of course, to the Electric Illumination outside.

As any stick will serve to beat a dog, so some people appear to think that any place in your nicely-furnished and polished-up room is good enough for striking a match on. Very annoying.

This isn't bad, from the Agony Column of the *Times*, Oct. 11th:—

A well-born and accomplished ENGLISH WOMAN, living in society, is desirous of corresponding with a Lady purposing to WINTER IN MALTA, Gibraltar, India, or the Continent, and who would consider the companionship of a young Lady as an equivalent for her travelling expenses.—Address, &c.

This is a charming notion of "personally conducting" oneself. Young, well-born, accomplished, and an ENGLISH WOMAN!

For she herself has said it,
And 'tis greatly to her credit

That she is an Englishwoman! Is there any other sort of woman who would have put such an advertisement as this in the *Times*? Malta, Gibraltar, India, or the Continent! There's a choice!

There is, I believe, great joy in the Aquarium, Westminster, over the repentance of the Middlesex Magistrates in refusing the Windmill Street Licence. How grieved Mr. WYBROW ROBERTSON must now be that the shortsightedness of the Bench prevented his getting that innocent music and dancing licence "merely for the recreation of our children at Christmas time," as he expressed himself on the occasion in question, in words to that effect. It was so hard on the pretty little dears, wasn't it?

Here's another French puzzle:—

Translate "the Archbishop of Canterbury."

Answer. He can't be translated. The other Archbishop can.

In that case, render into French "The Archbishop of CANTERBURY in the pulpit."

Answer. *Tête montée*.

Here's another:—

Avec le Curé j'ai vu La Curée.

Is this the correct translation?—

With the Curate I saw the Curate's wife.

If this isn't right, the boy who got the prize for it will please send it back at once.

"Mr. IRA D. SANKEY," it is stated, "contemplates making a religious tour through England." Are we to have many *Dies Irae*? Heaven preserve us!!

The Kilkenny Cats.

(A Prayer for Ireland.)

As Ireland feels the hollowness of the big BUTT she has got, She's going to try a BREGAR, and set-to of Kettle and Pot! Whether Confederation smash League, or League chaw up Confederation, 'Twill be equally a blessing to the humbugged Irish nation. Let us hope that of one good result the encounter will not fail—That they'll fight till on neither side's left so much as the tip of a tail.

THE RUSSIAN MARCH.

To whose music did the Russian Army return to the Tchataldja lines?—Off-and-back's.

THE ROAD TO THE NIAGARA FALLS.—Via Dollarosa.



JUDGING BY APPEARANCES.

Undersized Youth. "NOW THEN, FIRST RETURN, SURBITON, AND LOOK SHARP! HOW MUCH?"

Clerk. "THREE SHILLINGS. HALF-PRICE UNDER TWELVE!"

LES PARTIS HOSTILES TO LA RÉPUBLIQUE.

G-R-R-R! *You* presume to cock your nasty red cap in the air, And with your horrid tricolor cockade your betters scare! *You* dare to call yourself *La France*—foul scum of Eighty-Nine! *Socialiste, Communiste, Pétroleuse*—for all your phrases fine!

After your flaring, flaunting, catch-penny twelve-sou fair, In the Champ de Mars!—such impudence! What business had it there?

After doubling Paris prices with your mobs—as fools make fools—*Mon Dieu!* That foreign Princes should have deigned to be your tools!

After getting the poor Marshal, though, Heaven knows, against the grain, To hang the cross round those fools' necks, the badge who'd stoop to gain, Not satisfied with blowing your Exposition brass, You must fly higher, and attempt to give a Ball.—Alas!—

You give a ball!—a business that asks tact and *politesse*, *Usage du monde*, and breeding, and the Art to move and dress:— And at Versailles! the palace reared by *Le Grand Monarque*, With his glorious memory springing with each jet d'eau in the Park!

No wonder 'twas a fiasco—such a fiasco!—*Dieu de Dieu!* Tag-rag and bobtail thousands pent for hours in shivering queue, Struggling, outside, through a mud sea, swelt'ring, inside, in a mob Of *canaille* in all shades of red—knave, imbecile, and snob!

THE POWER OF SPEECH.

(As lately exemplified in the Midland Counties.)

SCENE—The interior of a Birmingham beershop after the break-up of a political meeting. Two highly intelligent Operatives discovered, rapt in thought over a pot of four ale.

First Operative (rousing himself). Yes, it must be so! Our most worthy CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER is unquestionably right! Never was the outlook brighter. Our beloved country has at last "taken its place in the great Council of Nations."

Second Operative. As highly intelligent Operatives, let us hail the change. To quote SIR STAFFORD's own apt and beautiful words, now that we are there—"We will not shrink back, and let our Empire collapse, as if it were an air-bladder which had been pricked with a pin."

First Operative. No; for, as our admirable guide adds: "Nobility implies obligations on those who are noble." And to think that for the priceless privilege of nobility, purchased for us by such noble sentiments, we pay but a paltry fourpence extra on our tobacco! The thought unmans me! [*He is overcome.*]

Second Operative (handing him the pot). Nay, cheer up! Our good SIR STAFFORD never meant to depress us with a sense of our blessings. Think of his lighter touches—*Don Quixote's* pasteboard helmet, *Baron Munchausen's* tiger jumping down the crocodile's throat, and—ha! ha! that capital story about SHERIDAN and the letter! Why, it was all killing! What a blessing that we, the intelligent Operatives of Birmingham, are no longer in "leading strings," but able to understand and relish epigram like this! Ha! I thought so;—you cheer up as you recall it.

First Operative. I do. For by the light of such brilliant flashes, the thought of the Berlin Convention, the Afghan difficulty, the expanding expenditure—even fever in Cyprus—become, not only tolerable, but delightful. Here's to "Imperialism!" [*Finishes the ale.*]

Second Operative (looking thoughtfully at the empty pot). A noble toast—worthy the oration that inspired it! And to think that when I rose this morning I would, like you, in honour of CHAMBERLAIN and the Caucus, cheerfully have thrown a couple of brickbats at the head of our eloquent, our patriotic, our profound, our excruciatingly funny, SIR STAFFORD!

First Operative. Yes. But that was before we had listened to his irresistible oratory.

Second Operative. True! Ah, may such long be the effect of the right man on the right stump!

(Curtain falls.)

WHAT THE CITY OF GLASGOW BANK DIRECTORS HAD, AS WELL AS THE SHAREHOLDERS.—Unlimited Lie-ability.

Non pas, Madame La République! Such pride deserved a fall! You might give an Exposition, but you couldn't give a Ball—That is reserved for us, *le Monde*, which you, low hag, despise! The next Ball you aspire to give, ask us to organise!

DR. CROSS'S DEGREE.

ON Thursday last the University of Cambridge, in compliance with a vote of the Senate, "conferred the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws upon the Right Hon. RICHARD ASSHETON CROSS, of Trinity College, one of Her Majesty's principal Secretaries of State." Doubtless the HOME SECRETARY has done something considerable to earn the degree of Doctor of Laws. But both as a Legislator and an Administrator, he is much more expressly distinguished by the services he has rendered to Physic. The Medical Profession, and all people interested in its scientific researches, owe Mr. Cross the Vivisection Bill; and Physiologists are still further indebted to him for having put a stop to the practice of taking casts of the head of condemned criminals after their execution. It was all very well to make him a Doctor of Laws, but, considering the special and peculiar encouragement he has afforded to the Science of the Healing Art, Mr. Cross's *Alma Mater* would have done better, perhaps, if she had dubbed him Doctor of Medicine.

Naval Nomenclature.

SOME stupid person has been complaining of our christening some late additions to the Navy by such names as *Bouncer* and *Insolent*. Why should not ship's names, as well as ship's keels, be laid down by the Jingo spirit-level?

A RUN THROUGH THE MIDLANDS.



SIR STAFFORD the Bold lays his pack on the
scent
Across a new country, and tries for a
"find;"
A venture as plucky, no doubt, as well-
meant,
In weather so queer, with a frost so
unkind.
But your right Midland Fox is the art-
fullest beast,
And you'll scarce strike his trail with the
wind in the East!
Then your dogs, shaky "Budget" and
"Squander" o'er-rash,
And "Policy," purblind, and "Cyprus,"
who's lame—
Dear Sir S., they won't do. You'll want
bottom and dash,
Keen sight, scent, and mettle to run
down the game.



ARMS OF PRECISION.

SCENE—*Sham Fight, Aldershot.*

Brigade Major (to Officer of Artillery). "IF YOU FIRE BY THE COMPASS DUE SOUTH, AT A RANGE OF TWO MILES, THE ENEMY MUST RETIRE!"

Across country they know they may make a fair run;
But you'll find, in the Midlands, they're not "in the fun."

The Radical Reynard is speedy and 'cute,
And is equally good at a double or rush.
You may lay all your dogs on the scent of the brute,
But it's twenty to one you'll not bear off the brush.
So, my bold M.F.H., you had better hark back,
For you'll scarce bag the Birmingham Fox with *that* pack!

SIX DAYS OF A SUBALTERN'S DIARY—CYPRUS.

Monday.—Walked over Limestone Hills in search of trees; couldn't find any; so turned down Valley of Midgeria in hopes of discovering vegetation; again disappointed; stumbled along bed of river in search of water; search unsuccessful. Thorns and thistles beastly; awfully pricked about legs. Returned camp. Read newspaper article on "Beauties of Cyprus; its Flora and Fauna."

Tuesday.—Down with fever. Thermometer in tent, 126°. After making this meteorological observation, try to sleep. Can't. Query which is worst—fever or flies? Make more observations.

Wednesday.—Fever subsiding. Glad to hear Government is going to grant colonial allowance for Cyprus. Fever quite disappeared. Invitation to quinine party. Accept.

Thursday.—Dust storm, lasting all morning. Helmet carried away in a whirlwind; likewise paper with glowing article on Cyprus. Don't seem to care about paper, but sorry for hat. Write out claim on Government for damage done during storm and sojourn in Cyprus. Claim appended.

Friday.—Attend quinine party. Ration beef very tough. Fruit forbidden. After luncheon, play tit-tat-to; make ingenious fly-traps, also calculation to ascertain day of month. Party breaks up. Forward compensation claim to authorities. Fever and ague. Bed.

Saturday.—Heavy dew last night. Pole went through tent; tent came down; let it stop till servant came in morning. Issue return invitation for Monday. Send to Pay Office to find out if Government allowance is granted. Reply: "Government has sanctioned an allowance of lime juice, ½ oz. per diem per man." More fever; more dew; more observations.

Claim.

Due from Her Majesty's Government for damage incurred to person and property of Lieutenant Dumps during his sojourn in Her Majesty's newly acquired dependency:—

To Damage to Constitution during sojourn, £4.

To One Year's Pay due to fact of looking one year older than I am in reality, £92 5s. 8½d. (N.B. Change in appearance entirely due to climatic influences.)

To One Hat carried away in sandstorm, £1 11s. N.B. The hat was a helmet.

To One Packet of Needles purchased to extract thistle thorns from shins and knees, 12s. (N.B. Needles very scarce, thistles very plentiful, in Her Majesty's newly acquired dependency.)

To One Box of Cigars destroyed and devoured by ants, an insect unpleasantly abundant in Her Majesty's newly acquired dependency, £3 10s. (N.B. The cigars were No. 1 Manilla.)

To Hire of One Camel on which to hunt for hereinbefore mentioned hat, 1 Rupee. (N.B. Two Shillings was the real fare—but Dragoman didn't know the difference.)

I have the honour, &c.,

JEREMIAH DUMPS.

"AN AGRARIAN OUTRAGE" SUPERSEDED.

THANKS to the promptly and very generally expressed opinion as to the exhibition of the Ober-Ammergau Play, Mr. ROBERTSON has wisely abandoned the idea of what would probably have been paraphrased as An Aquarium Outrage.

'ARRY AT THE PLAY.



EAR CHARLEY,
I SENDS yer the
programms I promised.
I've bin on the gay,
And you'll find that
this dose is a dollup.
I'm gettin' dead nuts
on the play.
I've bin going the
rounds rare and
rorty, along of a spiff-
fical gal,
And as you're still out
of the swim like, I'll
tip yer my notions,
old pal.
The Music 'All once
was my mark, and I
thought the theayter
cold muffin,
Which SHAKESPEAR
and BYRON and them
on the 'ole is de-
cidedly duffin;
But now the Stage licks
arf the 'Alls, mate,
for side-splitters,
spice, and bare pink.
O it isn't arf dusty I tell
yer; and so POLLY
JANE seems to think.

What I 'old is plays should be plays, and not hist'ry, or preachin,
or spout,
You go in for a laugh and a lush (don't P. J. lap the lemon and
stout!)
I'm aware there is softs as prefers to see Virtue wop Vice at the
Vic.,
But we've rose above all that old rot, and go in for what Frenchmen
calls "Chick!"
"Chick's"—well, tain't so easy to say, but it's doosid like what we
calls "cheek";
Sly sarce, don't yer know, 'ot and sweet, with a dash of the blue, but
mixed weak.
The "blend" ain't a bad 'un, I'll tell yer; the toffs put us up to the
fake,
And our taste and theirs in sech things is as like as two peas,—no
mistake!
In course they can't go the 'ole 'og; my LORD CHAMBERLING's down
if they does;
The bloomin' old Mivvey must raise, now and then, jest a bit of a
buzz;
But, bless yer, there's lots as he passes, O. K. and accordin' to
Cocker,
As—well, soap-board crawlers might owl, but it suits me right up
to the knocker.
"Chick" does it, yer see; oh a neat bit of *parley-voo* covers a lot,
And as most of our plays are now cribbed from the French, wy
they're all pooty 'ot.
Legs? Bless you, my boy, they ain't in it with ogles and antics and
'ints,
As sets POLLY JANE on the snigger, and fetches the ochre in mints.
It's lummy to see the Swells larfing at capers as tickles *hus* too—
The Swells used to sit stiff as hicc when the Gallery raised a bohoo;
Now one twigs out-an-outers a-boltin' wots too spicey 'most for
the Pit,
And if they don't clap like the "gods," wy, yer see, kids is given to
split.
Ain't they down on the treacly domestic?—a lay as I always did
'ate.
You know the old flapdoodle muck, tea for two and no stoppin' out
late;
Connoobial yum-yum for ever! no larks on the slyest Q. T.,
P'ramb'lators and properness—lord! it 'ud jest about collyflog me!
We men o' the world, mate, knows better. *Pink Dominos*, hay?—
that's yer style.
Lor', 'ow I did larf! and P. J. had a struggle to smooth out a smile.
Then *The Idol* that widder's warm-waterworks—quickly turned off
at the main—
And the no-never-mention-'em larks as they play in that sweet
Marjerlaine!

It's life, my dear boy, and no kid. 'Ow I wish you could see it, old
flick!
Carn't you run up to town for a week, and go in for a buster of
"Chick"?
I know it's a lush as you'd like, most as 'ot as they mix it in Parry,
I'm off for a nip of it now, so *O river*!

Yours rortly,
'ARRY.

LOVE IN THE MIST.

A Romantic Réverie. By Miss LACKADAY.

"Such stuff as dreams are made of."

I.

I AM sitting by the fire—I seem to be always sitting by the fire
now that the day's twilight and the twilight of my life are setting
in together, like the sobbing reflux of an eddying tide; my toes are
snugly perched upon the fender—the kettle is boiling over—it is
time to make tea. But I am too absorbed—too happy, somehow,
in unravelling strange sweet memories that meander on the Turkey
hearthrug on which my feet rest comfortably—too happy, too sor-
rowful—how shall I say which (are we not oftenest both at once—
happiest when it is so)?—and I let the water bubble over till the
fire is out, while the children laugh and blow the sparks about the
room, and trample them out with their innocent feet. The room is
full of children—full of sparks. I think it is always so in the
twilight.

Children! . . . Are we not all children? Do we not all blow about
the sparks of life, and laugh as we trample them out—then wonder
at the sting and the darkness that remain as we sit down in the cold
silent lamplight, and piece together the dim flickerings of our past—
listening, with wiser hearts, to echoes from the far-off shores?
"Echoes"! How many sermons there are in that word! I feel
that I could write them—that my life *has* written them. . . . I think
it is better to write sermons than to read them.

But what was it that I was going to write about to-night? I
think I have forgotten. . . . The children's voices, busy with the present,
have drowned the memories of the old dead time. . . . How strange it
is this way in which the present revives the past, and makes us live
in it with a confused clearness!!!!

That little tea-table, with its rows of willow-patterned plates and
piles of hot-buttered muffins, recalls another tea-table to me—a kind
tea-table that was always spread in a bow-window looking out upon
the sea, with red roses clinging to its sashes, and a dazzle of hoar-
frost coming up from the daisied turf beyond. . . .

I cannot remember the name of the place, but it seems to me that
it was in the heart of one of our midland counties—somewhere in
Northamptonshire, I think—or it may have been Warwickshire. . . .
I remember a deep green valley, a lake, and endless avenues of
trees. . . . I don't think I regret having forgotten the name of the
place—there is a charm about the Indefinite which names dispel.
The Indefinite—the Immaterial—the Infinite—and Unmeasurable—
Was not that the old-world idea of Heaven?—is it not still the
dream of Science? A friend of mine, who is a great philosopher,
said to me the other day, "I mean to believe in Spiritualism: it
is a rest from clear ideas."

At one time of my life I was always having tea in that bow-
window—It is long ago—so long ago that, as I think of it, I seem
to be another person; and yet I can still hear the crack of the china
as it broke in my host's hands—Dear, kind old friend!—How clumsy
he was, and how we all loved him!—Nobody seemed to mind how
many cups he broke—except his wife, who must have been fond of
china, I think.—So am I now—but I did not care for it then, and I
had a sort of pleasure in seeing the Sèvres cups smashed and the
cream running in rivers about the table-cloth, while the kind old
hands fumbled after napkins, and only made the damage worse. . . .
Broken china has had a poetry for me ever since.

Yes, she was fond of china, and of all pretty things—She was
herself the prettiest thing in the house, with those soft rich silks
that made a noiseless rustle as she walked—She had the kindest
smile and most beautiful manners.—There was a great peace about
her.—Nothing ruffled her for a moment.—She would smile just as
sweetly when the cups fell, and it did not make her angry if I used
to start at the crash.—They say it was just the same when her son
died. . . . I think one thing was like another to her—joy and sorrow,
sunshine and rain—She translated it all into a music of her own.
She poured out tea with the grace of a countess of the *ancien
régime*—What a pity it is that women have not such manners now!
I think philanthropy and machinery are spoiling everything—Some-
body told me, long afterwards, that she was deaf. How beautiful
it is—this calm poetry of silence—to come and go smiling and mis-
understanding—never to know that hearts are breaking about you,
lives twisting. . . . I think if I could live my life over again, I
would choose to be deaf. . . .

Then that other figure in the mourning robes, that came and went

like a dream,—who was she? I never could quite make out. She might have been a daughter-in-law—or a daughter, perhaps. They called her ROSE or MYRTLE, or some such pretty name with a scent of summer flowers in it. She was younger, sadder, more spiritual, I think, than the other. A mystery hung about her—a recollection, as it were, of sorrow and crime. Done, or suffered? That was the question that fascinated me. . . .

I felt that she did not belong to our world, but to some dim universe of old fables and fluttering tapestries, where heroes agonise and wives stab their husbands in the dark. I loved her—she was to me the incarnation of a dream—The faded crewels that she was always working into the hems and linings of our gowns were the threads of PENELOPE's web; the scissors that hung at her châteline were the shivering shears of Fate. She lives in my mind side by side with the Wolf that ate *Red Riding Hood*.

II.

DID he belong to that strange world also? I have sometimes thought he did. He had a sleepy look, and a way of calling her "Sister," that somehow linked them together in my mind. But I never knew what was the exact relationship between them. . . .

He wore a brown velvet coat, and looked in. I remember a cup falling and a little start. R. played on—her cadences fell with the broken china—the melody floated up among the roses—so did the steam—it seemed one music, one love, one intensity. . . . Is not this life? . . . And she sat calm and sweet, with the smile that somehow made one feel a vague security. . . . He asked me to put sugar in his tea, and I forgot to do it. . . .

We neither of us spoke—it was enough to be together, and to feel our youth and the immense beauty pulsating in sunset clouds around us. There was a glory in every pool—little boys bathed far out upon the sands—brown cattle came lowing across the common.—I stooped down and picked a buttercup—its yellow calyx seemed to mirror our happiness. . . . A bell rang, and I saw my queen coming towards us, with the evening glory on her hair. . . .

"Is she not sweet and beautiful?" I said, holding the buttercup over my head, and turning to note its beauty against the quiver of the sultry summer noon. "Is she not sweet and beautiful?" I said again, for he too was dreaming, and in his sleepy way he had missed my words.

He yawned slowly, and patted the brown cows, saying, with a gentle sing-song, "MYRTLE is very sweet and beautiful, and she is my sister.—We are all beautiful here, and we think of nothing else.—You will get used to it as you see more of us and come to understand our ways. Will you come to luncheon?"

"Do come!" cooed my queen. And I followed her in, wondering how long it would take me to get used to it. At any rate I was sure that I liked it. . . . At home it was all bustle and confusion, children tumbling down stairs, and a red-faced maid-of-all-work. . . . I already felt the poetry of having a butler and two footmen—I thought it would be easier to be good here—it was like Sunday. I told him so—He smiled kindly, and said the butler would take care of me. How well I remember those days of cakes and ale in the pretty house where it was always summer!!! Do you not agree with me, reader, that there are some places where it is always summer, just as there are some people with whom it is always love? I know it was so at X—; always summer and love and beauty; and the tide coming up to make strange little adventures for us among the creeks and landlips, and the sun setting with crimson throbs, and shooting farewell floods upon the snow. . . .

How those voices used to come up to the window where I sat dreaming and dallying! They walked up and down so late one night that I grew nervous. At last she left him, and he stood there alone.—I could not tear myself away—some vague instinct made me forbode evil—I leaned out—Suddenly a sound broke the silence—My heart stood still, but only for a second—in time I knew that there was no danger. It was the bicycle with its wheels gliding noiselessly across the terrace. . . .

How did he know that I was standing at MYRTLE's window? . . . I had no right to be there; it was only my feverish curiosity that had brought me—only their voices that made it impossible for me to go.—How did he know it? . . . The more I think of it, the more puzzled I get.—It was hardly five minutes since I had left her brother in the paddock—I had made an excuse to get away from him, and he had said good-bye—sadly—I felt it was cruel of me, but to this day I cannot see how I could help it—Some vague instinct told me the other was on the terrace. It was an opportunity not to be missed.

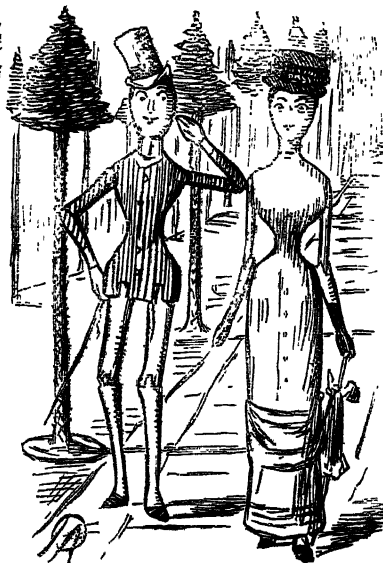
He stopped under the window—the bicycle fell. I was afraid he was hurt, but I did not scream, for fear of bringing MYRTLE. For a wonder I kept cool; and when, a few minutes later, he whispered, "All right!" I was able to answer, "Yes." Then he looked "Dearest!" I waved my hand—he was gone—But how did he know that I should be there? . . .

Next day I had a scene with MYRTLE. . . . She had met him in the morning, and I think he must have thoughtlessly told her about it,

for she seemed upset. She looked more than usually anxious, my poor queen! She had the expression in her eyes, that made me think of CLYTEMNESTRA—the expression that I liked so much! At those times I never could refuse her anything. There was some mesmerism in her face, that compelled me to be open. I told her just what had passed. She made me promise to tell it to no one else. As she was leaving the room, she turned round, and said, with a pretty laugh, "There, be a good girl! Keep my secret, and I will keep yours." You know if I were to tell him about it, he would be angry." I had not thought of that myself—but I was grateful to her for thinking of it. She was always considerate for others. . . .

(To be concluded in our next.)

MASCULINE AND FEMINE FASHIONS.



LADIES and Gentlemen.—The Chesterfield Coat has been revived for Ladies' wear. It is made with or without a skirt of the same material as its own.

It has pockets in the style of a gentleman's coat.

The producers of the Chesterfield Coat have happily adapted both the Coat and the Waistcoat of the Louis the Fourteenth style to their Tweed Coats in two methods. One of these is the shape of a gentleman's ordinary short jacket; the other that of the regular morning coat with side body seams.

But, Gentlemen and Ladies, these are not the only novelties in the way of attire provided for you at a certain eminent Clothing Establishment in a fashionable quarter of London.

There is also a Costume for the Moors.

The Paletot is long and close-fitting, with leather buttons. There are Leggings to match. There is a hat, too, of the same cloth as the Leggings and the Paletot. You can thus be equipped for the Moors, if you wish to visit them, from head to foot. But though grouse-shooting is over, which your Clothiers seem to have forgotten, no doubt the Costume designed for the Moors would be equally suitable to the Turnips or the Cover.

But even this, Gentlemen and Ladies, is not all that you are offered by that extensive Clothing Firm.

Their new Hat for Costumes is the Jockey Cap. It is, they say, a most stylish head-dress in cloth, and has the true jockey characteristic; the addition of a ribbon run in round the edge finishing with a bow in front to draw the cap tightly round the head. Of course Gentlemen might have the cap made for them so as to dispense with this addition, which they might probably consider less becoming for them than for Ladies.

"Now that Corduroys are so fashionable," the same Firm recommend Ladies and Gentlemen to patronise their Corduroys, of which they have a stock on view.

From the foregoing particulars, announced the other day in the *Morning Post*, it would seem, Ladies—especially from the article Corduroys—that the Rights of Women are progressing amongst the Higher Orders.

Cause and Effect.

THE policy of BEACONSFIELD—apart from party glosing—May most fitly be described in a single word—imposing! On England he imposes the cry the Jingo mass adore, As upon Afghanistan he imposes an Ambassador. But of either imposition JOHN BULL may look for close sure, That which all impositions is wont to dog—exposure.

LA CROSSE RE-CHRISTENED.

WILL the Indian Game be known in the Dominion in future as Lorne-Tennis?



THE MAIN CHANCE.

Wistful Materfamilias (reading Evening Paper). "HERE'S ANOTHER OF THOSE ALLINGTON GIRLS MARRIED!—AND TO THAT YOUNG CAREW, OF THE GRANGE, OF ALL PEOPLE! HOW WELL THOSE GIRLS GO OFF, TO BE SURE!"

Paterfamilias. "AH, AWFULLY GOOD-LOOKING GIRLS, THOSE ALLINGTONS."

Materfamilias (severely). "IT'S NOT THE GOOD LOOKS. IT'S BECAUSE THEY'RE SO WELL BROUGHT UP!"

Chorus of Daughters. "OH, DO BRING US UP WELL, MAMMA DEAR!"

SOLDIER'S SONG.

(Adapted from the "Lady of the Lake," and respectfully dedicated to Captain and Colonel Burnaby, by Mr. Punch.)

LET GLADSTONE in public still wash, like an owl,
BRITANNIA'S linen, when he thinks it foul:
Yankee fashions and folks up sky-high let him crack,
On his own mother-country come down with a whack,—
But, whoop, BURNABY, keep up your pecker!
By St. Jingo still swear, and a fig for th' Exchequer!

The fool! He can't see every Russian's a rip,
With his tongue in his cheek and a lie on his lip;
But on Turkish Atrocities still keeps his eye,
And won't give a poor Pasha's least slip the go-by,—
But, whoop, BURNABY!—like a three-decker,
Blaze into him, do—and a fig for th' Exchequer!

Our GLADSTONE thus preaches, and why should he not,
Now his party is dished and his chance gone to pot?—
Since BEACONSFIELD's left him and his in the lurch,—
The right head of the State, the right hand of the Church—
Then whoop, BURNABY, Hughenden's Mecca,
And, with DIZZY for Prophet, a fig for th' Exchequer!

Who says the gilt wears off the gingerbread fast?
That of B.'s Peace with Honour we've nigh heard the last?
That the peace turned to war too soon England will see,
By which time, who knows where the honour will be?
But, whoop, BURNABY, keep up your pecker,
The war-trumpet blow—and a fig for th' Exchequer!

"LORD SEND US A GUDE CONCEIT O' OURSELS."

AMONG all the unexpected powers revealed by Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's recent stumping tour in the Midlands, the power of getting comfort from strange sources is perhaps the most striking.

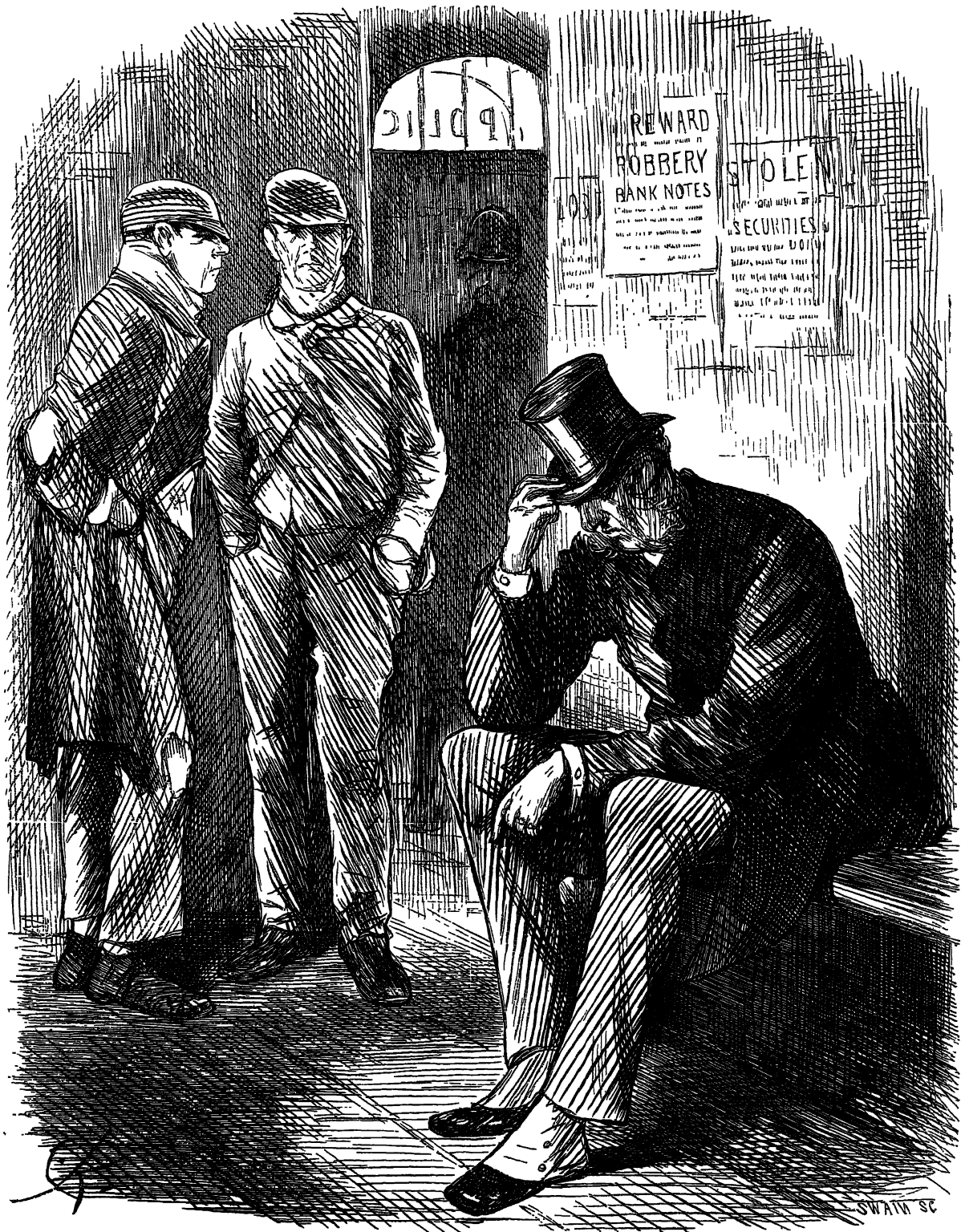
After the revelation of utter unpreparedness in every step taken, or rather, not taken, by the War Office in connection with the late occupation of Cyprus, who would have expected to read this in our buoyant CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER's Dudley oration:—

"No doubt while the lessons of the Crimean War were at once melancholy and salutary . . . nothing could be more cruel or more unjustifiable than to expose gallant men to loss of life, and to great privations and sufferings for want of preparations and supplies. (Cheers.) And if now it should be our ill fortune at any time to be compelled to call upon that army to vindicate the honour of the country, we feel that we may do so without any feeling of remorse and self-reproach which must have been felt by the Ministers of the time when they were sending men to hard service and the risk of life without preparation."

This is pretty cool in the face of the sufferings of the fever-stricken garrison of Cyprus, alternately shivering or sweltering in bell-tents, without anything to show that the least foresight has been exercised by the War Office for the preservation of their health, or the smallest provision made for their comfort or convenience.

Cooking and Dishing.

THE French do not altogether excel us in Cookery. British Directors of Joint-Stock Companies beat the best of Frenchmen in cooking accounts. Yet one often hears of a Bank Parlour, but never of a Bank Kitchen. Every Bank has its Parlour, of course. Let us hope and trust that Banks containing Kitchens in which any other things than articles of food are cooked are rare and rascally exceptions to the general rule.



AT THE HEAD OF THE PROFESSION.

SCENE—Prisoners' Waiting-Room adjoining Police Court. (*Eminently respectable Director awaiting Examination.*)

ARTFUL DODGER (to CHARLEY BATES). "YOU'VE BEEN COPPED FOR A TILL—AND ME FOR A CLY. BUT 'E'S BEEN COPPED FOR A BANK—SHARED SOMETHIN' LIKE SIX MILLION SWAG AMONG THE LOT!"

CHARLEY BATES (*in a tone of respectful admiration*). "LOR!"

ON THE WRONG HORSE.

(Hints to a distinguished Captain and Gentleman-Rider entered for a Military Steeple-Chase.)



self at your ease. Remember the story of the Greek fellow, with a long name, who set fire to the Temple of Ephesus. If you want to score, fly at high game.

Carry this out by presenting the most illustrious opponent you can select in some ludicrous and contemptible character—say, as a “washerwoman.” Follow this up with an attack on his moral character, and fling the mud about freely till you have raised an uproar. Do all this, and a good deal more in the same style, whenever you open your mouth—that is, of course, if your object be not to get into Parliament. Should you, however, change your mind, and wish to get in, take counsel of *Mr. Punch*. He likes to watch the running of spirited young fellows of talent, and his advice to you is—*try another mount*.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

How I found Stanley—St. James's Hall—All in the Dark—Some Moore—Travellers' Next Step—On to the Globe—Les Cloches de Corneville.

I WENT to hear Mr. H. STANLEY give an account of himself, and what he did in the Dark Continent—not the Keep-it-Dark Continent—on Wednesday last.

His reading,—that is, as much as I could hear of it in three quarters of an hour, and I don't know for how long it lasted, but I suppose he has finished by this time,—forcibly recalled to my mind an anecdote about W. M. THACKERAY. After the great novelist had given his first lecture on *The Four Georges*, he asked a friend, experienced in entertainments, what he thought of it, and if he had any advice to give him. The friend, who was not gifted with the bump of reverence, and who certainly preferred ALBERT SMITH'S *Mont Blanc* to anything merely instructive, replied: “Well, THACK, my boy, it's very good! Oh, yes, it's very good! But, look here, if you want to make it go, you must have a *pianner*!”

And this is exactly what I say to Mr. STANLEY. “Highly interesting, no doubt, only you ought to have a *pianner*,—and pictures: and, what's more, you should leave out all the sentimental, serious, religious twaddle which was years ago associated with STEEGINS' tea-fights and Exeter-Hallites, and give us something that we haven't read in your two illustrated volumes.”

The answer now to “How I found STANLEY?” is, of course, “By taking tickets for St. James's Hall.” How I liked STANLEY when I'd found him, is quite another question, to which I can only answer, “Pretty well, thank you.” And I dare say he'll improve on acquaintance (for I see he is going on lecturing), if he'll take the advice above given of a sincere well-wisher, who repeats emphatically, “Let's have *pianner* and pictures; let there be no Methody in your madness, but send all that cant to the Princess's, where they'll put it into *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and sing ‘Hallelujah! Jordan's a wide river, boys!’”

Those who went to see STANLEY must have been considerably disappointed, as they could only catch a glimpse of a third of him, sectionally,—the remainder, from the first button of his shirt-front to his toes, being hidden by a table and a reading-desk, which looked

for all the world as if it had once formed part of an old-fashioned pulpit. Of course all who were in punctually, saw the entire STANLEY from head to heel, but unless they stopped to the end, they never saw so much of him again as they got in that one brief glance when he first walked on to the platform.

The arrangement of the platform and the back-ground is highly exciting to the imaginative mind, and those accustomed to such entertainments as are nowadays given in Music-Halls and at the Aquarium, were expecting great things. The chairs, placed in three semi-circular rows behind the Lecturer, were eminently suggestive of an increased band of Nigger Minstrels to join in, at some portion of the reading, with melodies of their own native land; while a scaffolding above, reaching right up to the dome, high in the air, struck the initiated in such matters as being put there for Mr. STANLEY to take a header off, into a net below, which would be presently brought forward by the servants on the establishment, while the nigger in evening dress, who was at first supposed to be a Christy Minstrel escaped from a lower room in the Hall, would throw the Lecturer a *trapèze*, when the organ would strike up, “*We Fly by Night*,” and the Daring Traveller, who had gone through the Black Continent and come out safely the other side, would fly through the air, and, amid the deafening cheers of his admirers, would land on the front railing of the opposite gallery. The Daring Traveller, however, did nothing of the sort, and those who had expected as much as this, must have been wofully disappointed.

He might have done it after I had left. I am not prepared with evidence on this subject; but all I can say is, as he himself says of his French traveller who tells tales out of school rather at variance with Mr. STANLEY'S, “If anyone saw him do it, then he saw what I did not.” (Cheers after this. Why cheers? It was evidently a point. But why?)

Another practical joke—for the above-mentioned arrangement of chairs and scaffolding up to roof partook of the nature of a practical joke, or intentional sell,—another practical joke was the Pantomime Map suspended behind the Daring Traveller. POOR ARTEMUS WARD! What fun he would have got out of this Map. There were *Sahara* and *Madagascar* on it very large, reminding one of the adventures of the three sailors who took a boat and went to sea, and perhaps it was originally intended to say something about—

“I've gone wrong for the sake of *Sahara*.”

But the idea was given up at the last moment on account of there being no *pianner*. As the Lecturer had told us how he gave *Daily-Telegraphic* and *New-York-Heraldic* names to the lakes and mountains—e.g., Gordon Bennett to a very tall mountain, Lake Lawson to the largest double sheet of water with the largest circulation in the world—I at first thought that *SAHARA* was a misprint for *SALA*, and that, presently, the Intrepid Traveller would point out one spot where he had erected a finger-post, for the information of future travellers with “Here Stands a Post” written on it, which central district he had called the Clement Scotland. But no. *On ne badine pas avec STANLEY*.

There was a twinkle of great humour, though, in the eye of the Coloured Gentleman (when the Coloured Gentleman was awake, which did not appear to be very often) as he sat huddled up helplessly on the platform. When he opened his bright eye, he looked first at the Lecturer, as though to say, “Hallo, Massa GINGER, still at it?” and then at the Audience, as much as to add, “He's got you now, and, golly! he won't let you go—I know him;” and then he gave a silent chuckle, and dozed off again, meditating perhaps on whether he had really “bettered” himself by leaving that jolly old humbug, “*Mtesa*,” “the Star of Africa,” and taking service with the Lecturer. What are the odds against the “Star of Africa” appearing within the next year at the Aquarium?

His master informed the audience that Massa SAMBO didn't understand English; but I fancy I saw SAMBO grinning to himself, as if saying, quietly, “That's all you know about it, Massa STAMLEE.” On the whole, I think this nigger had the best of it, and enjoyed the whole thing as a big practical joke from beginning to end.

Personally I am grateful to Mr. STANLEY for having selected St. James's Hall for his lecture; as when I did not care about hearing more up-stairs, I went to hear MOORE below.

The Dark Continent, as represented by the Christys, is good enough for me. I can read Mr. STANLEY'S book in my own room, and enjoy it, but it's hard work to be sermonised at from a pulpit about “*Mtesa*, Uguse, and Uganda, in whom, as at present constituted, I have no interest, except when they are exhibited in the Moore and Burgess state of civilisation, with white frills, large watch-chains, diamond studs, ruffles, and wearing decorations given to them by various potentates.

What a chance Mr. STANLEY has lost in not dressing like *Robinson Crusoe* and bringing on the real *Friday*! A few good songs, some first-rate dances between *Robinson* (STANLEY) and *Friday* (the nigger), and all London would have rushed to him, specially at Christmas time. Let him take the hint. “It's never too late to mend,” as Mr. CHARLES READE says. *Friday* on the bones, *Robinson* on the banjo. “*Finding the Footstep*,” a *pas seul*. Arrival



ON THE MEND.

Master Tom (who has been from home). "WELL, SIMMONS, HOW ARE YOU GETTING ON? ALL RIGHT?"

Simmonds. "YES, SIR. BUT THIS FOX-HOUND PUPPY HAS BEEN AND KILLED A LOT O' CHICKENS."

Master Tom. "I AM GLAD TO HEAR THAT. I THOUGHT HE WAS GOING TO DIE OF DISTEMPER."

of the Black Mail (*Friday*). Ending with a *pas de deux*. Pianner, Picturs, and comic duologue.

I hadn't seen the MOORE AND BURGESS Minstrels for years. The place was crammed, and the peculiar singing peculiarly good. Mr. MOORE was very funny. But what delights me is the serious interest taken by the gentlemanly nigger, in the centre, in the adventures of Messrs. Tambourine and Bones, the corner men, as related by themselves. It is delightful! The Bones (Mr. MOORE) has not the slightest respect for any sentiment, or for any singer. Whenever it occurs to him that a note is too long, or that a song is beginning to be a trifle monotonous, he at once relieves the dullness with some utter absurdity done in the quietest possible manner.

The first part of the entertainment, the genuine Christy Glee part, is the best; and this is really unique of its kind, and well worth a visit. But oh! what execrably bad taste on the part of Your Representative, Sir, to prefer the London Blacks to the genuine Central African produce, quietly resting on STANLEY's platform. Well, I can't help it. Exclaim, if you will, "*O tempora! O Mores!*" and I will reply, "*O tempora! O Burgess and Moore's!*"

And now, to finish up geographically, let us study the Globe and what is going on there.

It speaks well for the future of Light Operatic Entertainment that such excellent houses should still be the rule at the Globe, where the *Cloches de Corneville* is given, and at the Opéra Comique, where *H.M.S. Pinafore* is still at the height of its thoroughly well-deserved popularity.

Les Cloches is put on the stage far and away better than it was in Paris, and the acting of the Chorus-girls, all pretty and attractive, is superior to that of their Parisian originals at the Folies Dramatiques.

Mr. PAULTON as the *Bailie* is capital. The business of the letter-reading, in Act II., is the funniest thing I've seen for a long while; and in this portion of the dialogue the Authors, Messrs. FARNIE AND REECE, are at their best.

Mr. SHIEL BARRY was excellently made up, except in hands, which did not correspond with his sickly face and decrepit state; his acting is very good in the First Act; but, in the Second, where the original *Gaspard*, MILLER, was strongest, Mr. SHIEL BARRY is disappointing. This may be partly owing to the stage arrangement, which cramps his action. But for all that, I still think that, out of

Opera, he could fairly represent ROBSON's great part of *Daddy Hardacre*.

Miss CORA STUART is an acquisition, but must beware of monotony of action. She has been, it seems, trained in the One Action School.

The performance altogether thoroughly deserves the support it has obtained and is obtaining, and what it lacks in brilliancy of tone in the vocal part, is made up by the brilliancy of the *mise-en-scène*, costumes, and the pretty bright faces. We have not yet got the executants, among the men at least, for French Comic Opera of this lighter sort, but in *Pinafore* the right men are in the right place; at least so ventures to say

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

A VERY NATURAL INFERENCE.

It is impossible not to feel the force of the Commander-in-Chief's pathetic deprecation in his speech on Army Administration at the Haberdashers' Company:—

"I assure you, Gentlemen, that in these matters there are a variety of considerations on both sides, and these considerations are not lost sight of by those who are intrusted with the administration of the Army. We may not be quite as wise as other people, but I submit to you that it may be a mistake to put down all officials as fools."

Not all officials, your Royal Highness—only all Army officials. Remembering Crimean and Cyprus blundering, and the usual fate of military undertakings, in their first stages at least, till those responsible for them have had the benefit of that experience which as the old saw says "makes fools wise," is the popular inference to be wondered at?

TURNING NIGHT INTO DAY.

THEY have been playing foot-ball by the electric light at Sheffield. They will be playing cricket next. Night, not twilight, will soon be the time for the bat.

THE ASIAN REFORM SYLLOGISM.

Minor premiss—Sultan's promise. *Major premiss*—Pasha's performance. *Conclusion*—Remains to be seen.



INTUITION.

Puzzled Cookist. "WELL, I CAN'T QUITE MAKE IT OUT, 'ARRY; BUT I THINK IT MEANS AS WE AIN'T TO PASS ALONG 'ERE."

JUST IN TIME.

MR. WYBROW ROBERTSON, having roused British passion in earnest by his unwary announcement of selected Tableaux from the Ober-Ammergau Passion-Play at the Aquarium, has had the good sense to acknowledge his mistake, and back out of his blunder.

Not a day too soon. For on the heels of his letter announcing his withdrawal of these Tableaux comes a pithy telegram to the *Times*, which turned into literal English, runs:—

"Representation of the Ober-Ammergau Passion-Play at the Aquarium Theatre—humbug. No native of Ober-Ammergau has anything to do with it. Legal steps in progress. Please make public. LANG, Burgermaster's Office."

So it seems that MR. WYBROW ROBERTSON has not only roused the British Lion, but has done so under, let us say, a mistake. His Passion-players would have been impostors—violating propriety and outraging respect for sacred things in borrowed plumes. Of course MR. WYBROW ROBERTSON did not know this. But how very unfortunate he has been in the whole business.

It is a comfort that one set of people come well out of the mess—the worthy, simple, and pious peasants of the Ober-Ammergau, for whom the performance of their Passion-Play is a religious solemnity, in performance of a vow made in 1633, when their village was ravaged by a pestilence. When the performance of Passion-Plays was interdicted in Bavaria in 1779, this one was specially excepted, as being under the superintendence of the monks of Ettal, hard-by, and, besides, in fulfilment of a vow.

But if the institution of the play stayed the pestilence in 1633 (as these simple Ober-Ammergauers believe), its continuance may introduce a new pestilence in 1880, should it bring on Ober-Ammergau, as yet pure and simple, the plague of speculating Managers to tempt the village Actors, as well as of Cook's tourists and cosmopolitan audiences, to poison the village life with greed of gain, and take

"TOUT VA BIEN!"

"Before leaving the platform, the Marshal, taking both hands of M. GRÉVY, said, '*Une belle journée. Tout va bien!*'"—*Account of Ceremony at Distribution of Awards, French Exhibition.*

BRavo, *mon brave!* A better phrase
Than that which set all France a-fuming,
When, touched with the Imperial craze,
You stood the despot's *pose* assuming.
Through faith, the path that France finds best
If you will tread in fashion loyal,
You yet may say "*J'y suis, j'y reste,*"
In tones triumphant, if less royal.

And bravo France! *Punch* lifts his voice
In cordial congratulation,
And tells her English hearts rejoice
In the success of the Grand Nation,
Whose seven years of patient toil
Have set her fairer far in story
Than long pursuit of power and spoil,
And that blood-spotted phantom—Glory.

Peace has its victories. Worst of late
In War, and schooled by black disaster,
France shows herself supremely great
In might that can misfortune master.
Self-ruled, strong, rich, she firmly stands,
Midst general poverty and pother.
The best "*revenge*" is in her hands;
They're foes who'd urge her to another.

Yes, *Tout va bien!* May good increase,
And your *belle journée*, my dear Marshal,
Be harbinger of progress, peace,
And liberty, and law impartial.
Façons de parler change, you see,
Like other fashions,—this fits better.
Punch trusts your vows and hopes may be
Right soon fulfilled, ay, to the letter!

Venus's Oven.

SIR GARNET WOLSELEY, in answer to a memorial from the Church of England Temperance Society, assures the Society of "the warm interest that he takes in all measures calculated to encourage sobriety." In Cyprus Sir GARNET must find it difficult to take anything but a "warm interest" in anything.

the sanctity of simple faith from this Passion-Play, so turning it—as there is already fear it has begun to be turned—into a show which, in becoming popular, must become profane.

CAMBRIDGE COLOURS.

FROM the subjoined announcement there appears to be a good time coming for our Cambridge Crews:—

"THE RIVER CAM.—At the Cambridge Improvement Board yesterday it was resolved that immediate steps be taken for diverting the sewage of the town from the river Cam, and that Sir JOSEPH BAZALGETTE be requested to advise the Board as to the best mode of doing so."

The Cam's colour will probably also be the better for purification, so as to be no longer in such flagrant contradiction to the tint wherewith it is associated in boating circles—"light blue."

Jockeys and Judges.

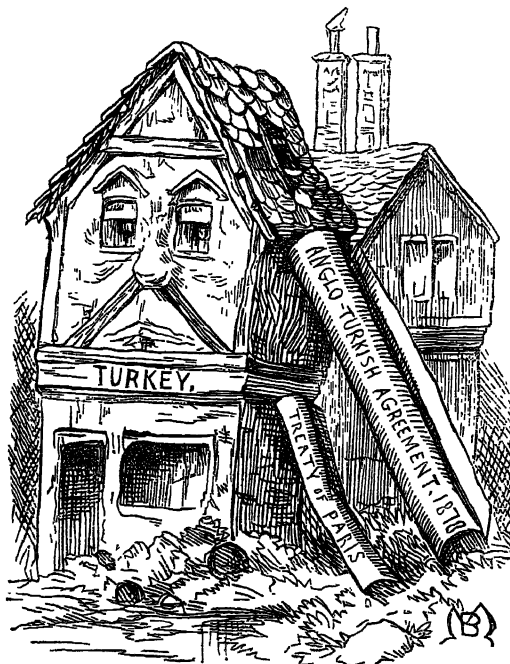
It is announced that Sir HENRY HAWKINS has been elected an honorary member of the Jockey Club, as also was his learned Brother, Sir SAMUEL MARTIN, three years ago. The Jockey Club has done wisely in calling to its counsels two good Judges, in the ordinary sense, as well as the special one in which a man is spoken of as a "good judge" in the horsey world—that is, a good judge of a horse. Unfortunately, as assessors at the Jockey Club's assize-courts, Brothers HAWKINS and MARTIN have no power to commit rogues and swindlers convicted of tricks, whether of ownership or jockeyship.

LAST NEWS FROM BERLIN.—*Freie Presse* put down.

WHAT IT MAY COME TO.

(By Mr. Punch's Prophetic Telegraph.)

ALEXANDRIA, Saturday.



MEETING of the Egyptian Cabinet was held on Thursday, with the KHEDIVÉ in the chair, at which Mr. RIVERS WILSON and the Minister-Representatives of the "interested Powers" were present. The occasion was more than usually exciting, as this was the first time that the members "chosen with a view to soothing international susceptibilities" had had an opportunity of meeting for mutual consultation.

The Minister of Finance (Mr. RIVERS WILSON) opened the proceedings by explaining that the time had arrived for the payment of the Autumn Coupons, secured on the revenue of the Egyptian Railways. He was happy to say that the money in hand was amply sufficient to meet all demands in full.

The Minister of Public Works (France) protested. The Railways belonged to his department, and he would not allow his English colleague to interfere with them. Great Britain was a grasping power. In France the aims of perfidious Albion were thoroughly understood, and appreciated—he would not say, seen through.

The Minister for War (Russia) agreed with his French colleague. The funds of the Egyptian Railway Department could not be better spent than on military preparations of a secret character. At any rate, in this matter his (the Minister for War's) hands had not been tied by the Treaty of Berlin.

Mr. RIVERS WILSON urged that the money belonged to the creditors of the State. It would go to pay the bondholders of England and France. Surely he could rely upon the support of his French colleague?

The Minister of Public Works begged to repeat that in France England had always been known in the best informed political circles as "perfidious Albion." He had nothing more to say.

The Minister of Marine (Italy) said that the money might be far more usefully spent upon the Navy. He had privately informed his Highness the KHEDIVÉ that, unless an alliance offensive and defensive were immediately concluded between Egypt and Italy, he (the Minister of Marine) should consider it his duty to retire from the Cabinet. The interests of Italy and Egypt were identical on the shores of the Mediterranean.

The Minister of Agriculture (Austria) protested in the warmest manner. His Italian colleague was evidently aiming at Trieste. The Egyptians were not the only semi-independent subjects of the SULTAN in the world. He (the Minister of Agriculture) claimed that the money should be handed over to him to be expended in much-needed improvements in Bosnia and Herzegovina.

The Minister of Public Instruction (Germany) could not consent to this. He demanded that the money should be used in suppressing Socialism everywhere. The Egyptian Finances would never be in a satisfactory condition until the smouldering fires of Social Democracy had been stamped out in every quarter of the universe.

The Minister for War (Russia), speaking also on behalf of his colleagues, the Ministers for Foreign Affairs (Bulgaria) and the Interior (Greece), who had both of them requested him to represent them, again urged that the money should be used for military preparations of a secret character.

Mr. RIVERS WILSON implored his colleagues to consider only the interests of Egypt and the Egyptian bondholders.

The other Ministers, in chorus, explained that they were greatly grieved and surprised at this observation. They added that it must be obvious to everyone that the prosperity of Egypt and the security of the Egyptian Bondholders were the two objects nearest to their hearts.

The KHEDIVÉ expressed himself thoroughly satisfied with this explanation, and requested the Cabinet to come to some decision. After a pause His Highness was informed that the Cabinet could not comply with his request.

The KHEDIVÉ then said it was his pleasant duty to dissolve the Meeting. He was more than contented with his present advisers, and begged to offer them his sincerest acknowledgments. He quite agreed with them that there was great difficulty in disposing of the funds paid into the Treasury from the Egyptian Railways in a manner that would not wound international susceptibilities. He thoroughly appreciated those susceptibilities. Under these circumstances he considered it advisable to keep the money in dispute in his own pocket—till his Cabinet could come to an agreement.

The proceedings then terminated.

CANNIBALISM V. VIVISECTION.

THE late Mr. SAMUEL ROGERS, poet and banker, once, called monkeys "our poor relations." Mr. DARWIN, in scientific earnest, has contended for—if not exactly proved—their consanguinity with ourselves. A Bishop, and a Bishop's son, have not only echoed ROGERS, but even endorsed DARWIN. Fact. At an Anti-Vivisection Meeting, held at Southampton the other day, the Bishop of WINCHESTER presided, in the absence of Lord SHAFTESBURY. He said, in holding forth, there were certain parties he would call his friends, and—

"First the brute creatures, many of whom were among the warmest friends of mankind—their dumb, and, as people called them sometimes, their 'poor relations,' although he did not see that, with freedom given them, they were poorer than mankind—indeed they were oftentimes far richer."

Referring to these words, the Rev. Canon WILBERFORCE, in a subsequent speech, observed that:—

"He was not going to enter to-night into the question of whether animals were possessed of immortality—not but it would be a far harder task to disprove than to prove this ('Hear! hear!'), but when they looked at the wonderful development of what he could only call intellect in some of those creatures, and saw in them sometimes what looked marvellously like an exhibition of the Christian virtues, he thought they were justified in calling them, as the Bishop did just now, their relations, and not always their poor relations. ('Hear! hear!')"

A most excellent argument against Vivisection, undoubtedly. But clearly an argument equally good against Butchers. If animals are really and truly our relations, poor or rich, what is killing them but murder, and eating them but cannibalism? The Rev. Canon WILBERFORCE (the son of SAMUEL) should be a Vegetarian, as well as a Teetotaler.

Among the other speakers was Miss COBBE, who read an address, in which, though womanly feeling was of course combined with masculine vigour, the former perhaps a little preponderated. Miss COBBE observed that—

"For her part, though she had no sympathy with sporting, she indignantly repudiated comparing the sportsmen of the field to the sportsmen of the laboratory, and asked did our sportsmen tie down a fox to a table, and slowly dissect its quivering nerves for two hours at a time, as PAUL BERT tormented a dog, or bake rabbits, as CLAUDE BERNARD baked one in his stove?"

Certainly the sportsmen of the field are not to be compared with the sportsmen of the laboratory. In the first place, there are no sportsmen of the laboratory, such as Miss COBBE means. Vivisectioners pursue not Sport, but Science. Then the pursuit of Science, even by vivisection, differs materially, both as to end and means, from fox-hunting. Vivisection is practised for the acquisition of medical and surgical knowledge; fox-hunting as a mere amusement. Which would Miss COBBE prefer, if she were forced to choose—to be vivisected, and forthwith killed, under chloroform, or to be chivied over the country miles and miles as hard as ever she could go, till she could go no further, and then to be torn alive in pieces by dogs? And all for fun! And that too when a red-herring trailed in and out and round about the requisite distance would serve just the same purpose as that particular poor relation, the fox!

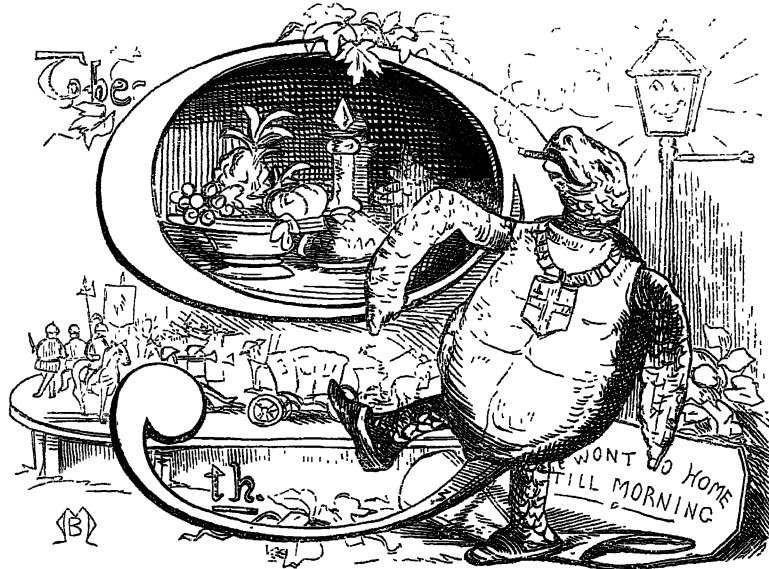
We may expect that the *Hampshire Independent* will shortly announce that the Bishop of WINCHESTER, the Rev. Canon WILBERFORCE, and Miss COBBE have all sworn no longer to devour their relations, the ox, the sheep, and the pig.

LYTTON'S LAST.—How to keep the Frontier out of hot water.—Get rid of all the Khans.

TWO BILLS AND TRUE BILLS.

Peace with Honour v. War with Dishonour.

To W. E. G. and Sir W. H.



REMEMBER, remember,
The Ninth of November,
When to take Civic luck of the pot,
My Lord BEACONSFIELD goes—
Then down on *your* toes
Won't he come—just—and give it you hot!

A REVEREND ROCK OF DEFENCE.

To the Rev. Jabez Whitewash, M.A., Vicar of All Saints and Sinners.

REVEREND SIR,

I AM a thief. There is no doubt about it. I have been examined before the Magistrates, and all the awkward particulars have come out. I have read in the papers that you give testimonials of "high character" to gentlemen in my position. Do please, Sir, give one to me. There is not a redeeming feature in my case. I admit it. But that cannot be helped now, and I hope it won't make any difference to you. Do you know of any other Clergyman who gives testimonials of this kind? Because I think that, if I could only get a few more, I might come off easy at the Assizes on the ground of character. I am told that your last testimonial made a great impression on the Court. Please address, in the first instance, C. BATES, Esq., care of the Governor, York Castle.

N.B.—I need not tell you that I am not a dirty pick-pocket or anything of that kind. I embezzled £10,000.

What the New City Peal Says.

You must pay up your "calls"—
Say the bells of St. Paul's!
Stock rises and falls—
Say the bells of St. Paul's!
City Companies' hauls—
Say the bells of St. Paul's!
Snug prebends and stalls—
Say the bells of St. Paul's!
Blest be these old walls!
Say the bells of St. Paul's!

THE LAST NEW DEFINITION OF HOME-RULE.—Obstruction.

A MODEL LEADER.

THE country will hear with satisfaction that the Government, after mature consideration of the aspect of affairs in Afghanistan, has decided upon doing something. What that something is precisely, has not yet officially transpired. Whether it is the resolve of the Government to invade Afghanistan at once, or to postpone action against the recalcitrant Ameer *sine die*, we are not yet in a position to say. Earl GAY, in a long and able letter, which we publish elsewhere, leaves little to be said against the first proposal; Sir BARTER FAIR and Sir STEPHEN JAMES, whose communications we also print in another column, leave as little to be said against the second one. There is much to be said on both sides; and we must admit that our correspondents have not spared our space in saying it. The country must read these various communications—if it can spare the time—and decide for itself upon the rival policies.

Lord GAY's arguments would be more conclusive if they did not end with an inconclusive conclusion. On the other hand, Sir STEPHEN JAMES's statement would settle the question completely, did not some question occur as to the completeness of the settlement. There is no doubt that our dealings with the Ameer for some time past have been all wrong, but we do not see what that has to do with it from a practical point of view. The argument from abstract right is only of antiquarian interest. The question is not moral, but military. We have said so before. We may probably have occasion to say so again. The statement is concise and alliterative, if not exactly conclusive or enlightening. The country is in no mood to argue nice points of morality, especially in regard to its dealings with a half-barbarous country. The earthly Providence of a vast Asiatic dependency cannot afford to be more ethically punctilious than other Providences—the Providence usually invoked by armed despotism, for example, or that which is authoritatively asserted to be ever on the side of the biggest battalions. We are of more value than many Afghanistans, and have, consequently, the right to make self-preservation our first—and last—law. Whether it is expedient to exercise that right, is another question; but it is a question for us only. This is a nice mild, musty way of putting it, which must commend itself to the common sense of the country. The country is in no mood for selfish dogmatism or arrogant bluster.

Earl GAY says that a Russian invasion of India is a big Bogey. We need hardly say that we entirely agree with him. It is what we have systematically urged all along. The idea may be dismissed as a wild Chimera. But to the more thoughtful alarmists the banished Bogey and the dismissed Chimera have somehow come back in another

guise—really an unpleasant one. It is just on the cards, they say, that Russia may unwarrantably take upon herself to imitate our own conduct in India by setting up on its own account as the earthly Providence of a vast Asiatic dependency adjoining our own; and that would be awkward. Two earthly Providences in Central Asia might not agree in their dispensations, especially at close quarters. Of course this would take time. Earl GAY says it is often as foolish to look too far forward, as to watch only the things immediately before our eyes. This is quite true. It is equally foolish to look too far backward. If, for example, we were to look over our own leaders for the last twelve months; but no matter. Sufficient for the day are the statesmanship and the journalism thereof. We should entirely agree with our noble correspondent, but for the fact that on many points we entirely differ from him. He overlooks the grievances we have against the Ameer. That the Ameer has also grievances against us is true, indeed, but scarcely to the purpose. Our conduct has been entirely indefensible; but then what we have to defend is not our conduct, but our dominions; and if we cannot conveniently do that without attacking him, so much the worse for him.

We must again insist that it is *not* a moral question. It is a question for Soldiers, if only they would agree upon the answer! But who shall decide when BURNABY, ADYE, and HAVELOCK disagree? Of course, if the Ameer *cannot* hurt us, we need not hurt him. We can in that case afford to be just, magnanimous, or, at worst, indifferent. The difficulty is to find out whether or no he *can* hurt us. The country must make up its mind on that point, which, with the aid of our luminous leaders, it will doubtless have little difficulty in doing. And then we shall agree with the country. We wish the country would make haste about it, for this prolonged uncertainty is trying to trimming journalists. Our eminent correspondents rather add to the difficulty, for they differ diametrically in their views; and to agree with them all round, as we earnestly endeavour to do, though agreeable to the feelings, is distracting to the intellect.

Earl GAY and Lord FLORENCE think we had better stop as we are. The country would be very happy to think that they are right. So should we. Indeed, we *do* think so—almost. A contest could bring us little good, and might bring us much harm. And if this reasoning is sound, then the preparations of the Viceroy for war are a flagrant iniquity. But then we have gone too far to draw back, and *must* do—what we have the pleasure of informing our readers the Government is about to do—Something! The country, however, is in no mood for embarking in a vague and boundless adventure of annexation. To-morrow we shall doubtless have more correspondence from eminent hands to deal with, and then—we shall see.

PIG-STICKERS, BEWARE!



Oh, a capital sport is Pig-sticking, no doubt,
If your seat is assured and your muscles are stout;
With a tough-shafted spear, keen of point, and held
straight,

And the pluck for a charge *plus* the nerve for a wait,
You may find in the Boar the best sport of the jungle:
But still 'tis a sport where to falter or bungle
Is like to prove fatal. "Pig-stickers, beware!"—

A discouraging notice to post in his lair!
When the jungle is beaten, the boar-spear in hand,
And the hog, bristles up and, tusks bared, makes his
stand,

To slip in one's seat, give a dubious glance
(Like a carver unskilled) at the point of one's lance,
Is not Pig-sticking form by a very long shot.
Forewarned is forearmed; but blow cold and blow hot
Is a game that will bring one to grief in the chase,
And if in the jungle the Sportsman should trace
Bigger tracks than the Boar's, hesitation may prove
From circumspect caution the farthest remove.
If the sport you misdoubt, if the game you can't face,
The best thing, of course, is to give up the chase.
But if you mean business, its risks you must dare,
Nor be funk'd by the notice, "Pig-stickers, beware!"



A FELLOW-FEELING.

Old Lady (to young Curate who has obtained preferment, and is about to leave). "WE'RE MAIN SORRY TO LOSE YOU, SIR. YOU 'VE BEEN VERY GOOD TO US OLD PEOPLE. YOU MIGHT 'A' BEEN A OLD WOMAN YOURSELF, SIR!!"

A SEASONABLE FRENCH EXERCISE.

(Set by Our Own Ollendorffian Professor—for November.)

I HAVE the nice Cold and you have the Pockethandkerchief.—I have the wet Feet and you have the thick Boots.—I have the wet Feet and the thick Boots.—You have the Neighbour's Umbrella (or the Umbrella of the Neighbour).—I have the new Hat and the old Shoes.—Do you wish to take a Cab?—I wish to take several.—I have time, but no mind (*pas envie*) to walk in the Rain.—He has a mind to take the Umbrella which you have, that which your Son has, and that which my Neighbour's Mother (or the Mother of my Neighbour) has.—He has the dirty Boots on my Carpet.—I have the bad Cold, the Rheumatism, the Lumbago, while the Peasant has neither this, nor that, nor the other.—Are you going to the Theatre to-night?—No; I intend (*compter*) to put my Feet in hot Water, to tallow my Nose, and to take some Gruel, while my Wife and my Neighbour's Wife will go to the Theatre (*spectacle*).—The pretty Women are at the Theatre, but I am at Home.—I have the red Nose.—The Washerwoman has not sent home my Linen (*linge*).—I have no Pockethandkerchiefs.—I have a cold Fit.—Since you are happy, why do you complain?—The Stocks have fallen (*Le Change a baissé*), therefore I complain.—I am sitting in a Draught.—My Wife's Mother holds her Tongue because she has a Cold.—I am not at home to anybody.—I have gone to Bed, but the Organ is playing opposite my Window.—Last Night I ate the thick Soup, the stale Fish, the underdone Joint, the bad Potatoes, the hard Cauliflower, the preserved jam Tart and Cream, the new Filberts, the roasted Chestnuts, the old Walnuts, and drank the cheap Sherry, the strong Stout, the sweet Champagne, and the bad Port.—To-day I have the bad Head-ache, the Rheumatism, the Gout, and the Doctor.

A Ritualistic Confession.

THE other morning, as I glanced
Adown the daily sheet,
I saw that Priests of views advanced
Were holding a Retreat.

Strange words are these, and yet one sees
Fit reason to endorse 'em—
Vestigia, if these held sway,
Would *cuncta* be *retrosum*.

ECHOES OF THE BACKSTAIRS.

(From Our Man at the Key-hole.)

HERE is a capital anecdote about the VICEROY which has a special value at the present moment. As BEACONSFIELD was having his hair arranged one day last week, and was chatting, as is his wont, familiarly with his dresser, on the growing complication in Asia, the possibility of seizing Afghanistan by a *coup de main* at the *Khyber* came in its turn on to the field of discussion. "Then you think, my Lord," said the *perruquier*, taking his cue from the tone of the preceding conversation, "that the VICEROY is up to a trick or two with the cards?"

"Yes," was the prompt reply, "but he can't manage 'the Pass.'"

I think this is quite one of the best things BEACONSFIELD ever said.

It seems that when HAWEIS was trying the tone of the new *carillon* at St. Paul's the other day, the Canons, nervous lest he should crack or chip any of the bells, came up in a body into the belfry to see what he was at. They found him, as might have been expected, laying about him freely with a powerful sledge-hammer and taking notes. Seeing that their presence in no way disturbed him, LIDDON, who is never at a loss on an occasion of the kind, stepped forward in his bluff genial way, and said, "Well, Mr. HAWEIS, if you were to strike us like that, I fancy we should sing out in a different fashion!"

"I'll be bound you would," retorted HAWEIS, quickly, making the tower reel again, as, with a thundering blow, he extracted a diminished fifth from the Major Tenor; "but Canons are generally made up of *gun* metal; and the sooner you all go off the better!"

There was a short, awkward pause, till the shaft slowly went home. In a few minutes the Canons withdrew, and HAWEIS completed his work for his interesting letter to the *Times*.

I heard a good thing of SALISBURY's about the "Decoration" scare. It appears that when BESSEMER went down to the Foreign Office on the subject, words, as usual, ran high, and things seemed likely to come to an unpleasant pitch, when the great Inventor abruptly remarked, "Well, orders are not unassociated with SALISBURY, though the order of the day seems to be not 'Salisbury Coloured,' but 'Salisbury plain.'"

"Yes," replied the facile Foreign Secretary, nothing taken aback by the involved ingenuity of the satire, "and, talking of *Salisbury plain*, the spire is not 'decorated.'"

When this was translated to MACMAHON, he laughed heartily.

Sir GEORGE BOWYER, who is too keen a humorist to let the music question pass without turning it to account, observed the other day to ARTHUR SULLIVAN, "What! a hundred thousand a year for singing! Why, they'll teach the children next with *five-pound notes*!"

LESLIE, in repeating this, added: "Mark my words. If that gets to the PREMIER's ears, Sir GEORGE will have his Committee."

A Chinese Tribute.

"A telegram from Hong Kong states that Mr. POPE HENNESSY, the Governor of the Colony, has received from Mr. BELILIOS, a Director of the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank, the sum of £1000 for the erection of a statue to the Earl of BEACONSFIELD at Hong Kong."—*Fall Mall Gazette*.

THEY gave me a Garter in June,
And now they declare they were wrong;
But though Britain alter her tune,
There is justice at least in Hong Kong.

With worship I still must be fed,
Though Imperial policy fail;
I have had it for years from Pig-head,
I will turn for it now to Pig-tail.

ALL IN A CARTE.

SCENE—The Waiting Room of a Publishing Photographer's. Popular Celebrities discovered in readiness for their Sitzings. Enter Mrs. PEACOCK, who is received by Polite Employé at the door.



POLITE Employé. We are rather busy this morning, Madam; but, doubtless, you come by appointment?

Mrs. Peacock. Certainly (giving paste-board). Here is my card.

Polite Employé (looking at his list). Oh, yes, of course, the lovely Mrs. PEACOCK! I trust, Madam, that you have brought a ball-dress with you? Mr. KAMMERER particularly wishes to take at least one of the portraits in décolleté costume.

Mrs. Peacock. My Man has, I believe, the larger part of my wardrobe in boxes in the hall.

Polite Employé. A thousand thanks, Madam! Mr. KAMMERER will have the honour to attend upon you immediately.

Aristocratic Bride (in white satin and orange blossoms). I trust that Mr. KAMMERER will see me as soon as possible. I have been waiting here for some time.

Polite Employé. Certainly, my Lady, certainly. But you see there will be a greater demand for Mrs. PEACOCK's carte than for yours for the moment. Mr. KAMMERER thinks it better to keep your Ladyship's picture back until after your Ladyship's marriage. It will be published simultaneously with the account of your Ladyship's nuptials and wedding presents in the morning papers.

Aristocratic Bride (with an unpleasant look at Mrs. PEACOCK). I can't help feeling that Mr. KAMMERER is neglecting me for others.

Polite Employé. On the contrary, my Lady, Mr. KAMMERER is most anxious to take a really popular portrait of your Ladyship. He has ordered a special back-ground, representing the Castle in which your Ladyship purposes spending your honey-moon.

Mrs. Peacock (with a scornful glance at Aristocratic Bride). I must have a castle in the back-ground, too. If Mr. KAMMERER does not provide one, I shall go off at once to Messrs. STRUTT AND STABLEIGH. They have been boring me for weeks to give them a sitting.

Polite Employé. Certainly, Madam. You shall have any back-ground you please; although Mr. KAMMERER thought that perhaps the sea-shore would be appropriate to one of your cartes—with, perhaps, a bathing-machine in the middle distance.

Clerical Dignitary. I hope that Mr. KAMMERER will not keep me waiting much longer. I have a Missionary Meeting to attend, and—

Polite Employé. Certainly, my Lord. I think you wish to be taken in your vestments. (Clerical Dignitary looks displeased.) I beg pardon. I was mixing up your Lordship with the Ritualists. I should have said lawn-sleeves.

Miss Sallie Plantagenet, née Sarah Snooks (entering briskly). Now, then, young man, look sharp! I have got a rehearsal on at the Revelry Theatre at eleven, and I shall only just have fifteen minutes to slip on my togs, give the guv'nor a sitting, pop into my brougham, and get to the stage-door in time to save a fine.

Aristocratic Bride. } Surely, Mr. KAMMERER will not
Mrs. Peacock. } presume to give this young per-
Clerical Dignitary. } son a sitting before any of us!

Miss Sallie Plantagenet. Come, I say, who are you calling "a young person"? As young as you please—but person, indeed! I am sure my cartes sell just as well as Mrs. PEACOCK's, or any of the swell beauty-women; and as to the Bishop's, why he's just nowhere. But there, don't let's quarrel. I daresay this young man will settle it for us somehow. Won't you, my dear?

Polite Employé. Certainly, Madam, I hope your Ladyship will excuse the delay. (To Mrs. PEACOCK and Aristocratic Bride.) Oh, pray don't think of going, Ladies. Mr. KAMMERER will be so

distressed, and the Public will be so disappointed. Oh, do think of Mr. KAMMERER and the Public!

Miss Sallie Plantagenet (good-naturedly). Don't get the poor young man into trouble. And why should you and me quarrel (to Bishop), when we shall be all next door neighbours in the shop windows for the next two years? (To Aristocratic Bride.) Look here, you are ready, and she (pointing to Mrs. PEACOCK) is readier than me, as I have to make up my face and get into my never-mention-'ems, so you two shall be taken first; and, by the time you are done, the Reverend gent and me will be ready. There, that's real jam! Don't you see—while KAMMERER is knocking off your two be-oo-tiful nobs, the Bishop can be putting on his lawn sleeves, and I can be getting into my tights.

(Scene closes in upon the arrangement.)

LOVE IN THE MIST.

A Romantic Réverie. By MISS LACKADAY.

"Such stuff as dreams are made of."

III.

He always was angry when other men were kind to me. Now that I am older, and see things more clearly, I think he must have been jealous; but it did not occur to me then that he could have a fault. . . .

I wish I could put him clearly before the reader; but to be clear is always my difficulty. . . . There was nothing salient about him—no trick, no mannerisms—no fault, as I thought then, unless this were a fault in itself. I sometimes wondered whether it was so. It was certainly that that made it so difficult for me to distinguish him from the other. And the other was so vivid. He had all sorts of ways about him that compelled you to recognise his presence—He would stumble over the coal-scuttle as he came into the room, and make us all start up to welcome him—Then he was irritable—and when he was contradicted, he used to flap his coat-tails—or sometimes he would suddenly untie his neck-tie, and then MYRTLE would go up to him in her gentle, cat-like manner, and tie it again, and that always seemed to soothe him somehow. Then there was his bicycle.—Altogether, he was a man you could not mistake.—It was a magnetism. But the other—my man I mean—I think I must call him A., for I have forgotten his real name, and people tell me that my style gets confused when I call them both "the other." A. had no tricks, and no faults. If he had not always worn brown velvetene, I should not have known him from the butler. What a mysterious thing identity is! We all say, "I am I." But is that all?—Am not I you also? Are not you me? Does not a common emotion make us one? Surely it must have been something of this kind that SHAKESPEARE was thinking of, when he said, "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." I used to talk of this to A. sometimes, but never could get him to understand me. There was some dear kind sort of stupidity about him that was a barrier to full sympathy.—I think that was what I loved him for.—I have always felt that there is a pathos in the stupidity of kind-hearted men—something that softens us towards them, and makes us feel about them as we do about big dogs and cart-horses, and all the rough, uncouth creatures that fetch and carry for us in this weary, toiling world.

* * * * *

Poor stupid A.! You need not have been so jealous. In my heart I always loved you better than clever B. But B. had a way of coming on his bicycle that I could not resist; and besides there was a likeness between you. It was not in figure, for he was tall (you never were); and I don't think it was in features. But there was a look about you both—an intensity, a hidden flash, a word, a way! How shall I describe it? How make people know the fascination those two men had for me, and the impossibility it was to me to tell one from the other, till they were both gone, and I was left alone to think it over, and over, and over. . . . Sometimes, as I think of it, I seem to be a child in a fairy story, that has gone out alone, and got lost.—A crowd hustles and jostles,—rough voices swear, big feet trample, the little one begins to cry. A kind hand stretches out, and it feels saved.—But its eyes are full of tears; and before it can wipe them away, the hand is gone, and another is in its place.—It cannot see this one more than the other. What does that matter? Both are kind hands.—It loves both.—Either will take it home. . . . Only with me both hands went at once, and I had to come home alone.

IV.

Ah, that dreary coming home! I remember the chillness in the air when I opened my window before breakfast.—It was like the first autumn frost, and yet it was June as usual and the roses were in their glory. We had sat up late the night before—quarrelling and forgiving, and quarrelling again. He said I was false—that I had talked to B. from the window—that I had broken

MYRTLE's heart. He called B. a blackguard. It was at that that I flared up. I could not stand hearing B. abused—dear B., who was so clever, and whom we were always so glad to see when he came on his bicycle.—I took his part fiercely, and A. only grew angrier.—But I did not mind.—I was young enough to enjoy a scene.—I think I must have said some things that went home, for A. gave up answering at last, and when he went out of the room he did not say "good night." Poor fellow, I am afraid I wounded him—but he should not have abused B. to me when he knew I was fond of him. . . . I never understood what was the beginning of it all. As to my talking to B. from the window, I did not hesitate to deny that altogether. I had promised my queen to tell no one, and it was a duty to keep my promise. Besides, I knew that she had kept hers to me.—I would not have broken our covenant for the world.—I think if I had, those beautiful eyes would have haunted me for ever. The crime and the mystery would have poisoned my dreams.

We all cried at breakfast.—The children asked for A., and cried when I said he would not come.—I felt hysterical. I was impatient for the carriage to come, and take me away. A little three-cornered note tumbled out of the toast-rack. The butler handed it to me with one of his kind looks—that made me cry outright. I crumpled up the note in my hand, and ran out of the room. I lost it somehow, and have never known what was in it. Perhaps if I had, my life might have been different!—On such slight chances do our destinies hang! A few scratches on a scrap of paper, and two hearts are made happy—or miserable. A post fails, and Heaven is missed. We tremble to think of it.

MYRTLE met me in the doorway.—She was in great disorder. Her eyes had large red rims round them; her hands were clasped over her head; she looked splendid, and asked me to forgive her. I kissed her, and sobbed "Yes." Thinking over it afterwards, I wondered what I was to forgive her for.—It seemed to me that I had only to thank her.—However, it does not matter.—It is always sweet to forgive and forget. . . .

The house at home seemed more bustling than ever.—The children had all outgrown their clothes.—There were more of them than usual. I asked R. to keep them out of my way.—I could not bear their presence.—I was always thinking of A., and wondering what had become of B.—This state of things lasted a whole day.—I think I should have died if it had gone on longer. But a change came, and we were all glad of it. The WATSONS asked us to work for a Fancy Fair. We set to work busily. R. was a genius with her fingers—it was a happiness to watch her. She knew how to make something out of everything—out of nothing! The tiniest scraps were of use to her—the most hopeless rubbish grew hopeful in her hands. I used to bring her all the odds and ends I could find—old lucifer-matches, broken bottles, corks, cigar-ends, and dead leaves from the garden. She transmuted them all—infusing into each something of her own bright being. . . .

It was while we were busy in this way that I had a second note from A. Poor fellow, it was a very tender little note, just like himself. He said he was afraid he had been hasty, and had not given me time to explain. Would I write to him? or might he come and see me? He called me his "dearest," and signed himself my "devoted and penitent A." I cried as I read the note, and felt that I loved him better than ever. I meant to answer by the first post; but somehow I grew absorbed in watching R. at her work. She was making a cockchafer out of a champagne-cork—it was so soothing to see her dainty fingers twisting the wires into antennae, and poking holes for the eyes. In watching her, I forgot everything—suddenly the clock struck six. It was too late to write that day. I thought of *Cinderella*, and how *her* clock struck. . . . I meant to write next day—but again I was busy, and again I let the post go, without a word for A. Then the whole thing went out of my head—I was getting so happy over the bazaar, that I could think of nothing else till it was finished.—Then I remembered again, and looked for the note, but it was gone.—Unfortunately, I could not recall his address, and so I have never been able to write.—Poor A.! That is how the Prince vanished out of my Fairy tale, and I had to come home alone.

The children are tired of waiting for their tea.—I rouse myself from my dreams.—They crowd round my chair—they have broken all the willow-pattern plates, and eaten the butter from the muffins—they tell me so laughing, and I laugh with them. The Landlady comes in with dusters.—It is bed-time.—The children are asleep already.—I shall be soon.—Good night, my friends!

SHORT NOT SWEET.

PUT into two words the Bulgarian Question, the Asia-Minor Question, the Greek Question, the Afghan Question, and all the other "Imperial" Questions *in petto*—BENJAMIN'S MESS.

SOCIAL SCIENCE AND SUNDAY.



QUEST—By what means can good examples of Art be brought within the reach of the population of small towns and villages? Answer—In a measure, by providing Sunday and other parish schools, and Workmen's Clubs, with models, fittings, furniture, and pottery, of good shapes. Respondent, Mr. T. C. HORSFALL, of Manchester, in a paper read in the Art Section of the Social Science Congress at Cheltenham, thus ending:—

"But, above all, if English people are to live with pictures, and learn to think of pictures, they must be enabled to give part of Sunday to the study of pictures and the lessons taught by them. ('Hear, hear!') Picture Galleries and Museums should be opened on Sunday, and, to make them more attractive, music should be introduced."

Mr. HAYWOOD, also of Manchester, recommended the Art Gallery of Birmingham, open on Sundays, as an example to other towns, especially because such institutions were "counteracting influences to the attraction of the dram-shop." And—

"The Rev. Mr. ROBERTS thought the English observance of the Sabbath was rather Jewish than Christian. The spirit and example of our Saviour himself was of a more cheerful character. ('Hear, hear!') He himself walked in the fields on the Sabbath, and taught his disciples that the Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath. ('Hear, hear!') If the exhibition of Art of a refining and elevating kind would keep people from the public-houses, they ought not to frown upon or discourage such exhibitions. ('Hear, hear!')"

Hear an enlightened divine. Only take his divinity with just half a grain of salt. English Sabbatarian observance of Sunday is, in fact, neither altogether Christian nor exactly Jewish. Our Sabbatarian brethren observe the first instead of the seventh day of the week; and that with breaches for which, had they so broken the Jewish Sabbath, the Jews of old would have stoned them. Nevertheless their manner of observing their Sabbath so-called is so nearly Judaic as quite to justify the statement that it is rather Jewish than Christian. If this were all, it would be of no consequence to anybody but themselves; but they are not content, for their own part, with regarding Sunday as the Sabbath, and considering man made for the Sabbath, and not the Sabbath for man. They endeavour with all their ability to enforce such an observance of what they call their Sabbath, that in all of our towns with but few exceptions—amongst which honour to Birmingham—there exist on that holiday no counteracting influences whatever to the attractions of the dram-shop. "Bravo, Bigotry!" cries Mr. BUNG. "Gin and true Religion; Sabbatarianism and Swizzle for ever!"

Hope for the New Egyptian Loan.

"Among the documents upon which the loan has been negotiated, we believe, is a letter from Mr. MONEY, C.B., the English Controller of the Daira Estates, who was requested to make a special examination of the property given up by the KHERIVS and his family. His account is that in the last two years the net revenue has exceeded £700,000 per annum. That though the past administration of the estates has been wasteful and extravagant to the last degree, with proper management they will yield even more than the actual revenue for the last two years."

Then there is "Money" in it.

A HINT TO THE DETECTIVES.

WE observed the following in LLOYD's List of Thursday:—

"Jas. Nicol Fleming (of Glasgow) steering W., Oct. 14, in lat. 41 N. long. 14 W."

A PROPOS OF ST. PAUL'S PEAL.

Busy City Man (who doesn't like the disturbance). Bless the Bells! Confound them!



WHAT WE MAY COME TO IN TIME.

Mrs. Brabour Vavazon (reading extract from *Journal of Anthropological Institute*, May, 1878, pp. 480-1). "THE BODIES OF THE MOTU GIRLS IN NEW GUINEA ARE COVERED WITH TATTOO MARKS RESEMBLING FINE LACE GARMENTS. . . IT HAS THE APPEARANCE OF A TIGHT-FITTING SUIT OF CLOTHES."

Ethel and Clara. "HOW QUITE TOO LOVELY!"

Sir George and the Colonel. "AW—YES! AWF'LLY JOLLY!"

A PAS DE TROIS.

"At present, however, France gets on well with the Republic, and discerns no change to her advantage. One Prince alone enjoys a sufficient popularity among all parties to form one of those attractive personages from whom a Republic might apprehend competition for popular favour. He is young, and has a look of vigour, is muscular, has ready wit, is able to listen seriously and reply affably, on the sea like a sailor, and in the forest like an Arkansas hunter, pursuing with equal ardour work and pleasure, and surpassing in both those who follow him. The Prince to whom I refer is at the present moment one of the most popular figures in this country. He is affable with his equals and smiling with those below him; he is peremptory in his orders after having been docile as regards the advice he asked. He expresses himself with equal ease in the languages of most who come in contact with him; he loves the arts, hunting, arms, beauty under all its forms; he is neither unbending nor compliant; he will endure no stain in those who surround him, nor does he enforce any hypocrisy on those who serve him. He has a communicative gaiety, a vigour enhanced by elegance; he is natural in his princely bearing; he amuses himself when he wishes to do so; he can be sumptuous without being prodigal; he remembers men and things; he is firm and liberal; he detests all that is exclusive, likes a straightforward policy, is a staunch friend and frank adversary. He is cast, in short, in the mould whence great popular figures in France have issued—the Henry the Fourths, the Francis the Firsts—a seductive mixture of excellences and foibles, against whose candidatures Republicans and Royalists collapse, and who are borne on the wave of popular movements. Happily for the Republic, and also I hope for England, this Prince is not a Frenchman, and is not a candidate."—*Times Paris Correspondent*.

La République loquitur.

AH yes, this is better. *Quelle journée! Ma foi!*

Such partners are pleasant; my step they have caught. This is really a very superb *pas de trois*,

And should furnish my enemies matter for thought. They think—*quelle idée!*—that the fierce *Carmagnole* Or low *Can-can* are all I am fitted to dance.

But a Prince and a Marshal for partners! *Quel rôle!*

They'll allow that this figure is worthy of France.

Houp, Maréchal! Bravo! A leetle bit stiff—

Ménuet de la cour might be more in his line.

But he goes, and, consid'ring our late little tiff,

Has fairly adjusted his footing to mine.

He cries "*Tout va bien!*" and steps briskly—though this

Is not quite the *pas* he expected, perchance.

Mon vieux! you've behaved, I'll admit, not amiss,

And fall in, *faute de mieux*, with the fashion of France.

Mon Prince! No, not mine, though I almost could say—

Halte-là! La République must not take that tone,

But a partner more pleasant, more active, and gay

No Lady could wish. His step's light as my own,

At not even *pas-riqué* nor *can-can* he'll wince,

Chassez, croisez,—how gaily he follows the dance!

Ma foi! if one could be *épris* of a Prince,

This brave *Prince de Galles* were the fancy of France.

Our Own Correspondent! Could flunkeyish soul

Up-pile panegyric in style more profuse?

To such sugar as *that*, I should think, on the whole,

The frank Prince would prefer the most acid abuse.

HENRI QUATRE! *Le vert galant!* Faith—he had need,

With *ces dames* pulling caps for his hand in the dance;

Brisk in work as in play. He's the man to succeed

In winning, though Prince, the affection of France.

May this gay *pas de trois* prove an augury fair

Of union at home, as of peace with *his* land,

Who, Prince though he be, with such grace *debonair*

So frankly could give the Republic his hand.

And, Marshal, my dear, you may cast aside fear,

Now Royalty shares the Republican dance,

We may foot it together for many a year,

If you'll just leave the choice of the figure to France.



A "PAS DE TROIS!"

AMAZING!



"AGAINST folly," SCHILLER says, "the gods themselves fight in vain!" Why, then, should *Punch* hope to contend successfully with this irresistible adversary? At what desperate odds he dares the contest will be apparent, he hopes, to some, at least, of his readers, when he tells them that his last week's Cartoon, branding the villany of the Directors of the City of Glasgow Bank, has been con-

strued by an indignant correspondent—a Scotchman, he is sorry to say—into an outrageous and unfeeling attack on the unhappy sufferers by that gigantic swindle—the very objects, *Punch* need scarcely point out, of his deepest sympathy as helpless and innocent victims of these thieves on a colossal scale, whom his Cartoon presents in their true character as heads of the plundering profession.

FRIENDS AT A DISTANCE.

Being the brief record of a few Winter-seasonable Visits to certain Country Houses.

CHAPTER I.

The accidental meeting—Spontaneous invitation—Hesitation—Decision—Explanation—Instruction—Suggestions—Insulting a tried companion—The bag—The address—More next time.

ABOUT this time I manage to give a few friends the benefit of my presence. I did it last year. I have begun again.

My friend, JOSSLYN DYKE, is jealous of my other old friend, BOODELS of Boodels. JOSSLYN DYKE complains that, whenever I do go anywhere, I always visit BOODELS of Boodels at Boodels. The repartee is evident, "Then ask me, my dear JOSSLYN. Whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad,"—which last quotation, by the way, is inscribed on a Cab-call presented to me on my birthday. The instrument in question is pretty on a watch-chain, and amusing as a puzzle, but its practical working is a failure. It is, "Blow your whistle! I won't come to you, my lad!" This is merely *avis aux siffleurs*.

JOSSLYN DYKE replies, warmly, "Come the day after to-morrow." This is sudden: but it is "now or never" with JOSSLYN. I am all for "now," and I accept.

"Capital!" says JOSSLYN, as heartily as before; "that's first rate."

Then he pauses, and puts his head on one side, as if considering a difficulty. I make a pretence of being uninterested, but I own to a misgiving about his invitation. It was given readily, it was as readily accepted. It was offered carelessly; it was received with caution.

"Hum!" he says, dubiously, as if turning it over in his mind, "let me see—I'm going to the THOMPSON BONHAMS on—ah—"

This sounds as though he were going to the THOMPSON BONHAMS on the very day of my arrival. But I've accepted. *Ergo*: Put off the THOMPSON BONHAMS. I make no observation, thinking it better for him to arrange his own affairs with himself, and leave mine to myself. My affair is that I am going down to stay with him, and, however he may treat the THOMPSON BONHAMS, I am not going to be put off.

He goes on soliloquising—"Yes, let me see—if I don't go to them then—I can write and say that—yes—if you come down on Monday,"—I brighten up at this—I foresee a pleasant week—"Yes, if you come down on Monday—then I can go to the THOMPSON BONHAMS on Thursday—that will suit you, eh?"

"Oh, yes," I reply, considerably damped by the sudden curtailment of my projected visit.

It seems as though he were calculating my cost per diem, or that

it had suddenly occurred to him how tired he might possibly become of me in two days' time, and what a loophole was at once offered him by the THOMPSON BONHAMS' engagement.

JOSSLYN DYKE, having concluded his soliloquy, and very nearly made his fixtures for the next few days, continues, as we walk along: "The fact is," he says, confidentially, "the country's charming, delightful in the summer," he emphasises "summer" strongly, when my house is full—lots of pretty people and pretty dresses, you know—and the birds are singing, and all the flowers are at their brightest and sweetest"—(quite a poet is JOSSLYN! only I cannot avoid the thought that flashes across me, "If it were such a Paradise in summer, why the deuce didn't he ask me there when there were, as he says, lots of pretty people and pretty dresses?") However, I'll keep this—I'll brood over it—till we have a cosy tête-à-tête in his snugnest of snug smoking-rooms), "but now," he goes on, "when all the leaves are falling, when the fogs rise and steal up the garden-walks like chilled ghosts of the past—"

"My dear fellow!" I remonstrate, "you're romancing. It can't be so bad as that." How about my bargain, and my pleasant time at his country house, if he's going to have foggy ghosts stealing up the garden walks?

"O yes, it is," he insists. "You see, at four o'clock, one is only too glad to close the shutters, draw the curtains, put on the logs, light gas and candles everywhere we can, and keep out the shadows of the night and the sort of churchyard damp that will stream in through the chinks and crannies of the old house in spite of everything."

"Ah!" I say, endeavouring to divert him from his present gloomy line of thought. What's the matter with him? He is tall, rather a chubby-faced, or cherub-faced, man, guiltless of moustache and whisker except for a little bit that seems to have slipped down from under his hair on each side, and been fastened on flat with gum, and broad shoulders with just the slightest stoop. I have always heard of him as being, or as having been (and quite recently, too), dauntless as a lion in the cricket-field (a lion in the cricket-field would be the only dauntless one there, if the other dauntless ones had any sense—so it is a good simile after all), and a hero at lawn-tennis.

"Ah!" I exclaim, cheerily. "Yes, yours is an old house, a very old house, isn't it?"

"Yes," he begins. But I am afraid of his harking back to his former theme, and I cut him short with—

"I love an old house, whether in England or abroad!" I've not seen very many anywhere, except when in process of demolition for 'Metropolitan Improvements'; but inference, and not accuracy, is the point when conversation has to be made. In fact, an originator of conversation should drop vague hints, calculating on the probable inferences to be drawn from them by his auditors, who will then keep up the interest for themselves. This process might be called the Inferential Calculus. This is a note by the way.

"I love old houses!" I go on enthusiastically. I feel I must be enthusiastically joyous with a man so depressed as JOSSLYN. Odd that he should be taken like this immediately after giving me my invitation. Is it repentance? Regret?

"An old house is so cheerful in winter," I say; and here it occurs to me that I will give him a hint, and oppose ghosts with real flesh and blood—"I mean it is so lively, when there are about half-a-dozen pleasant people"—is half-a-dozen enough? I ought to have asked more, and then he would have come down to that—I retrace my steps carefully—"half-a-dozen, or a dozen; according, of course," I am careful to add, "to the size of the house. A few Ladies to brighten up the scene. Then the chat round the fire"—somehow I can't get away from the fire. Whenever I begin with my ideal of the cheeriness of a country house in winter, the fire is the centre, as it were, of my system, and I invariably picture everybody sitting round it all day long, as though really afraid for their very lives to move away, lest they should be frozen to death, I leave this inference, however, for him; only, as far as I've gone, my sketch does not present that idea of hearty joviality with which it had been my object to impress him. Sitting round a fire the whole day is more suggestive of a purring, sleepy, stupid state, than of rollicking country-house amusement. I determine to throw more spirit into my description, just to encourage him to ask some pleasant people; for if he doesn't, and if he is going to be as gloomy as he is just now, I shall begin to regret I accepted JOSSLYN's invitation.

"Yes," I continue, "some lively people; all bright and cheery round the breakfast-table in the morning—the freshest, merriest meal of the day!"

"Ah!" he interrupts, "I hate breakfast in the morning!"

When would he have it then? In the evening?

No; he meant it seriously. He wouldn't, he says, have it at all. Personally, he doesn't have it for himself, only for his guests.

I am compelled, out of deference to my future host, to tone down this brilliant colouring at the commencement of the day, and go on to the next step.

"Well," I admit, as if convinced by his manner, more than his



BURNING QUESTIONS.

Mistress. "ANYTHING THE MATTER, COOK?"

Cook (*hysterically*). "I'VE BEEN UPSET, MUM! THAT BILL"—(*the Gardener*)—"HAS BEEN A-GOIN' ON ABOUT THE HEASTERN CRISIS, MUM, THAT I DON'T HARDLY FEEL AS I CAN RETAIN MY SITIIVATION! HE'S THAT WIOLENT 'JINGO,' MUM, AND WE WAS ALWAYS HULTRA-LIBERAL IN MY FAM'LY!"

arguments, and in a general way deferring to his better sense and greater experience (always in view of him as my future host), "Well, there is something in what you say. A row and a noise in the morning is not good; it's exhausting. But then afterwards—the first pipe, for example, after breakfast—ah—ah!" and I try to represent, in action, what rapture is mine when smoking my first pipe in the morning.

"Ah!" says JOSSLYN, most seriously, "I detest smoking early in the morning; I only smoke at night: last thing."

"Indeed!" I exclaim; and for a few seconds I haven't anything further to say. I am a trifle shaken in my notions of the jollity of JOSSLYN as a companion; but I think it best to "go with him," so to speak, as far as I can, and (still in view of being my future host) by an effort I recover this blow—for it is a blow, when a man who is to be your host and companion, differs from you on such an essential point as the first pipe in the morning—and say—

"Well, possibly you're right—it suits *me*—but one can't legislate for others"—(I wish I could)—"but then that's not the only pleasure"—(and I quite pick up again as I begin to picture to myself a brilliant society at JOSSLYN's house)—"there are the Ladies!"

"Never look well in winter," he says, shaking his head, then adds—"and so difficult to get the right ones. Hate girls."

What age is JOSSLYN? I'll go and talk him over with a friend. At present my object is to show I'm the "Cornerless Man," who will fit in everywhere and anywhere.

[*Happy Thought*.—Capital name for a story, *The Cornerless Man*. Also, good idea for an Advertisement:—

WANTED, by a CORNERLESS MAN, several pleasant COUNTRY-HOUSES to stop at during the Winter Months. Hunting and Shooting quarters not so much an object as agreeable Society, and all found. No objection to travel in perfectly fine weather, and the sea like a lake.—Address C. M., Somebody Else's Chambers, No. 1 (which number he is at present engaged in taking care of).]

"Yes," I own to JOSSLYN, "you are right. It is difficult to select exactly the people. But you have always plenty ready and willing

to come down to *you*. Then"—(I go on with my ideal country-house and its joys)—"there's riding, or perhaps hunting, or a walk out and a drive back"—

"And *walk* back," he corrects me quickly, so that there should be no misunderstanding, no accepting on false expectations. "I don't keep any horses or carriages."

"No—but"—(I suggest, as possible)—"a pony-trap"—

"No trap at all," says JOSSLYN, decisively.

I am about to recover myself with greater difficulty this time, as I foresee *not* being met at the Station, which is an omission I detest, and am trying to pump up some fatuous remark about walking being better for the health, and so forth, when he takes up the conversation, and says—

"No; out of the summer, it's a very dull place, and I'm only too glad of anyone coming down to talk to me."

The deuce!

"But I shan't have any one else there, because if two fellows come, they talk to one another, and not to *me*; and they go out together, and leave me at home, because I don't walk much now. No," he goes on becoming more contented with the prospects of my being down there alone, and, so to speak, in his power; "we will have the place to ourselves. It's an enormous old house. I shut up most of the rooms when there's nobody there, and occupy one; that'll be quite enough for *us*." "Oh, quite!" I say; but my heart fails me, and my mind misgives.

"You'll see what a strange, queer old ghostly place it is: some terrible legend to every room in the house. That's what's you'll enjoy."

He is now quite lively again, as he bids me good-bye, and tells me he shall certainly expect me the day after to-morrow. In answer to my question about the line and station, he informs me that I start from Fenchurch Street Station. Fenchurch Street! Oh! I almost exclaim. Couldn't he make it anywhere else? If there is a station I detest—but, no matter, it is too late now—I have accepted—and it mayn't be so far, after all,—only to begin with Fenchurch Street Station on a foggy, mizzly, dull, damp November afternoon—



A PUBLIC NUISANCE.

FANCY PORTRAIT OF THE PARTY WHO WILL DEFACE THE BOOKS FROM THE CIRCULATING LIBRARY, BY SCORING UNDER THE PASSAGES HE APPROVES OF WITH A LEAD PENCIL, AND WRITING THE WORD "BOSH" ON THE MARGIN WHEN HE DISAPPROVES.

THE JINGO-ENGLISHMAN.

(New Version of an old Song, adapted to the tastes of the Patriot of the Period.)

THERE'S a Land that's Cock of Creation's walk,
Though it is but a tiny isle,
And to hear its brag, and its tall talk,
Might make e'en *Bombastes* smile.
It holds itself holiest, first in fight,
Most brave, most wise, most strong,
And will ne'er admit what it fancies right
Can by any chance be wrong.
'Tis the pink of perfection, deny it who can,
The Home of the Jingo-Englishman!

There's a Flag that floats o'er every sea,
And claims to control the brine;
And if any dare hint that it makes too free,
The result is a deuce of a shine.
For the bouncing boys who walk the deck
Deem the Ocean their own little lot,
And if foreign fools at their pride should check,
They will catch it exceedingly hot.
Right-divine's in its bunting, deny it who can,
Is the Flag of the Jingo-Englishman!

There's a Heart that leaps with abominable glow
A paying cause to defend,
Lest interest rule it in fixing a foe,
And profit in choosing a friend.
It nurtures a deep and abiding love
For possession of power and pelf,
And deems that the duty all others above
Is enshrined in that sweet word "self."
'Tis a rare tough organ, deny it who can,
The Heart of your Jingo-Englishman!

The Briton may traverse the Pole or the Zone,
And annex on sea or shore;
He calls an immense domain his own,
But he means going in for more.
Let the wandering stranger seek to know
To what charter such "rights" are owed,
And a flush will rise to the Briton's brow
As he answers—"You be blowed!"
There's no end of a pull, deny it who can,
In the words, "I'm a Jingo-Englishman!"

as a place to start from (better, in that aspect, thank Heaven! than as a place where we might be forced to stop!) is not an encouraging prospect.

"From Fenchurch Street," he explains (and he thinks it a charming station; far better, he says, than Paddington, or St. Pancras, or Liverpool Street—oh! far better!—so much more convenient; yes, for where he wants to go) "you take the train"—or, more correctly speaking, the train takes me; for I couldn't take a train anywhere without making a dreadful mess of it—"the train takes you," continues JOSSLYN, "to Burstled Mills. There you get out."

"Yes; and take a fly for your place," I say, with ready intelligence. I am wrong, JOSSLYN explains. I do not take a fly. Does a fly take me? "No," JOSSLYN replies, with such gravity, that I at once become seriously attentive. Another train comes up on a loop-line, and that takes me to Clogsole and Clayboro'; and this last is his, JOSSLYN DYKE'S, Station.

I feel as glad as though I were there already.

"There is sure to be," he informs me, "some one there to carry your bag"—he has evidently decided on the limit to my luggage, and my stay—"and if there isn't, you can walk up through the village; and I can send the Gardener down, if he hasn't gone away. But," he adds, in a hopeful tone, "we'll manage—somehow."

I detest this expression when applied to dealings with my bag. "Love me, love my bag," is my motto as a traveller, and if I don't care about being treated "somehow," much less do I like to think of my bag having to rough it in that sort of manner. After all, what am I without my bag? What is any man, travelling, without his bag? Absolutely nothing. And knowing this as well as every one with any experience must do, nothing irritates me more, or more justly—as it should irritate every right-minded, honest, self-respecting person—than to hear a host, or a butler, or any servant, but specially a host, say carelessly, "Oh, your bag will be all right. It'll come up somehow. And, if it doesn't, we can easily send for it."

No, I do not like this prospect as presented by JOSSLYN; and from this moment I have one fixed determination for this visit, and that is, Not on any account to part with my Bag!

I reserve these remarks, and do not tell JOSSLYN how he has wounded a sensitive nature.

"And the name of your place—I forget exactly?" I ask.

"Here it is—on my card. I thought you knew," he replies. "The Mote, Moss-End. It's about three miles from the station."

Happy Thought.—More Re-mote than Mote. But I mustn't venture on a jest about the name of a man's place, where his forefathers and foremothers may have lived for centuries. But yet, wasn't he disrespectful to my bag? He won't be when he sees it. *Boy* carry my bag, indeed! I should like to see the Boy who could carry the bag that I'm going to take down with me to The Mote Moss-End. That Boy would have to be a young Hercules. JOSSLYN little suspects that in that bag of mine I can pack things sufficient to last me for three months at a time! I'm an old carpet-bagger, and patent packing has been my study for years. But, he will see. I shall arrive—the Cornerless Man with the Carpet-Bag!

We part. And the day after to-morrow will see me—if the day after to-morrow only looks out sharp enough, and isn't too foggy—down at The Mote Moss-End, chez JOSSLYN DYKE. *Au revoir!*

(To be continued.)

THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

MR. C. R. Low closes his panegyric on Sir GARNET WOLSELEY, just published, with this proud peroration:—

"Young in years, yet ripe with a military experience almost unrivalled in the British Army; blessed with an equable temperament and an iron constitution; . . . gifted with sound judgment and a thorough mastery of the art of war, theoretically as culled from books, and practically as studied and illustrated in all climes and under varied conditions; possessing a chivalric courage that has extorted the admiration of witnesses, and confidence in himself, combined with that attribute which is an unerring indication of the presence of genius—a faculty for inspiring confidence in others."

Surely he is now in the very place to show his iron constitution, his equable temperament, and his faculty for inspiring confidence in others. All together may help to account for his courageous attempt—in a private letter, of which extracts appear in this month's *Macmillan*—to inspire a confidence in Cyprus and its prospects!

THE SONG OF THE BELLS.



SAYS Great Tom
to Big Ben—
“Have you read
HAWEIS's letter?
One for *your* nob
—oh, ain't it
A real down-
setter!
Don't it just show
you up, Sir,
For your harsh-
ness and hoarse-
ness,
Your deafening
clangour,
Your horrible
coarseness!
If of *me* it don't
utter
Much pleasanter
things,

It has a good word for
The new peal that swings
In the opposite turret,
To call folks to prayer,
And not just strike the hours,
As I do, here, in air.
And at the new peal's faults,
If HAWEIS is railor,
As 'twas cast by no *Belge*,
But a true British Taylor,
On the whole, one may say—
And I haven't a doubt on't—
That the new ring o' Bells
Has come very well out on't.
Then, of course, as a Bell
Much pitched into, one chuckles
When BECKETT comes down
Over HAWEIS's knuckles.
And these two Bell-oracles
Tell the world soon,
That whatever we Bells are,
They aren't quite in tune.”
Says Big Ben to Great Tom—
“Keep yourself to yourself,
And leave SCRIBBLERS' bob-majors,
Like me, on the shelf.
About HAWEIS's letter
Whatever I feel,
I don't have my head turned,
Like you, by a Peal.
Since o'er my first casting
I heard BECKETT groan,

At least, I can boast
Of a PEEL of my own—
A PEEL, and a CANNING,
A PALMERSTON too,
And a DERBY besides,
At my feet that *kotoo*.
And o'er PEEL, PAM, and DERBY,
I know very well,
Be my voice what it may,
I, at least, bear the bell.
I look down on 'em all,
As you look on Queen ANNE,
And leave BECKETT and HAWEIS
To clash, pot and pan.
You are as good a Bell,
As the City has claim to,
With its Bulls and Bears crippled
And Ducks plucked and lame too.
And if my voice ain't sound—
Well, it's one folks can hear;
That's the voice that *should* sound
In the Parliament's ear.
There's another BEN yonder
Will soon have to try
If he can make his voice
As well heard as I.
Then let's both strike our hours,
True or false—we're true,
With City or Commons
What should *we* have to do?”

Justice to Canada.

A CORRESPONDENT, who has the credit of Canada at heart, writes to explain that whatever the Almighty Dollar may have done to bar the impecunious from approaching Niagara by the American side, “on the Canadian side the whole length of the river, from its mouth to the rapids above the Fall, is quite free and open.”

Bravo! Then people can make a run on the Canadian bank without putting their hands in their pockets. Lord DUFFERIN's International Park is half made already.

No (Foreign) Orders Admitted.

Foreign Office (*loguatur*). All very well for you low fellows in trade, and manufactures and all that sort of thing. You are used to touting for orders. But we don't mean to give you ours, and won't have you taking other people's.

THE TRUE POLICY OF THE GAS COMPANIES WITH REGARD TO MR. EDISON'S PATENT.—Make light of it.

THE PLAN WITH BEET-ROOT SUGAR (IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT).—Lump it.

ONLY TOO TRUE.

Or History to Order—à la Russe.

“Possibly it will be a blow with other weapons than the rifle and sword. English agents disguised as merchants, tradesmen, or travellers, will find their way to the capitals of minor chieftains subordinate to the AMEER. Some will be bribed, others dethroned, and others still done away with by secret and mysterious agencies. The path having thus been smoothed, SHEER ALI will be taken in hand. A cup of coffee will remove him from the list of Asiatic Princes.”—*The St. Petersburg Vedomosti*, Oct., 1878.

THE thick black fog of Westminster hung heavily over the Council Chamber of the British Cabinet on this ominous afternoon, and, as the Ministers entered one by one in stealthy silence and the door closed with an iron clang, it soon became clear that no common business was about to be discussed.

The beetle-browed BEACONSFIELD, glittering through the gloom with *insignia*, the fruits of his Berlin chicanery, was the first to speak.

“Well, *Messieurs les Ministres*,” he said, with a Machiavellian laugh, “the mighty civilising power of the North is again alive to our machinations. Can you tell me how we are to oppose it *this* time?” He struck the table as he spoke, and there was a strange gleam of suggestion in his eye.

The Ministers held their breath.

“Will it be by *ships*?” he asked, suddenly, darting a lurid glance in the direction of Lord SMITH, the Chancellor of the Admiralty.

“Certainly not,” was the prompt reply. “Their hulls are wormeaten, their crews mutinous for arrears of pay. You must not look to our ships.”

The official paled as he spoke, and his voice trembled slightly. He had spent the whole of the twenty-seven millions, voted for two years' naval estimates, on furnishing his villa at Highbury.

The story, however, was not new to his colleagues. They were accustomed to Government corruption. The PRIME MINISTER merely smiled, and proceeded—

“Will it be by *men*?” he asked, turning to the Grand Minister of War with the indifference of one who anticipates the answer.

“Does a brand new Earl ask the price of a British coronet?” was the insolent but convincing retort. It was the Count of CRANBROOK who spoke; and report said that he had purchased his title from the Duke of CAMBRIDGE for a fabulous sum which should have been spent on facings for a line regiment. The Ministers looked from one to the other, and the subject dropped. Their chief continued—

“Then if it's not to be by sea or land, by ships or men, by what *is* it to be?” His voice sank lower, and his audience read his meaning in his eye with the swift instinct of habit. There was a momentary pause. Then, like one man, they sprang on to the seats of their chairs.

“Poison!” they all shouted together.

“Poison! LYTTON shall breakfast with the Ameer, disguised as a travelling dervish—and put it in his coffee!”

That afternoon the Cabinet Council was dissolved, and, a few hours later, a carefully-packed box, containing an assortment of *bal masqué* dresses, a few conjuring tricks, a coffee-pot, an Afghan dictionary, and two pounds of Vermin Destroyer (*with directions for use in cypher*), was on its way to the Viceroy of British India.

That box has arrived. The sequel alone remains to be told in the tragic language of history!

QUID RIDES?

We gather, from his recent speech at Birmingham, that the gallant author of a *Ride to Khiva* is at present engaged on a new work—*A Ride over the Caucasus*.

THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE.—Lord DUFFERIN, anywhere.

ACCORDING TO THE HOSTILE PARTIES.—The greatest French Lottery—*La République*.



A HOME IN THE GALTEES.

"'TIS SWEET TO KNOW THERE IS AN EYE WILL MARK
OUR COMING, AND LOOK BRIGHTER WHEN WE COME."—Byron.

A RESPITE FOR ROGUES.

You suspect your grocer, chandler, or general-dealer of having watered his rum, sanded his sugar, wetted his tobacco, substituted potato-starch for arrowroot, or mingled heterogeneous matters of any description with his tea, coffee, tobacco, snuff, vinegar, and pepper. You wish to ascertain whether or no these suspicions are just, to the intent of pulling up a possibly dishonest tradesman under the Food and Drugs Act of 1875.

You repair to his shop, you purchase a sample of a suspected article, and take it away to get it analysed. Or you employ a Sanitary Inspector, or some other professional analyst, to procure and test it. But, by a special provision of the Act above named, the purchaser having made his purchase, is required to tell the vendor that the sample has been purchased for the purpose of analysis.

Another clause of that Act provides that, to constitute an infringement of it, the sale of an adulterated article must be made to the prejudice of the purchaser. What prejudice can you have sustained from the purchase of a thing which you have bought merely for the purpose of experiment? The worse the better for that. *Fiat experimentum in corpore vili.* Of course, *a fortiori*, an adulterated article cannot be bought by any professional analyst, in his professional capacity, to his own prejudice.

So says common logic. So do the Lord Chief Justice of England, the Justiciary Appeal Court of Scotland, and Sir JAMES INGHAM, Stipendiary Archbeak, read the Food and Drugs Act of 1875. His Worship, following their Lordships, "has decided that the selling of adulterated milk to a Sanitary Inspector is not an infringement of the Act, inasmuch as the sale is not made to the prejudice of the purchaser." (See *The Lancet*.) Here's a "go!" as the school-boys say. Every conviction obtained during three years under that Act is wrong; and every rogue, however deservedly fined, has, been fined illegally. Whether or no the rogues could recover the amount of their fines, may be a question which the legal sages might or might not also rule in their favour.

So, then, Clause 14 (the Rogues' Clause) of the Food and Drugs Act simply makes that enactment of none effect.

WHO KNOWS BEST?

(A Question for the Commissioners.)

SCENE—The Interior of a Famous City Church.
Enter two Strangers.

First Stranger (looking round). Ah! the old walls still stand, and time has dealt gently with the work. Faith it was goodly work; and even now bears on it the stamp of that vanished age!

Second Stranger. Vanished age? What do you mean, Sir? Where's your past here?

First Stranger. Past? Methinks, my good Sir, that the epoch which saw this noble City rise, Phoenix-like, from its ashes, might be held worthy of its memorials. This church, for instance —

Second Stranger. Just so; and we are going to restore it—rather!

First Stranger. I am glad to hear it. The land-marks of olden days should not be lost.

Second Stranger. Precisely. That's our motto. So we're going to get rid of all that rubbishing old carving, scrape the chancel, pitch-pine the nave, sink the floor, throw up the roof, pierce the sides, cut the whole in half, then turn what's left inside-out, finishing off with a dozen coats of pink and pea-green—and there you are!

First Stranger (coldly). And you term this restoration?

Second Stranger (warmly). And ain't it? It's our firm's business. Our Governor's got dozens of churches in hand.

First Stranger. The process likes me not. Methinks it savours foully of sacrilege.

Second Stranger. Sacrilege! What do you mean, Sir? Why, we're the Restorers! And who, I should like to know, are you?

First Stranger. The Architect!

[Sir Christopher's ghost vanishes.]

Poet and Prophet.

BURNS, bard of Scotia's braes and banks,
Foretold Directors' recent pranks,
Though name wad tent it—
And yet his verse each scribbler quotes—
"A chiel's amang ye takin' notes,"
Sae it stands prentit!

As early as possible next Session, of course, the Act will be expurgated of the provision which renders it a dead letter. In the meanwhile, dear friends and consumers, mind with whom you deal; for, of course, between this and then fraudulent shopkeepers will endeavour to make all the bad hay they can whilst their malific sun shines.

HONOUR v. RIGHT.

(A Conscientious War-Song.)

FROM SHERE ALI we've met with a snub and rebuff,
For which we, perhaps, gave him reason enough;
But, because we've not used him as well as we ought,
'Twill ne'er do to permit him to set us at naught.

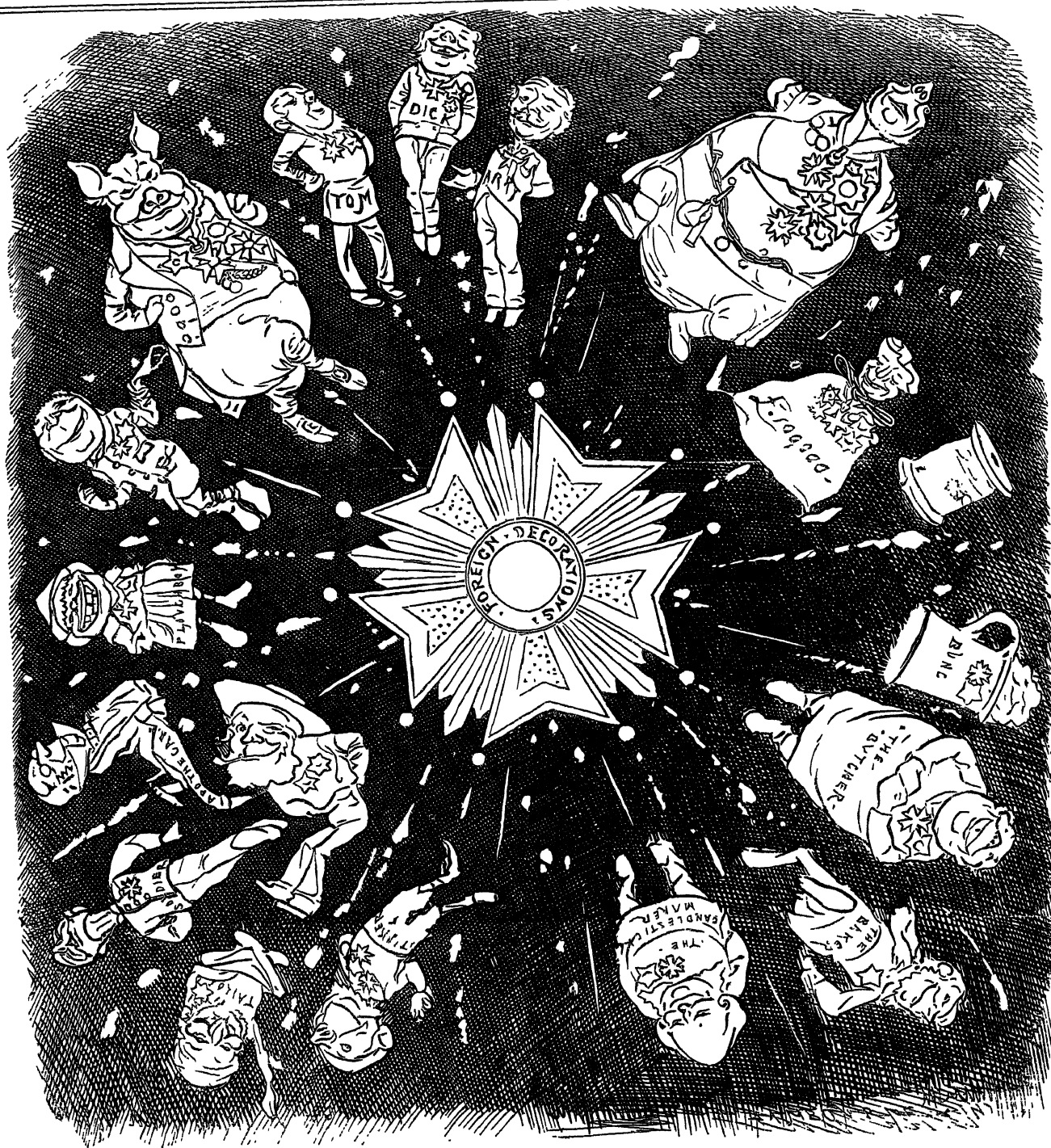
We have made a mistake; true, but what's done is done;
And we're bound to proceed in the way once begun;
Right or wrong, never mind—we must go in to win;
Nor care more than King RICHARD, though sin pluck on sin.

There is much on the other side, needs we must own,
To be said for our letting this Ameer alone;
But "prestige" we may lose by forbearing to fight,
So we can't feel quite sure the wise course is the right.

To be just and fear nought may be policy sound,
As between man and man—but it won't do all round;
Christian ethics our conduct in private may rule,
But the Statesman whose acts they restrain is a fool.

Let's be bold, ever bold—we are out of harm's way—
Whilst from battle and murder deliverance we pray.
That's in church; but man's blood without stint must be shed,
When a loss of "prestige" we have reason to dread.

There's one fear a Briton can own without shame,
That's the fear of risking the national fame;
Britain's Lion is brave as a Lion can be,
If his courage were moral no Lion were he.



MY STARS!!!

YES, MR. BESSEMER, IT IS HARD ON THE "LEGION OF HONOUR;" BUT CONSIDER THE "SPARKS" IF YOU ONCE LIT UP SUCH A CENTRE-PIECE!

AN IMPROVEMENT.

HONG-KONG is not the only place in which our negotiators at Berlin are to be duly recognised. Our great National Prophets are to be honoured in their own country. We have received the prospectus of a movement for a national presentation to the Earls of BEACONSFIELD and SALISBURY. It is to take the form of "handsome testimonials," in silver, representing "Peace with Honour," to cost £1,000 each. Subscriptions not to exceed 10s. 6d.

"Peace," we are told, is to be represented by Corn-fields, with the Lion lying down with the Lamb; "Honour," by British Soldiers, with

the British Flag, and either BRITANNIA or a figure with a wreath of laurel.

This design—*Punch* takes leave to remark—seems open to improvement. For "Peace," he would suggest, say a loving-cup chased with scenes of Bosnian and Bulgarian massacre, and Macedonian and Albanian insurrection. On the cover a group representing the AMEER and LORD LYTTON squaring at each other. For "Honour," LORD SALISBURY signing the Secret Schouvaloff Convention, and BRITANNIA putting Cyprus in her pocket. Round the base garters intertwined, with the motto:

"She did love to see you cross-gartered."



DEGENERACY.

Veteran Cub-Hunter (to Friend's very small Boy on Donkey at Covert-side). "WELL, FRED, WHERE IS YOUR FATHER?"
Small Boy (contemptuously). "HAVEN'T YOU HEARD? WHY HE'S TAKEN TO A BICYCLE!"

Samuel Phelps.

BORN, 1806. DIED, NOVEMBER, 1878.

So falls the last of the brave troop who fought
 A good fight for a nobler, statelier Stage;
 When young hearts, young hopes swelled to the high thought
 Of spells that should renew the Drama's age:

That bright hope grew, took shape, and of it came
 Great plays of old, presented with new power;
 Purer one theatre, at least, became,
 And all was quickened life for a brief hour.

Swift as it rose the light began to wane,
 When they that could best aid to it have given,
 Set faces hard, and thought of pence to gain,
 More than of Art, that 'gainst the tide had striven.

And when the chief of that foiled enterprise
 Laid down his truncheon, this man did not fear
 With smaller force, and in less stately guise,
 To hold the same good fight for many a year.

Lifting rude hearers from their rough disport
 To rare, invoking SHAKESPEARE'S magic spell
 To work its wonders on the baser sort,
 The downward bent of joyless souls to quell.

Bringing all Beauty, Terror, Tenderness,
 Fantasy's wildest freaks, Mirth's brightest face,
 Humour's most potent charm, athwart the stress
 Of all Life has of sordid, foul, and base.

And nightly, year on year, with brief stage-cheat,
 Out of a workday world, poor, grim, and grey,
 Bearing the crowd on Art's wings, wide as fleet,
 To fairer lives, and realms of sunnier day.

For eighteen years who knows how much of hope,
 Grace, sweetness, aspiration, this man's art
 Has sown or strengthened, imp'd what wings, to cope
 With downward drag of counter, street, and mart;

Set what founts flowing, ope'd what windows wide,
 Done what schoolwork, as school but rarely can?
 On all this he might well look back with pride,
 As one who had wrought well in cause of man.

No common Actor either, he could reach
 A range of various parts, from grave to gay;
 With simple touches probe the heart, and teach
 By pause, hand, look, what words are weak to say.

None better gave the struggle of strong will
 With yearning heart: * none with more power portrayed
 The loving father,† hardening himself still,
 Till by the voice of nature overruled.

His name brings back the mad *Midsummer Dream*,
 And ass's head of the Athenian Clown:
 With him as *Falstaff* in Eastcheap we seem
 To feed *Hal's* laugh, and wither at his frown.

But less, just now, behoves us call to mind
 All that the Actor was, than fairly tell
 How much his work of managing combined,
 To earn good word from those who wish men well.

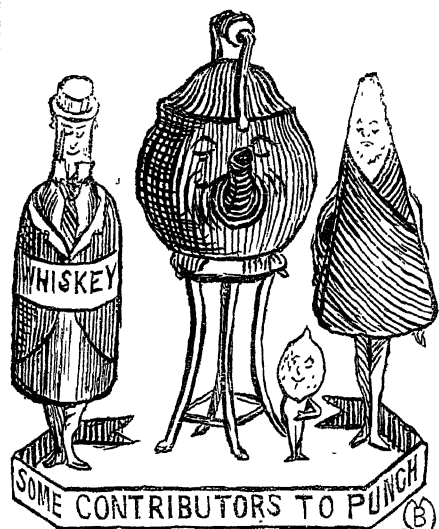
Honest and hearty, howso curt and gruff,
 None knew but to respect the sterling soul,
 To learn that deep down in his gnarled stuff
 Lay a soft core beneath the rugged bole.

Farewell to him, and honour to his work,
 Done years ago, but not yet passed away:
 Whose growths in unexpected places lurk,
 To bless and cheer, to solace and to stay.

* *Job Thornbury.*

† *Old Dornton.*

CAUSATION OR COINCIDENCE?



IN the course of an exceptionally sensible speech delivered the other day at a Church Temperance meeting, in the Sheldonian Theatre, at Oxford, Lord ABERDARE appropriately reminded his hearers that—

"He knew that a number of persons had been moved to take the pledge of total abstinence, that Bands of Hope had been formed all over the country, and that most eloquent voices had been raised in every town, showing the evils of intemperance and the advantages of temperance. Yet, in spite of all, they had to make the melancholy admission that, on the whole, during the last ten years

drunkenness had rather increased than diminished."

That intemperance should have gone on increasing simultaneously with agitation and declamation designed to diminish it, is surely a remarkable coincidence. Does not the coincidence suggest a possible causation? May not the subject of intemperance have been something too much and too intemperately talked about for the interests of temperance? Has not the talk perhaps provoked reaction and opposition? And does not Lord ABERDARE point out a much more excellent way? According to the report above quoted—

"In conclusion, Lord ABERDARE advocated the encouragement of the study of music, and the establishment of working-men's clubs and coffee-houses."

Are not these conditions precisely similar to those under which the upper classes turned from tipsy to temperate, of their own accord, without talk and temperance agitation to urge them? Would not Temperance Societies do better in endeavouring to counteract the attraction of public-houses than in trying to close them? To a certain extent, no doubt, people can be made sober by Act of Parliament. They could be, as they used to be in some measure made sober by being put in the stocks for getting drunk. Sots can be made sober, as rogues can be made honest; but what, then is the honesty, and what the sobriety? And know we not that, in dealing with all donkeys, persuasion is better than force?

THE WORKER AND HIS WAGES.

PUNCH has received from Mr. THOMAS McDORMOND a pamphlet setting forth the services of the late Lieut. WAGHORN, the originator and organiser of the Overland Route to India, with the story of the collapse of its author's attempt, after the Lieutenant's death, to raise a subscription for the erection of a pillar and bust in his honour at Alexandria. Only £100 was promised, of which half has since been repudiated, leaving only £50 available. PUNCH would be prompt to take up the case of an enterprising, devoted, and ill-rewarded public benefactor, if there was the slightest chance of thereby forwarding the object of Mr. McDORMOND. But at least the hardly-used pioneer has a monument, though to England's shame it has been raised by M. DE LESSERS and the Suez Canal Company, and not by the English Government or the English public. His daughters have some—though a miserably shabby—acknowledgment of their father's services in the shape of a small pension. But with one outstanding bill for fireworks to pay, and a larger one looming in the near future, what chance is there of Government taking a new and Imperial measure of the hardly-used Lieutenant's services, had he been ten times the first to prove the navigability of the Red Sea, so shortening by two months the voyage to India, and probably in the sharp agony of the Mutiny saving India to the British Crown.

WOMAN'S WAY TO WIN.

ADVOCATING "Women's Suffrage," the other day, at Manchester, Mr. L. COURTNEY, M.P., observed that the movement on behalf of feminine emancipation "could only hope to succeed by 'pegging away.'" Peg away, then, PEGGY!

SUGGESTIONS FOR LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.

(Which PUNCH is sorry to say were not acted upon.)

THE Company of Surgeon-Dentists, led by the Rev. Mr. TOOTH, in Roman Costume, as *Curius Dentatus*.
Alderman LUSK, escorting Miss-Quotations.

Alderman HADLEY between them, Deputy BRASS as
as *Pyramus*. showing his chin.
Thisbe.

Sir JOHN BENNETT as an An-tick Watchman, performing a duplex movement.

Mr. DARWIN, reciting the Tales of a Grandfather.

Alderman SIDNEY as Silenus.

MONCKTON!

The Aldermen who have passed the Chair. The Aldermen who have passed the Bottle.

The Band of Hope, telling flattering Tales.

Alderman COTTON, contemplating the Hides of March.

Zoological Specimens, in rows of two and three, commencing with two Elephants, escorted by a Flea.

Alderman CARDEN, blowing his own Trumpet.

A Band of Nasal Organs and Jews' Harps.

Somerset House Officials, with Red Tape Banner.

The City Chimney-Sweep and his Soot.

Alderman ROSE, singing "The Isles of Greece."

Dr. SULLIVAN, in his pinafore, looking back for Alderman NOTTAGE, the last Cord-wainer.

The Company of Tanners, singing "The Song of Sixpence."

The City Remembrancer, in a state of oblivion.

(Chorus of C.C.'s, "Robert, toi que j'aime.")

Alderman ST. LAWRENCE, on a Gridiron.

The Honourable Artillery Company, in sixes and sevens.

The EX-LORD MAYOR—by Jingo!

Alderman WHITE, rather Port-soken.

Messrs. COCKLE, MORRISON, and HOLLOWAY, in a pill-box brougham.

Alderman ELLIS, knocking down everything and everybody.

The City Sword-bearer, with his Mace and Cinnamon.

Alderman FIGGINS, as the Type of Elegance.

The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, Sir C. WERTHAM, escorted by

St. Swithin, the Rev. FLOOD JONES, and Captain SHAW.

Alderman KNIGHT and the DEY OF ALGERS.

The City Comptrollers, with great control over themselves.

The City Coroner, in quest of some-body.

The Company of Cooks, personally conducted.

Deputy COCKERELL and the Prothonotary of the Poultry, Mr. TOOTEL, and Mrs. TOOTEL-too.

Lord BEACONSFIELD, GORTSCHAKOFF, and BISMARCK, singing,

"When shall we three meet again?"

Professor EDISON, trying his Electric Light on the Berlin Treaty (a Dissolving View).

Lord LYTON, as an O-jib-away Indian, with his hot potato Khan.

Sir A. LAYARD, puffing his hashed Turkey.

Capt. BURNABY as *Bombastes Furioso*.

The Company of Fishmongers, out of place.

The Band of the Company playing "Herring go bragh."

The Company of Skinners, in the skins of Welsh Rabbits.

Representatives of the Ward of Candlewick, and Lord ELCHO snuffing them out.

The Company of Spectacle-Makers, quoting EUSEBIUS.

The Sheriffs, *dos-à-dos*.

Alderman FINNIS.

FALLACIES OF THE COUNTRY.

THAT you can have the waggonette whenever you like.

That you are sure of getting plenty of fresh vegetables and fruit.

That some beautiful village or lovely view is about two miles off—whereas it turns out to be nearer four.

That in the country you will accomplish what you have long contemplated—the study of the Spanish or Saskatchewan languages.

That there will be abundance of cream and new-laid eggs.

That you will have ample time for reading, and that you will get through a great many books which you have long intended to study.

That you will take up botany, or ichthyology, or some other scientific pursuit.

That you are sure to find rare wild flowers, ferns, insects, lepidoptera, &c., in abundance.

That you will rise at a much earlier hour than is your custom at home.

That you will have an enormous appetite.

That you will be able to clear off your arrears of letter-writing.

That you will not require your dress clothes.

That you will return home from the country the picture of health and strength.

ECHOES FROM THE BACK-STAIRS.

(From Our Man at the Key-hole.)



A GOOD story comes to me from Cyprus. It seems that as SMITH—whose well-known habit of breaking out into the hornpipe whenever he gets a chance has become of late almost irrepressible—was going through some of the figures on the deck of the *Himalaya* off Larnaca the other evening, he happened, in the haul-over-hand step, which is new to him, to tread upon the skylight of the Captain's cabin. The shower of broken glass and dust coming rather smartly down upon STANLEY, who was idling over his walnuts with the Officer of the Watch beneath, the latter good-humouredly said,

"Well, Colonel, SMITH's chief has certainly taught him how to bring down the dust!"

"Yes," replied STANLEY, with one of those flashes that have made him so dreaded

in Pall Mall, "and how to put his foot into it."

Later in the evening this was, by general consent, signalled by rockets to Sir GARNET, who thought it so good that he had it repeated.

It seems that the success which has attended the great French lottery, like that of everything else connected with the Exhibition, has been entirely due to the tact and goodwill of the Prince. When the sale of tickets was rather hanging fire, GAMBETTA, who, being financially interested in the undertaking, was in the habit of walking about with his pockets crammed with them and forcing them on his friends, happened to meet the Prince one day at breakfast, at the Marshal's, where the conversation turned by chance on the approaching departure of the latter for Cowes. "Your Royal Highness had better take ten thousand of them," said the illustrious Republican, laughing, and at the same time producing coupons for that number from a couple of carpet-bags which he held carelessly in his hand. And then he added, as if struck by a happy after-thought, "Such an investor ought to score some points, especially as one of the chief prizes is a ton of pins."

"Pins?" was the ready and royal reply, delivered with admirable *bonhomie*, "Then I certainly ought to take them, for I am going straight to the *Needles*!" There was a hearty laugh, but the Prince took the tickets, and the Lottery was made.

SOMETHING LIKE ATHLETICS.

As exercises intended to test human strength and endurance seem just now to be very popular with the million, *Mr. Punch* begs to propose the awarding of prizes for feats other than those associated with Agricultural Hall pedestrianism; as, for instance:—

First Prize.—Conductor SMITH, of the London General Tramway Omnibus Company (Limited) for standing on a shelf from eight in the morning until past twelve at night for weeks and months together, in winter and summer, in thunder-storms and in snow-falls. At the same time keeping a record of all his inside and outside passengers, and receiving and accounting for their various fares. Prize: five shillings a day.

Second Prize.—Costermonger SNOOKS, for rising with the sun, purchasing his flat load of vegetables, cheap fruit, or fish in the early market, and spending the rest of the day and some of the night in tramping down street after street in the very often vain effort to sell his load at a few halfpence rise upon the original cost. Prize: A pound a week for the support of himself, his wife, and several children.

Third Prize.—Cabman BROWN, for spending sixteen hours a day on the hind seat of a hansom, driving a jibbing horse through crowded thoroughfares often paved with slippery asphalt, and never free from bad-tempered policemen; performing this feat with civility, and even cheerfulness, in spite of the irritation produced by

the receipt of closely-calculated fares as per tariff, and much personal abuse. Prize: a couple of hasty meals at a shelter, and a few shillings daily upon which to keep a home.

Fourth Prize.—Boardman CRAWLEY, for tramping the streets in extreme old age as a "living sandwich;" carrying his boards in the face of the wind, sleet and snow, amidst the derision of the boys, the contempt of the public, and the moving on of the Police. Prize: One Shilling and Sixpence a day, less Contractor's commission.

Grand Extra Prize for Women Only.—ANGELINA BAKER, twenty, Milliner's attendant, for observing the following regulations in the establishment to which she belongs:

Not to sit down during the hours of business, generally eight o'clock in the morning until six, seven, or eight o'clock in the evening except at meal-times. Breakfast from quarter to eight to quarter past. To be in the shop as soon as breakfast is finished. Dinner served in relays from one P.M., when twenty-five minutes will be allowed, unless business be very brisk, when attendants will be called up, as wanted. A quarter of an hour at five P.M. for tea. To remain in the shop until parcels for delivery are packed, and goods cleared away.* Prize: a worn-out frame and shattered constitution.

Extra Prize.—To MARY DEXTER, Lodging-house Maid-of-all-Work, aged seventeen, for the following unequalled feat, kept up for four months, in a lodging-house near Piccadilly, occupied by two married couples, a single Lady, their maids, and occasional visitors. Seven baths filled every morning; two cans of water carried for each from the basement to the bed-room floors of a four-storeyed house. Coals supplied to every room. Three sitting-rooms swept and dusted. Three breakfast-tables laid and cleared after use. Every bed-room, including the Maids', put in order. Table laid for lunch and dinner in the evening. Things removed. China and plate cleaned and replaced. Cabs called. Lodgers sat up for, till their return from the theatre, or parties. Never in bed before twelve; seldom before one: and sometimes as late as half-past two. At her post by six in the morning. Food: scraps from the dishes and plates of the Lodgers, and their Maids. Potatoes now and then; and never any other vegetable or pudding. Prize: a bed at the Hospital, and a parish coffin.

* See Dr. EDIS's Letter to the *Times*. But see also the disclaimer of such slave-driving by the leading West-End firms, such as LEWIS AND ALLENBY, MARSHALL AND SNEELGROVE, SWAN AND EDGAR, PETER ROBINSON, REDMAYNE, *et hoc genus omne*.

"WHICH DEVOUR WIDOWS' HOUSES, AND FOR A SHOW MAKE LONG PRAYERS."

By a City of Glasgow Bank Shareholder.

"Wha' e'er lived at a strecter rate, than oor Directorate?"

AROUND the board sitting, in gravity fitting,

They piously say, "Dear freens, let us *prey*!"

And begin with devotion the work of each day,

O'er forking the shiners to gamblers and miners,

And helping themselves all the time as they may;

And lending and spending, and gold madly sending

To India, Australia, and farther away,

Till the Bank finds itself, like a part of it's pelf,

"In the Province of Poverty Bay."

Denser, intenser the shadows that loom

O'er the faces that sit round that Board in the gloom,

As the Bank rushes on to its moment of doom.

INGLIS commingles with caution his cant,

TAYLOR grows paler at every new grant,

WRIGHT for the o'er-righteous finds millions scant,

While the gammon of SALMON, and low knack of STRONACH,

Still deepen the villanous plant!

Yet which of the lot, through the plot, was arch plotter?

Since of STEWART, his friends and his enemies say,

"He is soft, and was easily moulded, like clay,"—

Yes! "clay in the hand of the Potter!"—

Who shall fix which of six, was such master of tricks,

As to chalk out the scheme and begin it?

For six, at the least, of these seven seem in it:

Though some pious brothers slipped out from the others,

And sold off their shares to the minute—

Pawky sons of the Church, when the ship 'gins to lurch,

To lose cash is more easy than win it!

'Twas an infamous slip 'twixt the cup and the lip,

Whether chancing by fluke or by flaw,

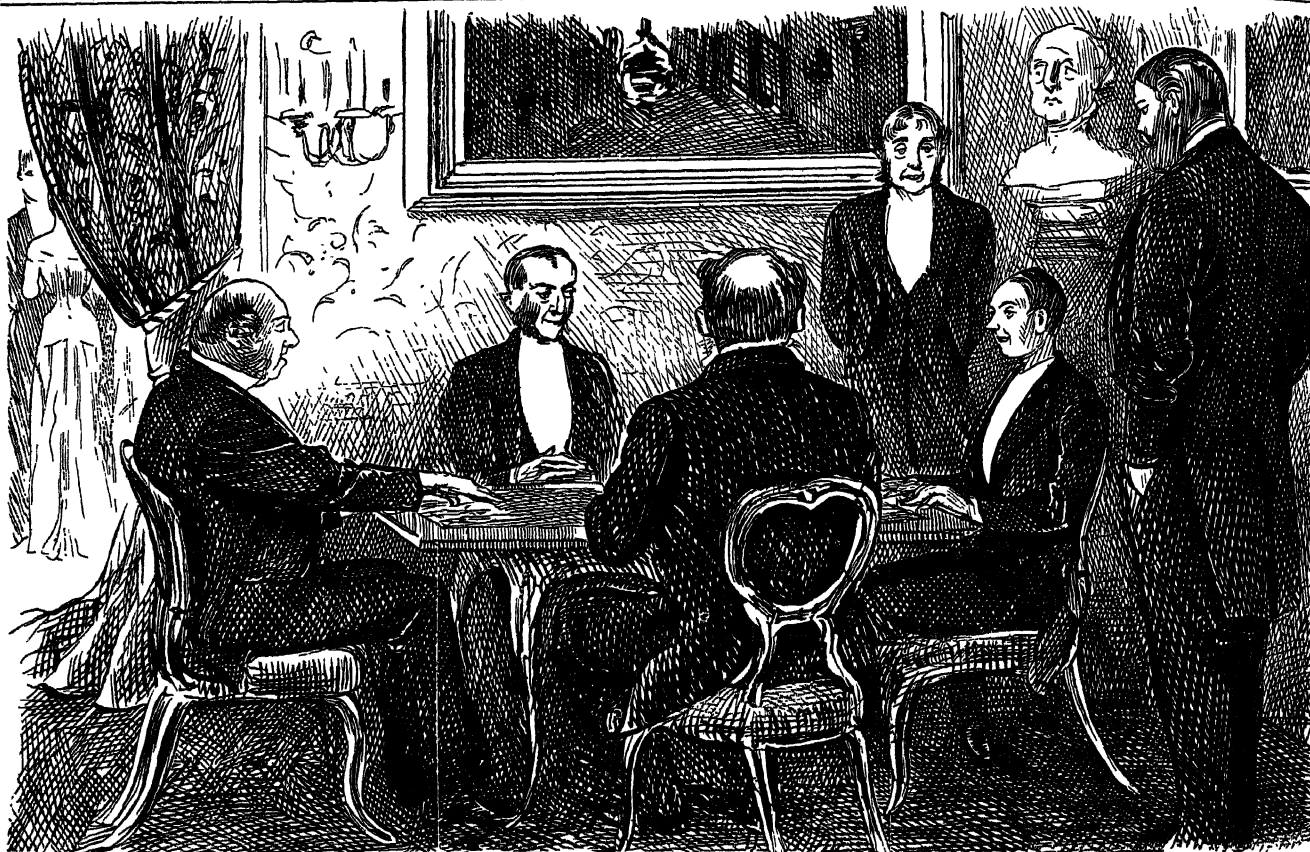
That let FLEMING vanish to Spain with the "Spanish,"

And a lot of the loot in his maw,

And leaving behind him no trace how to find him,

But a million of debts, and too scanty assets,

And securities not worth a straw.



A PROMISING PARTNER.

"HAVE YOU PLAYED MUCH, MR. GREEN?"—"OH, YES; A GREAT DEAL."

"I HOPE YOU HAVE GOOD LUCK."—"OH, YES—VERY! ONCE I HAD THIRTEEN TRUMPS IN MY OWN HAND."

"REALLY! THEN OF COURSE YOU WERE DEALER?"—"OH, NO; INDEED I WASN'T. I PLAYED THIRD HAND!"

FOG AND FIREWORKS.

JOHN BULL *loquitur*.

"THIS way! THIS way! THIS way!"

A plague on your discordant shouts, I say.
Your dancing, dodging, and divergent lights!
You rush about and yell with all your might;
But is there help in each conflicting halloo?
Which voice, which flaring torch am I to follow?
Will-o'-the-Wisp! Why, here's a whole battalion
Of vocal *Ignes fatui*! Each rascalion
Has his own cry, and his particular course,
Until my sole resource
Seems to stand still, by worse than fog confounded,
And with these Imps of Shindydom surrounded.

G-r-r! I hate fog, and I can scarce remember
A denser one than whelms me this November.
The weather has for long been precious hazy,
Unusually so, or else my sight
Is not quite what it was; but *this* is night,
A prospect dark enough to drive me crazy.
It thickens momentarily, and what's surprising,
There seems but little promise of its rising.

O'er swamp and stagnant water
A chill North-Easter brought it, and so long
As *that* wind rules small chance seems there of change.

Steady it blows, and strong,
And sticks and sticks in that confounded quarter
As stubbornly as though the Weathercock
Were nailed N.E., and never more could range.

My hopes they did but mock
Who lately talked of clear and open weather.

Open and clear?
Extremely pleasant words, but much I fear
That I have parted with them altogether.

I used to think I knew my way about,
But now—(Confound those boys! how they do shout!)—
Now I am all abroad. I somehow seem,

As in a nightmare dream,
To miss my ancient way-marks. Am I failing?
Or have I trusted to new guides o'ermuch?
I feel that I must put it to the touch.
I *do* like open weather and plain sailing!
Mere noise and flare are not illumination.
Fireworks confuse, their blaze is botheration.
A steady Beacon is a thing to trust;
But better far a simple Bull's-eye use,
Than false and flickering flames, which but abuse,
And, in the unwary wanderer's pathway trust,
Like Wrecker's signals, only lure to wreck.
I cannot follow every link-boy's beck.

This way! This way! This way!

Well, I dare say
Some of the shouting lot, at least, mean well;
But which to follow how am I to tell?
Will-o'-the-Wisp is a misleading elf
That often lands the traveller in a bog.
I must strike light, I fancy, for myself,
Ere I shall find my way out of *this* fog.

Great Civic Retrenchment.

THE Corporation has been in the habit of looking to its intrenchments. It has at last, we are glad to hear, turned its attention to retrenchment.

1. The Men in Brass are put down. 2. The Badges of the Dinner Committee have been done away with. 3. The Lord Mayor's Footmen are to be reduced from six to five.

MOTTO FOR AN IMPERIAL CABINET.—*Ex Uno Dizzy omnes.*



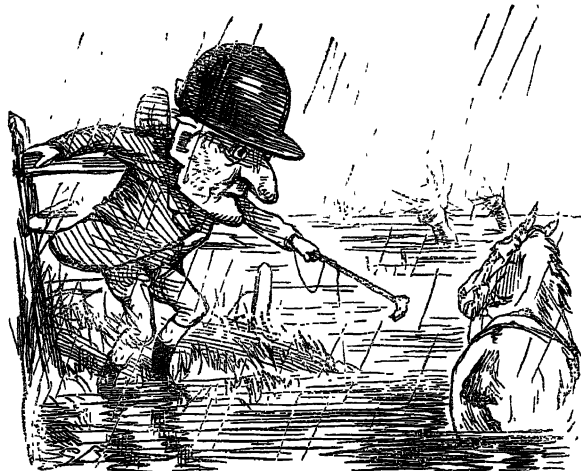
FOG AND FIREWORKS.

(The Afghan Difficulty.)

MR. BULL (*log*). "CON-FOUND IT! ONE SAYS ONE WAY, AND ONE ANOTHER! YOU CAN'T *ALL* BE RIGHT, YOU KNOW!"

A RUN WITH OLD BUCKS.

By a *Veracious Veteran*—a *Fine Old Englishman*, one of the *Olden Time*.



[You are quite right, Sir. Neither do I see why the *Daily Telegraph* should have all the sporting to itself. Acting on your hint—*veni, vidi, vici*—and, as the Detective said, when he caught a fellow watching the private gallops of the Derby Crack, "*Voilà Tout!*"

Yours,

THE OLD 'UN AT IT AGAIN.]

Mount Street.

THE morn was bright, crisp, and cheery as I slapped my buckskins, and saluting right and left, rode up the hill to the Meet, determined to do or die, as I have do'd and die'd any time this last forty years past. Companions of my youth, where are ye? But no matter. Here I am, at all events, the same gallant clinker across country that I was of yore, with as mettlesome a bit of stuff under me as ever answered merrily to whip and spur, or came a light-hearted cropper at the first fence. Yoicks! my boys!

A better meet than Cox Hill there isn't in the whole county. Everyone knows it. It is visible from the rise of its twin brother, Box Hill, and is scarcely a couple of miles canter from KNOX's farm—KNOX who married PENELOPE ANNE, I mean, originally widow of WILLIAM WIGGINS, proprietor of bathing-machines at Margate and Ramsgate, and to whose stables, when the bathing season is over, I invariably go for my ready-made hunter, to do all my winter work—seven—I mean six days a week at the least.

But the show, first-rate though it be, and not a finer one for men and mounts in all England, is yet not what it was (with, of course, one exception) in my day.

Ah! how well I remember ALFRED COUNT D'ORSAY as he dashed up in his curriole and two grooms, with the lovely Lady CUSSINGTON beside him. How he would jump out, seize me by the hand, and exclaim, "*BOUNCER, mon ami, comment ça va?*" To which I would reply, "*ALFREDO mio! ça va très bien chez moi. Et vous, mon cher?*"

Had I at that time possessed the advantages of Briareus, I couldn't have gratified all the shaking required at my hands. There they were, Princes, Peers, Judges, Bigwigs, Peeresses, Duchesses, rich Commoners, and all the reigning beauties sparkling in the early morn, coming up and crying out, "*BOUNCER, my buck, how goes it?*"

And then old General TOPLOFTY, riding up on a little towel-horse, of the rough-and-ready sort, at the last moment, and calling out, in stentorian tones, "*BOUNCER, you*"—the General was noted for his warmhearted expletives, for which, in this rose-water age, I substitute reversible equivalents—"BOUNCER, you blooming gentlemanly party, why the heaven don't you move your flowering beautiful young person out of the blessed road, and be beatified to you!"

Dear old General, how fond he was of me, and I of him! "*BOUNCER*," he'd say to me, often and often, "of all the blooming clever people I know, you are the bloomingest clever person I ever set eyes on!"

Well, well, the Recording Angel must have had a hard time of it while the General was alive. But this is talking of the past and gone, and here we are in the present. Yoicks! Tally-ho!

Fresh from Devonshire, on my own pure cream (as fine a mare as ever trod the sands at Dawlish—I didn't get her at KNOX's for once), whose outside price was sixty sovs., but whose inside price, when the blinds are pulled down, is known only to his owner—thus mounted, I say, I was the cynosure of all eyes. They would never

have gone away had I not exclaimed, "*Gentle-men, Gentlemen*, what are you staring at? Ain't we here to catch a fox, or a stag, or something, and not to be standing staring all day at the Real Fine Old English Gentleman? Eh?"

"Now, my lads!"

It was an animated scene. There were three Dukes in white hats and Royal Liveries, twenty Earls with their sporting coronets jauntily set sideways, a few Viscounts, two Judges (supposed to be on Circuit), a fair sprinkling of Queen's Counsel with their best sporting wigs on, and their brief-bags (containing luncheon) hanging from the saddle, several unknown people in pink tops and caps, and, finally, of course, the usual comic countryman on a donkey, followed by the Parish Beadle in full fig, and the laughing crowd.

Through my exertions the Reporters for the Press had a table to themselves; and a Gentleman from the *Daily Telegraph*, who had got himself up for the part, in pink, brass buttons, yellow cords, gamboge tops, white hat, and bird's-eye scarf, I accommodated with a seat on my own saddle, courteously dismounting, with the true gallantry of the old school (of which I was Captain), and doing all in my power with the stirrups to make him comfortable.

He looked as fit as a fiddle, but he repaid my kindness basely—double-basely.

No sooner was the fox uncarterd (or stag, for I couldn't see which it was, and the people about were uncertain), than with a "*Whoop! Tally-ho! Yoicks!*" and a flick of his hunting-whip that whisked off my hat, and caught me a nasty one in the eye, the *Daily Telegraph* man was off—I mean, I was off, and he was on my horse—and away! away! o'er the mountain's brow!

"Hullo! Stop him!" I cried, as I saw him bucketting away over the ploughed field, whooping, yelling, spurring, and whipping like a maniac.

My Devon cream was thoroughly whipped by the time they came back—dead beat, and not worth sixpence an hour to the merest invalid in a bath-chair. They had a splendid run for their money, and so had I. We were "away" for an hour and forty minutes—I taking all the short cuts I could think of, and catching sight of them now and then, or hearing the distant horn at rare intervals.

On their return to KNOX's Farm, the Gentleman of the *Daily Telegraph* (at least so he gave me to understand) apologised sincerely, explained that he had been run away with, that he couldn't stop my horse; and when I ventured to observe, that, as he had had all the fun, I thought that he ought to pay for it, he turned on me quite savagely, and wanted to know what I meant by putting him on a brute beast that had almost broken his neck, and that might have brought ruin and misery to the orphan and widow. I was nonplussed. I accepted the position, and went home thoughtfully.

Two days after, I did see an account in the *D. T.* of a day with Her Majesty's Buckhounds, and I fancy I recognised much that I had let fall in the course of conversation about the glories of the past, anecdotes of D'ORSAY, and so forth. This may be mere coincidence; but I shall certainly call on the worthy proprietors of that journal, or the worthy Editor, and ask to see the photograph of their Sporting Correspondent who signs himself "*A VETERAN*"—when perhaps he means a Veterinary—and who is an Old Soldier (if he's the man I met) if ever there was one, and knows his way about—rather!

I may be mistaken; but still I send you this to show you how I did go, and how it was, through no fault of mine, that I missed the first run that the Old Bucks have had for some years.

Skyflying—Captive and Loose.

By a *Hostile Party*.

(On M. GAMBETTA's late ascent in the "*Captive Balloon*.")

THOUGH he can't shoot the moon,
In a *Captive Balloon*,
Red Republican gas is the force of it;
"Opportunism" 's the rope,
Cut that, give ear scope,
And who'll check, guide, or forecast the course of it?

Hazy.

ATTENDANT WANTED, for an occasional Invalid Gentleman who will act as Cook in a small family. Wages, £18. Aged 35 to 45. No Irish.—Apply, &c.

Does this mean that the occasional invalid Gentleman will act as Cook in a small family? If so, no wonder he is occasionally invalidated, and that the rest of the family should find it necessary to hire an attendant to restrain him.

In answer to this wonderfully lucid advertisement, from the *Daily Telegraph*, one need hardly be told "No Irish need apply." There must, one would think, be quite enough of the Irish element in the family already.



A CAUTION.

NO WONDER MISS LAVINIA STITCHWORT THOUGHT THE PEOPLE VERY RUDE AT THE STATION WHEN SHE WENT FOR HER "WATER-PROOF" (WHICH SHE HAD LOST ON THE RAILWAY SOME TIME BEFORE). SHE FOUND OUT WHEN SHE GOT HOME SHE HAD NOT REMOVED THE LABEL!

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

A Visit to a Musical Festival, and a few words about Theatrical Matters.

SIR,

I WOULDN'T have missed Mr. SAMUEL HAYES' Festival (or the Festival of SAMUEL HAYES) for a considerable sum. To have heard SIMS REEVES sing "*The Bay of Biscay O*" was worth, well worth, dining earlier than six-thirty,—was well worth coming even an unreasonable distance. And people *did* come an unreasonable distance, I'll be sworn, on that occasion, and were marvellously unreasonable in consequence, for they would have had Mr. SIMS REEVES *encored* and *encored* again, and then wouldn't have been satisfied. Mr. SIMS REEVES gave in, once, to their enthusiasm, and gave in graciously, shaking his head, however, as he skipped up the steps and bounded on to the platform, as much as to say, "This is too bad of you—I mean too good of you, Ladies and Gentlemen—but as this is my first appearance at what is called a Promenade Concert, why I will accept the *encore*, or as the Chairmen of the Music-Halls have it, "Mr. SIMS REEVES will oblige again."

But this was not to "*The Bay of Biscay O*" no. This was to MENDELSSOHN'S recitative and air "*If with all your hearts*."

MADAME ANTOINETTE STERLING is a great favourite, and, being *encored* in "*The Song of the Shirt*," sang "*Pulley Hauley*," and, of course, sang it admirably.

There can be no objection to *encores* being taken as a demand from the audience for an entirely new song, if it be so stipulated in the bond. But, if I am so pleased with Madame's, or Mister's, rendering of a particular song that I cry out "*Encore*" or "*Bis*," meaning, in plain English, "Again! again!" surely Madame, or Mister, ought to repeat that identical song, or else my "*encore*" or "*bis*" must seem to imply that "I am very pleased, it is true, with the song you've sung, Madame or Mister, but I am sure you can do better if you only try; so please give us another, and something totally different too."

Consequently, my "*encore*" is only a qualified compliment.

But "they all do it," except Mr. SIMS REEVES, who, I had always heard, steadfastly set his face against the *encore* system. He is only partly right. A delighted audience pays a singer a compliment in re-demanding a song. A flattered singer should take the compliment as intended, and, *if in his power*, without fatiguing himself and so detracting subsequently from the pleasure of his audience, he ought to "oblige again." The engagement to sing includes the probability of an *encore*, and an *encore* is the pleasing penalty of well-deserved popularity. To sing an entirely different song, by way of accepting an *encore*, is a mistake *in toto*.

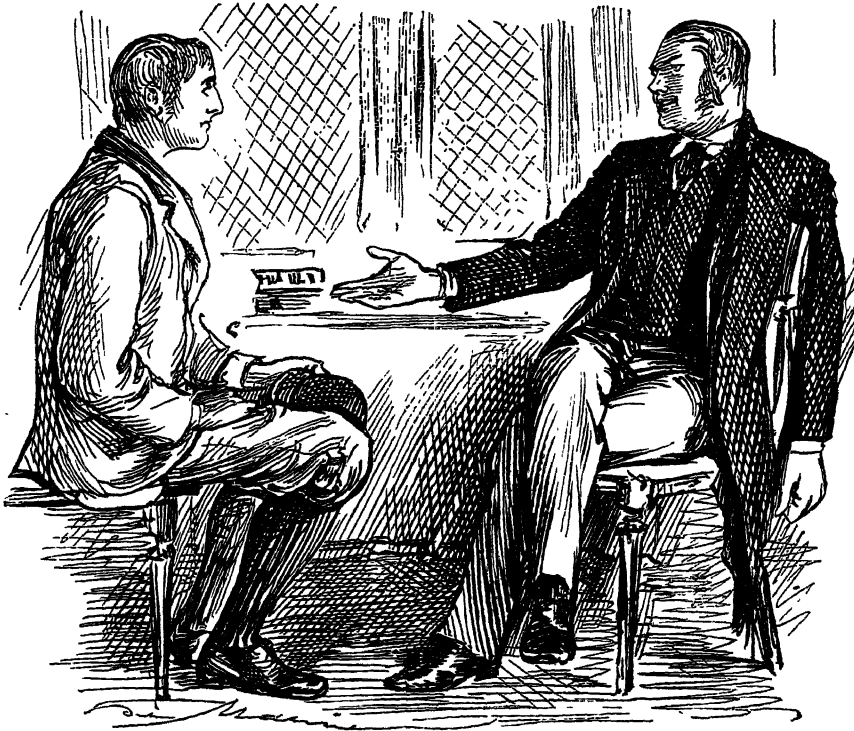
Talking of *in toto* reminds me that there was another case in *Tito*—I mean in *Tito Mattei*. Signor *TITO MATTEI* played admirably his "*Souvenir d'Italie*" and his "*Valse de Concert*." Result an enthusiastic *encore*. What does *TITO* do? He plays "*Home, sweet Home*" with variations. Signor *TITO*, however, must be credited with something of satire in his selection, as "*Home, sweet Home*" becomes rather monotonous, even to the most domesticated, *without* variations of some sort.

The excellent Signor was immensely applauded by the audience, and, above all, by the members of the Orchestra, who shook hands with him as if he were going away on a long journey, one energetic gentleman, attached, I think, to a second violin, actually slapping him on the back, as much as to say, "Bravo, *TITUS*! You're the sort of chap I like—you are! Bravo! I backed you to win, and you've done it, *TITUS*, my boy!"

Then there was a merry Zingara (Mdlle. MATHILDE ZIMMER), who ought to have appeared half-an-hour before, but had probably been detained by being out gipsying, and having some distance to come. She sang "*Tra la la*" as a merry Zingara invariably will, and told us how her "passport was a light guitar," which would of course have to be carefully examined at the Custom-House—and this might have caused her some extra delay.

M. RIVIERE'S orchestra performed in first-rate style LUMBYE'S spirited "*Summer Day in Norway*," a descriptive fantasia, and so brought the first part to a brilliant conclusion.

But, mind you, this "Promenade Concert" was *not* a promenade concert at all. Every one was seated; and the dis-concerted look of



A FAIR INDUCEMENT.

Eminent Coach (to Favourite Pupil). "NOW LOOK HERE, ADAMS; IF YOU WILL ONLY WORK HARD WITH ME FOR SIX MONTHS, I PROMISE YOU THREE YEARS COMPLETE HOLIDAY AT OXFORD!"

the few swells of the present "Toothpick and Crutch" school, who strolled in, about ten, for a lounge, was most amusing to behold.

The absence of the popping of soda-water bottles, and of the jingling accompaniment of anything but musical glasses, was a great boon. I heard only two pops the whole evening; and as this was not one of the "Monday Pops," it was a custom more honoured in the breach than the observance—for imagine Mr. SIMS REEVES being interrupted in the middle of his great "*Bay of Biscay, O!*" song, when everyone is literally hanging on his lips, by the sudden pop of some buoyant cork!

There was another capital selection for the Orchestra in SUPPÉ's "*Poet and Peasant Overture*"—a title that reminds me of a certain Cartoon, in this periodical, where Lord BEACONSFIELD is envying the lot of the happy Woodcutter—the People's WILLIAM—in his rural retirement.

Then the next feature of the Festival was Madame LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON's "*By the Margin of fair Zurich's Waters*," and then—expectation was a-tiptoe, and a perceptible thrill ran through the audience, as the gallant young English Tenor—the jolly Tar in all but the costume—came aboard, and piped all hands to listen to his "*Bay of Biscay, O!*"

Everyone who knows anything at all of the Tar-Tenor, knows how *he*, and *he* alone, can sing this, so to speak, plain-sailing song. From first to last, artistic *au bout des ongles*. I defy anyone—except he absolutely detest the sea and the slightest motion of the smallest boat—not to go with the singer through that fearful night of shipwreck, and be scarcely able to resist joining in the "three cheers" with which the vocalist greets the opportune arrival of a Sail! a Sail!!

All I want to know, without being hypercritical, is, who is supposed to sing this song; a professional sailor or an ordinary passenger? If an Old Salt—then Mr. SIMS REEVES's reading is faultless, *but* the ballad itself is not what a tar would have written. If the narrator is an inexperienced passenger, then the ballad is faultless, and Mr. SIMS REEVES is wrong in his interpretation.

I have not time to go thoroughly into this nice question, which I recommend to the study of the singer and the public; only a suggestion arises out of this, and that is, let Mr. SIMS REEVES first sing it as the tar, and when encored, as encored he cannot fail to be, let him give a new reading of it as a passenger who suffers from sea-sickness. This will touch heart-home the majority of his audience. Indeed a new edition, or *encore* edition, might be written on these lines:—

Loud roared the dreadful thunder,
The rain a deluge show'rs;
We felt we'd made a blunder
To take our boat two hours.

We made but one remark—
"Oh, this is not a lark!"
For the day we must pay
In the Bay of Biscay O!

And a very little humouring on the part of the singer would express exactly the impecunious state of the parties, who had just got the money for a two hours' sail, but hadn't enough to satisfy the boatman for a whole day out; thus—

For the day we can't pay,
Let's in the Bay of Biscay owe!

And this I present, with my compliments, to Mr. SIMS REEVES, when next he sings this song—when may I be there to hear—and to Mr. SAMUEL HAYES for another Festival.

But I hope to hear more of our gallant young English Tenor, before long, in *Tom Tug*, and also as *Captain Macheath* in the *Beggar's Opera*. It used to be "Bravo, HICKS!" That is past and gone. Let us substitute "Bravo, HAYES!" if he is going to give us that treat.

Mr. CHATTERTON is showing us what can be done with SHAKESPEARE at Drury Lane, and Mr. DILLON and Mrs. VEZIN have anything but an idle time of it just now.

Poor dear old PHELPS! the last of the Old School has gone, and with him *Sir Pertinax Macsycophant*.

A word, by the way, for the dear old Polytechnic—"clarum et venerabile nomen"—though it wasn't by any means a case of no men the night I visited it, but of a good many men, and still more women and children. They are having great doings there just now.

First, they give you "Food, and its Preparation," by PEPPER—the right condiment in the right place—and then you are introduced to "Cabul and the Afghans," by Mr. T. L. KING—"Scenery, People, Manners, and Customs"—for our guidance in these anxious times, when every day brings its letters in each other's teeth, for and against going in at the Ameer.

And then the visitor is pitilessly taken all about the Paris Exhibition—twenty miles of it, at least—by judicious short cuts, and then trotted off to China—and then into fairyland, to be introduced to the "*Cinderella* of 1878," who is called—I can't conceive why—*Zitella*, through a series of *tableaux*, on the disc and on the stage, with musical and pictorial accompaniments written by a gentleman of the excruciatingly funny name of TRIFKINS THUDD! If the patter could be cut a little shorter it would be so much the sweeter. And all this besides the old standing attractions, the Diving-Bell, and the Machinery, and the Cosmorama, and the Electric Cascade, and all the Arts and Sciences know what besides. It is the fullest bill in London.

Mr. CLARKE with *The Rivals* is doing capital at the Haymarket, and I hope he will go on with the Old Comedies as long as he can cast them as well as he has cast this masterpiece of SHERIDAN'S. What a good play it is, barring always *Falkland* and *Julia*, and what a model from beginning to end. Yet I suppose modern Critics would call the plot "slight"—if the play were modern. But surely the plot of a genuine Comedy should be "slight"—and the greatest events from the most trifling causes should spring—*telle est la vie*—and Comedy is Life, or Life is Comedy, at least, in the opinion of the laughing Philosopher who signs himself

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

Important Notice.

FOR the use of all Political Students of Geography, we are publishing a correct Map of the World, when the present Eastern and Western Questions are finally settled to the satisfaction of everybody. Orders, with subscriptions in advance, may now be sent to our Office.

WHAT THE AMEER THINKS MIGHT COME OF ADMITTING AN ENGLISH ENVOY (as he puts it in his broken English).—"Am 'ere to-day, might be gone to-morrow."

"FOR PERCIVAL."—The Presidency of Trinity College, Oxford. (With Mr Punch's Apologies to the Editor of the "*Cornhill*.")

GROWN-UP BONFIRE BOYS.



If Guys are dying down in London—till one feels that the only fit retreat for the few decrepit specimens still to be seen is Gay's Hospital—they are still in full bang at Lewes, and seem to be blazing their way thence to an imitation "flare up" in other parts of Sussex and Kent. But Lewes still stands supreme as the High Court of the Lord of Misrule, who makes a Guy of himself on the Fifth of November, when it would almost

seem as if King Carnival had usurped one night's sway in this normally quiet—not to say stupid—Sussex borough. Brass bands, heading a procession of cresset-bearers many hundreds strong; banner-men and maskers; a Commander-in-Chief, with his staff—not a constable's, we need hardly say—and a Lord Bishop, escorted by a strong force of mock clergy; colossal bonfires and blazing tar-barrels scattered about the thoroughfares crowded with masqueraders of both sexes; fireworks in full blast all over the town; shop-fronts and lower storey windows barricaded; cart-loads of combustibles piled and fired within a few feet of the Town Hall; and a brace of colossal Guys, to be duly paraded first and blown up afterwards, all help to make night hideous, to frighten timid householders out of their wits, to keep the fire-brigade on the alert, and reduce the police force to insignificance for one night of the three hundred and sixty-five.

"It is a poor heart that never rejoices;" and Lewes takes its rejoicing as the county capital of "Silly Sussex" might be expected to do.

It is really refreshing to know that there remains in the United Kingdom one town at least in which the good old times of merry England are renewed, with their horse-play, row, and riot, if only for one night in the year. And as they say no houses are burnt down, and no more heads broken or pockets picked than the normal allowance among quieter crowds, why should not Lewes enjoy its Fifth of November revel till its inhabitants wake sadder and wiser men, not only "the morrow morn,"—like the ancient mariner,—but all the year round?

"THE WORKING OF THE WIRES;" OR, UNDER THE CAUCUSES.

(A Chapter from a Historical Romance of the Future.)

CHAPTER XXIX.—*Vae Victis!*

BRUTUS JONES, the Modern CROMWELL, as he was called by his trembling admirers—the Nineteenth Century ROBESPIERRE, as he was denounced (in whispers) by his embittered but impotent foes—sat alone in his *sanctum*. In spite of his victory, there was a frown upon his brow telling of remorse. His success had been complete. The result of the Municipal Elections had given him unlimited power. The "Hundreds," and the "Four," "Six," and "Twelve Hundreds," who hailed him as their chosen Wire-puller, had done his bidding to the letter. Everywhere his party was in the ascendant; everywhere the other party was cast down, demolished, grovelling in the dust. And yet BRUTUS JONES was not happy. He fell asleep; and in his dreams he strove in vain with the Nemesis of his own overthrow. He imagined that the wheel of fortune had revolved, and that the other party had taken the place now occupied by his own. He woke with a start, and, murmuring, "I must reassure myself," touched the bell with which he was wont to summon his Secretary. That faithful follower appeared.

"Ah! SMITH," he exclaimed. "I see you have not left me. My word still is law, eh?"

The Secretary raised his eyebrows in astonishment, and bowed.

"Let me know at once," continued the Chairman of the "Hundreds," bent on testing the reality of his nightmare, "which of my orders have been carried out?"

"Nearly all, I think, Sir," returned the Secretary, glancing at a list. "The places of the Directors of the Bank of England, left vacant by the abrupt dismissal of the leading merchants and bankers of the other party, have been filled by trusty nominees of our own. It is true, that the new men as yet know little or nothing about the law of finance or banking, but their political principles are unimpeachable."

"So far, well!" murmured BRUTUS; "go on!"

"We have changed the entire Bench of Middlesex Magistrates. The new Justices have reversed all the decisions of their predecessors. They have restored licences to—"

"Of course: I know," impatiently interrupted the great Wire-puller. "A party must sacrifice something to its principles. I hope the officials of all our gaols are changed?"

"Much to the disgust of the prisoners of the other party, who have lost all their good marks in consequence. The Hangman, too, pretends that he has a vested right in his appointment," replied the Secretary.

"And our Hospital Staffs? Have they felt the influence of our victory?"

"They have, Sir," returned the Secretary, with a sigh: he had a kindly heart. "The patients complain that the new Surgeons are not so skilful as the old ones. An amputation now takes fifteen minutes against five under the old régime."

"What if it took an hour?" cried the modern CROMWELL, angrily. "A good citizen surely should be prepared to endure a few minutes' pain for his country's good! What more?"

"The Schoolmasters appointed by the old School Boards have been dismissed, or appointed to worse paid posts."

"Ah! those old Schoolmasters have much to learn. The sooner they take their lesson to heart, the better," said the Chairman, with a bitter laugh. "What next?"

"We have deprived all the Beadles of their posts. They clung to their uniforms; but now their gold-laced coats clothe limbs of purer political type, their cocked hats cover heads of more advanced Liberal inspiration. If Bumblebom is not sound in political opinions, what can be expected of BULL?"

"And the Police?"

"Judiciously handled, and now officered by men of the right sort, they may be said to be with us to a man. The Volunteers, too, have threatened to resign in a body, unless their officers give place to citizen Soldiers of our colour. In a fortnight the *Gazette* will contain the names of Colonels, Majors, Captains, and Subalterns, all as sound in opinion as St. Paul's bells, if a little shaky in their drill and the duties of their respective commands."

"One can't have everything in this world," returned the Chairman.

"Have the crossing-sweepers been changed, and the cabmen been warned that their licences are forfeited, except on condition of adherence to our platform? Have the retrograde apple-women of the hostile party been informed that they must give up the sites of their stalls to those who go for Progress and the People?"

"Certainly, Sir," replied the Secretary. And again he sighed heavily.

"Ah!—*à propos*. Have the attendants at Hanwell and Colney Hatch been removed, to make way for successors of sounder sense?"

The Secretary hesitated. "Not yet, Sir," he said; and then added, in a tone of sorrowful remonstrance, "Cannot we spare them? They are good and worthy men, and their duties are difficult, and take long to learn. Some of them have families—what will become of them?"

The Great Wire-puller turned on him an eye of stern, but cold, reproof. "If their successors know their duty, they will shut them up for being mad enough to disagree with us. And now begone! I would be alone."

As the Secretary retired, his Chief muttered between his teeth, "Why does he prate to me of goodness and worthiness? What have these virtues to do with politics?"

And leaving this conundrum unanswered, the Chairman of the Hundreds turned once more to the complex ramifications and reticulations of his wires.

Grave Guests.

IRELAND, it has often been said, is the country of contradictions. Who, in this more consistent country of ours, would expect to find, as we do in the *Dublin Daily Express*?

WANTED, for a Country Hotel, a respectable HEARSE, in good order.—Apply, &c.

FROM THE AGRICULTURAL HALL.—The Cork Leg outrun by the CORKEY ditto.



"RETORT COURTEOUS."

Facetious Old Gent (to Passenger with a Saw). "YOU SHOW YOUR TEETH, SIR."
(*Chuckles.*)

Crusty Carpenter. "YOU DON'T. 'CAUSE WHY?—Y' AIN'T GOT NONE!"

"CHEAPER AND CHEAPER STILL."

It is rumoured that the present Lord Mayor is determined to temper Civic hospitality and municipal ceremonial with what the City has till now but too little regarded—economy. Should the report be correct, and the fashion of retrenchment find favour in the eyes of the Citizens, *Mr. Punch* pleases himself in imagining a Ninth of November of the future, something after this fashion—

THE PROCESSION.

The day was a glorious one, and every inch of Fleet Street, the Strand, and Charing Cross was crowded. A single detachment of dismounted Police led the way. These Guardians of the Peace were succeeded by a dray, kindly lent by Messrs. Buxton & Co. the eminent brewers, carrying in a bundle all the flags and banners of the Corporation. An array of Charity Children in their quaint garb of the olden time, arranged according to the colour of their caps and gowns—a girl and boy together—brought up the rear. The Charwoman of the Mansion House with her *insignia* of office, the time-hallowed broom and duster, borne by an Under-cleaner, was the next to put in an appearance. Then came *the* feature of the show, a musician playing no less than six different instruments at once. The applause of the mob was almost deafening, as this cheap, compact, and compendious substitute for the old-fashioned military bands went merrily and musically by. The Recorder in his wig was next seen picking his way modestly through the mud. The City Marshal riding a bicycle followed. Then came two Atlas omnibuses, hired by the hour, filled inside and out with Aldermen who had, and who had not, passed the Chair. Lastly, appeared the LORD MAYOR'S coach, and it was not difficult to understand that a great saving in expense had been effected by discarding the horses of other days for the Ludgate Hill street-traction-engine. After his Lordship had passed, a Sergeant's Guard of the Victoria Rifles, in undress uniform, brought the procession to a brilliant and not expensive termination.

A COINAGE FOR CYPRUS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I THINK you and your readers will agree with me that as our last acquisition is absorbing, and likely to absorb, a great deal too much of *our* money, the sooner we can give it some money of its own the better. In fact, a coinage for Cyprus is, or ought to be, already in the Mint, or on its way to the die, like its unfortunate garrison. Why should this new mintage not be made at once to indicate our acquisition of the island, to pay a compliment to its acquirers, and to stereotype one of the most ingenious of recent legends? The two former ends may be secured in the devices of the coin; the other in its inscription.

If Lord BEACONSFIELD and Mr. FREMANTLE take my advice, this new money will not be a mere coinage of the brain, but a copy of the old coin of the island, which bore on the obverse a Bull, on the reverse a Dove. Can anything be more appropriate at once to the situation, and the ready-made legend, "Peace with Honour"—Dove to symbolise the one, Bull the other?

There! As the Roman proverb used to run—

"Rem ex asse cognoscis."

Yours,

SMELFUNGUS ASTATICUS.

Rule and No Rule.

THE Rule of the Road's clear as light—

That in driving a carriage along,

The man who drives left is all right,

And the man who drives right is all wrong.

But the Rule of the River appears,

When fatal collisions befall,

And witnesses get by the ears,

To be simply, "There's no Rule at all."

Eminently Appropriate.

IN an article in this month's *Fortnightly Review*, Mr. A. R. WALLACE proposes to naturalise in Epping Forest "the remarkable *Salisburia* or *Ginkgo Tree*." Have we not here a scientific appellation for the Salisbury or Jingo Tree, which might certainly be selected with peculiar appropriateness as the Conservative "plant" of the day?

THE BANQUET.

The usual company (including Her Majesty's Ministers, Ambassadors, and a limited selection of the Corporation, made by ballot) assembled to do honour to the LORD MAYOR at the Guildhall.

At the high table the famous three-and-sixpenny dinner from the Holborn Restaurant was served in first-rate style, and every other guest found a bottle of Bass before him. The less important feasters at the other tables were supplied with hot water, bread-and-butter, and shrimps at the trifling cost of sixpence a head, it being understood that they were to bring their own tea with them. An excellent band, consisting of a violin and harp which had been playing in front of an adjacent tavern until the hour fixed for the banquet, were accommodated with seats in the Music Gallery.

Later on, the harmony of the evening was enhanced by the performance of an Italian musician (whose name we failed to catch), who executed several brilliant fantasias on the barrel-organ.

When the cloth had been removed, and the loving-cup (filled with shandy-gaff) had been passed round, the usual loyal toasts were proposed at the usual length, and received with the wonted cordiality.

Rather later than usual, after the PREMIER, in returning thanks for his own health, had commenced a political speech of unusual interest, the LORD MAYOR said he regretted to interrupt the harmony of the evening, but he had to state that, in order to save expense, the Lighting Committee had arranged to turn off the electric light at nine, so that he feared the audience must be content with such enlightenment as they could derive from his noble friend's oratory. The company separated in some little disorder, after listening to the Noble Lord with some impatience for a considerable time, on finding that he was unlikely to throw any light on the situation.

COLLAPSE.

WHAT a late Lord Mayor amounts to. OWDEN—the Greek for 'nothing.'



UNDER THE CENSOR'S STAMP;

OR, HOW THE BEAR'S PAW COMES DOWN ON PUNCH IN ST. PETERSBURG. AND YET THE JINGOES CALL HIM "RUSSOPHIL"!

FRIENDS AT A DISTANCE.

Being the brief Record of a few Winter-seasonable Visits to certain Country Houses.

VISIT THE FIRST.—CHAPTER II.

The dispiriting Journey—Fogs—Mist—Fens—Dampness—Light—More Light—Bursting Mills—Lantern—Onward—Poor Ghost—Suspicious—Clayboro'—Bound for Josslyn's—Suggestions for Head-Warmers—The Fly—Arrival—The Knell—Signs of Life—Open Locks—The Reception—Presentiments—Regrets.

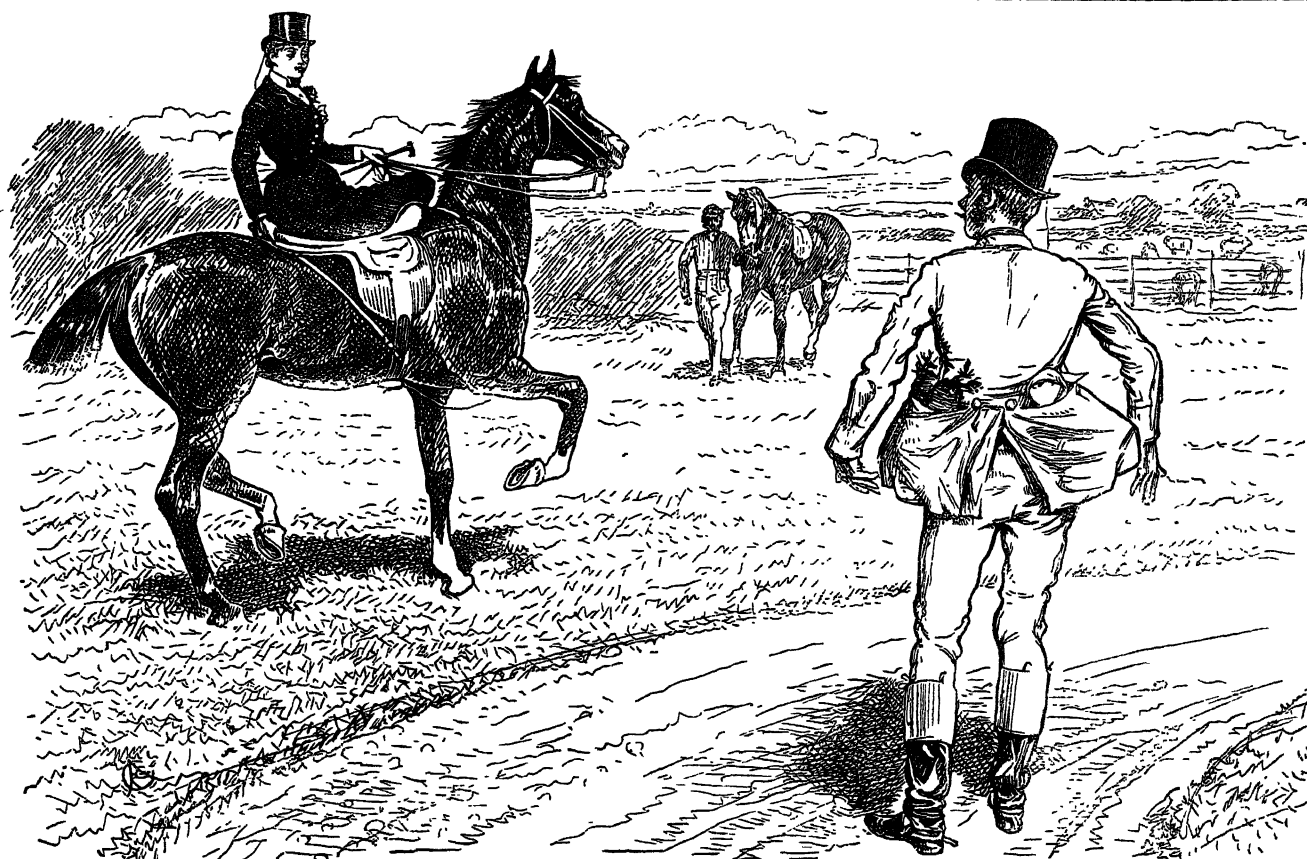
DRIZZLY, damp, and dirty at Fenchurch Street Station. All along the line, misty, murky, and vapoury—such a vapour as ghosts might be made of—the ghosts of victims lost hopelessly in the fens. The gaslights struggling for life—gasping and shivering. If I could peer into the life of the fog, I am sure I should see Jack-o'-lanterns and unwholesome goblins dancing with frogs, toads, and other such

slimy, grotesque creatures, familiar to the pencils of DOYLE and CRUIKSHANK.

The carriages appear damp, mouldy, and gloomy: all the passengers wear a mysterious air, as it seems to me, wrapping themselves up, and hiding themselves away in corners out of sight of one another, as though each having committed some great crime, were escaping from justice, or, perhaps, the deed of darkness being still undone, each sombre passenger is bound for some lonely spot in the Fens, where the punctual victim will be met by appointment, and then—and then will be heard of no more!

Oh for the Electric Light all over the Essex Marshes, right away down to the river, to scare the ghosts, the goblins, and the murderous prowlers of the night! Wake up, Mr. Edison, and start land light-houses, here, to begin with. Hang the expense!—do it, Sir! Run yourself, and receive the gratitude of thousands of poor trembling belated travellers.

Bursting Mills Station! More like an outlying shed for homeless cattle in the midst of the Great Dismal Swamp. A shivering porter,



WHAT TYRANTS WOMEN ARE!

SCENE—*The Start for the Meet.*DRAMATIS PERSONÆ—*Very small horsey Young Lady; can go like blazes. Young Squire, escort for the day, his pockets very much bulged out.**She.* "YOU'VE GOT THE SANDWICHES?" *He.* "YES."*She.* "AND THE PACKET OF TEA? THEY DO GIVE ONE SUCH STUFF AT THOSE PUBLICS." *He.* "THERE YOU ARE."*She.* "AND THE CARROTS FOR MY MARE?" *He,* "JUST LOOK HERE!" *She.* "ALL RIGHT! NOW LET US JOG ON."

very damp, and very sniffing, is holding his lantern under his jacket, with his arm affectionately round it, as though to keep it warm, and perhaps by this means impart some additional life to his own pulsation. Hiding his light under a bushel, as it were.

He regards me with pity, and evidently wonders what on earth can have induced me to get out at Bursted Mills.

The train for Clogsole and Clayboro' is waiting, and there are two other ghosts besides myself going by it.

We get into our compartments silently, avoiding one another. The train starts noiselessly. No bustle, no screaming, no life. The wheels are muffled, and the rails have been oiled by the greasy fog, for we glide along into a deeper and deeper gloom, and the curtains of mist close around us and behind us, deadening all sound, and gradually shutting us out from the outer world.

I am wondering what evil genius prompted me to accept JOSSLYN DYKE's invitation to his country-house at this time of year! But 'tis done! May I arrive safely!

We stop at Clogsole. Somebody gets out. I arrive at the fact by listening attentively. I can just see a shadowy figure—a melancholy shade. He becomes merged in the fog, like the shadow that used to stand behind the Haunted Man's chair in the Adelphi drama,—and then he disappears,—perhaps burked on the spot, robbed, and rolled over into a muddy ditch outside Clogsole Station—to be left till called for. And when will he be called for? Alas! poor ghost!

In the old days of murderous romances and thrilling melodramas, it used to be the innkeeper, or the miller, who gave his victims shelter for the night, when their fate was sealed. In these days of steam-travelling, can it be that the civil station-master has taken the place of the black-browed host of the Roadside Inn, or of Grindoff the miller?

Clayboro' Station. I dread getting out. I look cautiously round. I descend. No porter. Nobody. I hear a voice, somewhere in the night air, sighing out sadly, "Clayboro'"—that is all.

My luggage—that is, my Wonderful Bag is with me. The phantom

train glides away, and vanishes in a flash of fire: then all is darkness on the Line. I am alone, with my bag, on the platform. At last a glowworm porter advances to take my ticket. I tell him I am bound for Mr. JOSSLYN DYKE's, The Mote, Moss End. By an effort of memory, as though unaccustomed to conversation, he recalls, after some hesitation, the name of the house and its owner. I fancy he regards me suspiciously, as though I might be a detective in disguise, and JOSSLYN of The Mote a coiner.

I am inclined to re-assure him by protesting I mean no harm to JOSSLYN DYKE, that I am his warmest friend, that is, if in these parts there can be such a thing as a warm friend, unless he go about in bearskins three deep, with coals of fire heaped on his head like the itinerant roast chestnut vendors in the London streets—which has always struck me as a wonderful invention for keeping one's head warm.

[*Happy Thought.*—We have feet-warmers, why not "head-warmers?" Strange that this fashion in our climate should not be more generally adopted. No need to sell chestnuts; merely a hat-full of coals, lighted by the servant when you go out. The "New patent iron hat for keeping the head warm in winter,"—is a brilliant idea. Might write, on this subject too, to Mr. EDISON. He'd work it up into something. Only I register it first. The New Patent Coalhole Hat, invaluable for lightness and warmth. No brushing required.]

Fortunately there is a fly. This is a rare bit of luck. JOSSLYN DYKE hadn't sent it. It has come to take somebody else somewhere else, and the somebody else's heart has evidently failed him at the last minute, as he hasn't arrived, and can't now for another two hours. With my bag I take my seat in the fly, and cheer up a bit. No matter to me, now, that the fly has a nasty odour of damp hay—no matter to me that the doors are warped and close with difficulty—no matter that one window won't come up and the other won't go down, and that it rattles, and shakes, and wobbles. These are no discomforts to me now, for I am spared a dirty walk, and



NEATLY STOPPED.

Old Gentleman (to Box-Keeper, testily). "No, I NEVER GIVE MONEY. STOP A BIT! HERE!" [Gives Charity Organisation Ticket.]

saved, perhaps, from losing myself, and losing everything else, it might be, bag included, on the lonely road between the station and The Mote.

I can see nothing of the country, and very little of the village. It is a village. I can make out the straggling, dimly-lighted shops of the general-dealers, and we nearly bump up against some waggons standing out in the road in front of the old village inn. There is some shouting, not much, and some bad language—the latter stronger than the shouting, and more of it,—and we continue our route. More and more vapoury and misty. Danker and damper.

[Happy Thought. Capital name for an *opéra bouffe*, *Danker and Damper*. Musical, of course—with Mlle. D'ANKA as the heroine. Great blessing to be able to have even one flash of a "happy thought" in such surroundings as these.]

Faint, flickering, bilious-looking lamps, at intervals, the posts being invisible. The trap takes a turn to the left, then another to the right, then to the left again: and then I couldn't swear whether it is turning right or left, or whether we are curving round and round, and travelling in a circle. All I am sure of is, that we are not going straight; and at times I could almost positively swear that we are going backwards. Wherever The Mote may ultimately be, the road to it seems to be through a labyrinth of lanes; and, to judge by the jolting, we are passing over deep ruts, or old water-courses.

At last we pull up. I can see absolutely nothing. Can I have arrived at Nowhere, the country residence of Mr. Nobody? I know that in crowded London, JOSSLYN DYKE would probably be Nobody; but here in the country I thought he would be Somebody. Nobodies in London, are, more often than not, Somebodies in the country.

The Flyman has descended, and, as far as I can make out, is trying to climb up a pole. Good Heavens! is this the way into JOSSLYN DYKE's house?

No; he isn't trying to climb: he is only fumbling about a door-post to find a bell.

Becoming accustomed to the darkness, I see that we are close up against a high, and, as it seems to me, black wall.

[Happy Thought. Good omen. Arriving at Blackwall. Used not Blackwall to be famous for its dinners?] We are between two black walls, and under heavy, over-hanging branches. A large, massive gateway looms gradually out from the wall, slowly taking form, shape, and colour, like a change in a dissolving view. Then, too, I become aware of a house, at some little distance off—an old gabled house—and, as I think, a tower.

The Flyman has discovered the bell-chain by the mere accident of the iron handle hitting him on the nose, which makes him, not unnaturally, angry, but sets him to pulling at it with the vigour of an irritable person suffering under a sense of injury, and determined to "let 'em have it" whoever they are.

But it takes three pulls to produce one sound.

[Happy Thought. Idea for a "Sound Table,"—with my compliments to the "Ancient Society of College Youths," or whatever the scientific bell-ringers call themselves,—on the plan of any other table of weights and measures. And why not? There is such a thing as "a measured tone," and how will the ordinary dealer measure it, if not by rule, i.e., by table. I don't see my way to the proportions except starting with—

Three pulls (at a bell)....	make	One sound.
Two sounds	"	Somebody hear.
Somebody hearing	makes	No difference.
No difference.....	"	One angry.]

But these are details merely suggested at JOSSLYN DYKE's door, by the fact of the Flyman having rung several solemn knells—and the bell only knells once solemnly to every three good hard pulls—without any result. It really appears as if the people within, on hearing the knell, had gone quietly off and buried themselves. I have often heard of persons "burying themselves in the country," but never knew it was done in this way before.

I mention this jestingly to the Flyman, who doesn't understand the humour of the thing, and is inclined to fancy I am chaffing him. However, as he has his fare in view, and an extra sixpence for bell-ringing, he does not retort on me; but he is doing anything but "blessing the bell" at that moment.

Lights! The sounds of life! Bolts, locks, and bars are flying asunder! Chains rattle as though a hundred persons were being let loose out of the Bastille. More bolts, locks, and bars. More chains. Then the deep baying of a hound from somewhere. *Where?* It occurs to me that if this basso-profondo hound is the watch-dog, he must be rather useless, seeing that he took no notice of our arrival, and had to be roused by the bell before he uttered a sound.

However, that's DYKE's affair, not mine; all that concerns me about the hound with the bass growl just now is—*where is he at this minute?* I can't see him; and I hate to hear an invisible dog.

The outer portal—it is a portal—opens,—of its own accord. Through it, I see a line of light leading to a doorway, where stands a tall figure, holding a lantern, and peering out cautiously. Then the tall figure advances, gravely.

Associating his appearance—he is in black, and a stiff white tie—with the funeral knell that has just sounded, I cannot help looking upon him as an undertaker attached to the establishment. He advances upon me, holding his lantern aloft, as though he were searching for a body—as an undertaker might be expected to do if he had lost one in the snow; and then for the first time I perceive behind him a huge St. Bernard mastiff. This completes the picture of finding the body in the snow (only there's no snow, but plenty of glistening dead leaves), and he ceases to represent an undertaker, but a monk of St. Bernard turned Protestant, and dressed as a clergyman of the Evangelical school. It is JOSSLYN DYKE's butler: and—thank Heaven!—this is JOSSLYN DYKE's!

Joyfully I bestow largesse on the Flying Bellringer—I mean the Bellingring Flyman; and, after making friends with the dog, who sniffs about me to assure himself of my being the sort of person he would recommend his master to admit, I surrender my bag—my bag of bags—to the care of the butler, and, without another word from him to me, or from me to him—it is all done silently, in dumb show, like a ballet in plain clothes—and there is an air of mystery about, as if I were the last conspirator to arrive, and had kept the others waiting—I follow the butler and the bag into the Hall.

[Happy Thought (title for song)—The Butler and the Bag.]

In another second there is a pattering of feet on the dark oak floor, and two dogs suddenly appear, stop short, and glower at me suspiciously. They are weird-looking creatures, both of them. The first, a trifle in advance of the other, has a large goblinlike head with great goggle eyes, awkward overgrown legs, long tawny body, and a tail that writhes and twists like an eel. Were I asked, at haphazard, to fix his breed, I should say something between a bulldog, a pug, and a grotesque Chinese ornament, the last factor in his composition predominating. The other dog is, as far as I can make out, white, thin, and long pointed at both ends like a double pencil. It is an unsubstantial dog, and strikes me as a phantom animal: the first is a fiend. They do not utter a sound or move. On my left stands the austere Butler and the St. Bernard. None of us move or utter a sound. It is a tableau. Enter upon this picture, my friend JOSSLYN DYKE who steps forward, greeting me cordially but solemnly.

"Dinner," he says, gravely, "will be ready in half an hour. We dine punctually. Gool will show you your room. If you want anything, ask Gool: he will see to you."

Gool is the Butler—a Phantom Butler!—lank, dark, and pale,

and solemn as a mute, when officially engaged, standing silently, and moving noiselessly!

[*Happy Thought (paraphrasing a well-known line).* Moving noiselessly—"An excellent thing in Butlers."]

GOOR inclines his head, and motions me to follow him up the broad old dark-pannelled staircase. It is a ballet in plain clothes. I express my willingness to accompany him also in dumb show. There ought to be music.

JOSSLYN somehow vanishes. The dogs have all vanished. I never saw or heard them go.

The place is dimly lighted, and there are black shadows lying in wait in every corner, as though to pounce out on the venturesome stranger.

More ballet. Serious *pas de deux* between myself and the Butler on the landing.

I am depressed. I am nervous. I wish I were at home, anywhere, in the centre of London, or at my Club, before the fire . . . but it is all too late . . . Fate has pronounced . . . and I follow the Phantom Butler with the Bag.

BRIGHTNESS AND BEAUTY.



DARLING OLD PUNCH,

Do you really think that the Electric Light is going to do away with gas? I should so like to know, not that Pa or anybody I care about has got money in a Gas Company's shares that I know of, but there is one point on which I am very anxious, and I don't think at least I haven't heard that anything has been said, indeed, what is very strange, it doesn't seem to have struck anybody, and at any rate it is a most serious matter, because whether or no the Electric Light is to cut out gas in streets and houses there seems no doubt it answers for warehouses and galleries and Gov-

ernment work-places, and all sorts of large rooms. So there is every prospect of its being used in Assembly-Rooms and Ball-Rooms. Now then this is the question which occurs to me of course, and no doubt also to every thinking girl, and many I dare say have written to the papers and not had their letters put in, but I hope you will mine, and then perhaps Mr. EDISON—I think that is his name—or some of his agents—don't you call them?—will give me an answer: Is the Electric Light—when used to illuminate a Marble Hall, or a *salon* of fashion, or any other Rooms in which one mingles with Society—suitable to the complexion? Ever yours,

VANESSA.

P.S.—There is also another thing I should like to know. Sometimes, at scientific lectures, I have seen Electricity used to produce chemical changes. Besides making the natural colour look horrid, mightn't the effect of the Electric Light perhaps be to turn any little artificial bloom one might use to something dreadful?

In a Nut Shell.

THE Metropolitan Board's "feasance"—Embanking the Thames. The Metropolitan Board's "Mis-feasance"—Mud-banking it.

[See CAPTAIN CALVER's report of the result of the Metropolitan Main Drainage operations on the state of the river; Sir J. BAZALGETTE's rejoinder; and CAPTAIN CALVER's final floorer to BAZALGETTE.]

JOHN HOMESPUN ON IMPERIALISM.

IMPERIALISM! Hang the word! It buzzes in my noddle Like bumble-bees in clover-time. The talk on't's mostly twaddle; Yet one would like to fix the thing, as farmers nail up vermin; Lots o' big words collapse, like blobs, if their sense you once determine.

I guess I'm English, root and branch, though some smart babes feign doubt of it.

(Your Cockerels now do crow so loud, old roosters seem quite out of it)

To think BRITANNIA rules the waves is soothing to my feelings, But let her rule 'em right, say I, and stick to honest dealings.

If that's un-English, as I'm told, parochial and the rest of it, So be it; right is my North Star, I shan't hedge east or west of it; And if Imperialism means to shift my conscience-compass, They won't get me to shout for it with all their row and rumpus.

I smoke my pipe and hear 'em prate, and don't they pitch it nobby? You'd think Creation owned JOHN BULL its Heaven-appointed Bobby.

But how if Bobby drops true blue, and takes to private priggish? If masts and yards ain't straight and square, you can't expect taut rigging.

No doubt the sharks would like to rule the seas to suit *their* wishes, And whales aren't much concerned about the rights of little fishes; But a sea-scurge is scarce the part JOHN BULL is proud of playing, Unless from paths he's stuck to long he now is bent on straying.

Imperialism most times means rule ruthless as far-reaching, Shaped on the sharp *Squeers* system of much stick and little teaching. Masters grow plump on it, no doubt, but power and paunches swelling

Ain't quite the sort o' things to set a British patriot yelling.

Some do, no doubt. More blame, say I, to leaders fancied clever, Who, playing on the nation's heart, its finer chords touch never; They strum and thrum on selfish greed, and vulgar pride and swagger,

Until the empty row they raise great Shindy's self might stagger.

Bah! If Old England can't look big without so much drum-thumping,

She's littler-hearted than I've thought. I own this brazen trumping

Don't warm *my* blood up, not a mite, its grandeur I can't follow; 'Tis noisy as the drum itself, and just about as hollow.

I grant that men of British breed should steer and pull together, And all stand by, blow low, blow high, in a spell of dirty weather; If *that's* Imperial, 'tis a tune with which I never jangled, Though it seems to me a good old air spoilt by a name new-fangled.

But pluck that's sound down to the core has got no call to swagger, To paint its nose to fright its foes, or flourish a big dagger; That style o' thing means bounce, not fight, however loud it holler, And won't stand cuffs, I'll bet a pot, for all its show of choler.

A ruling race has got to rule, but ruling don't mean robbery, Still less the game of trick for trick, and everlasting bobbery; And if what's called "Imperial" in fashionable lingo Ain't tainted with such humbug to the core, why I'm a Jingo!

Customary Candour.

Busch (Biographer, to Prince BISMARCK). Your Highness has doubtless read the Guildhall speech of LORD BEACONSFIELD?

Bismarck. To be sure.

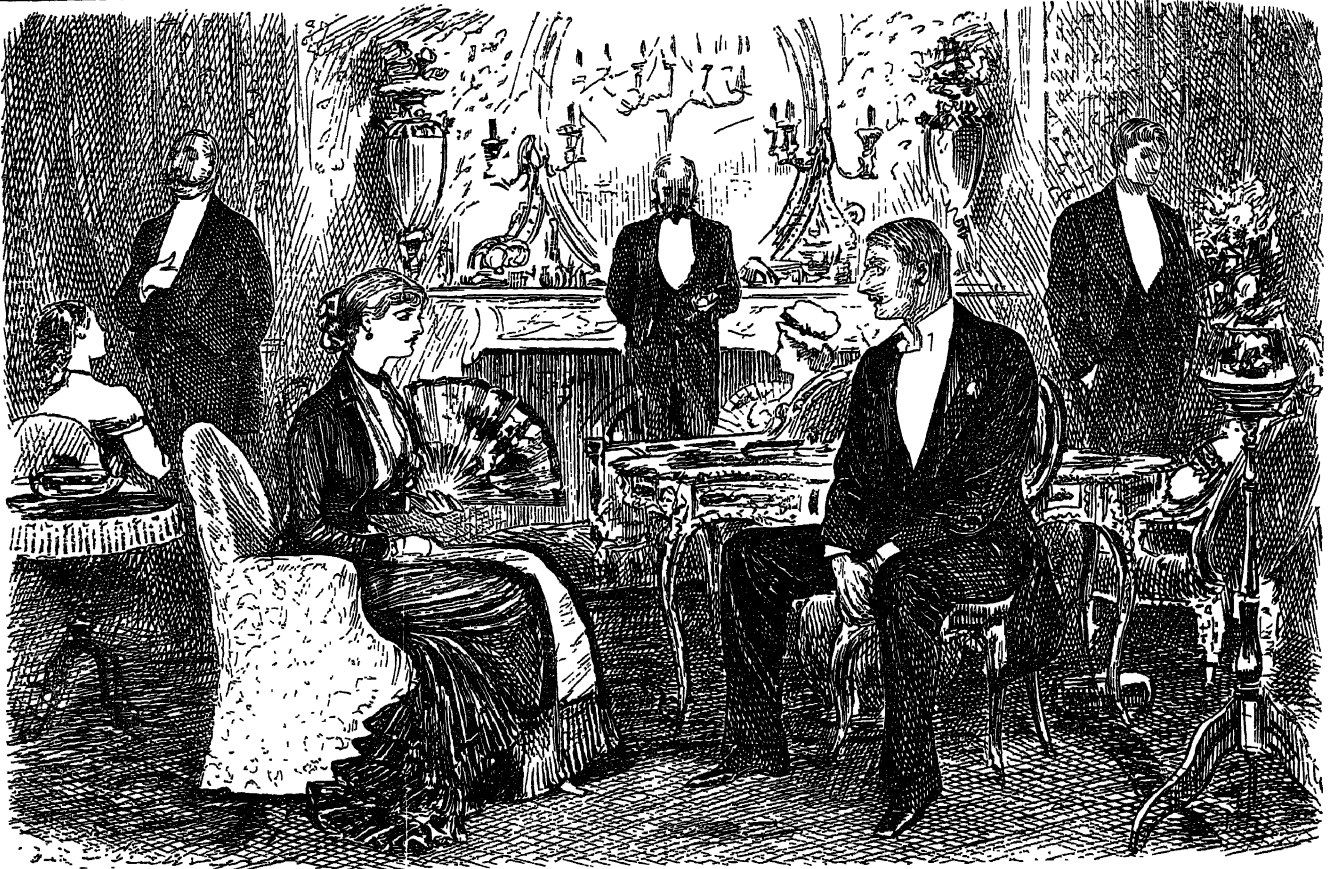
Busch. You noticed his intimated intention to rectify the North-Western boundaries of British India with a view to secure a "scientific frontier"? Does not your Highness think this would be a most unscrupulous proceeding, and a gross violation of international law?

Bismarck (airily, with his characteristic frankness, and a play of face between a wink and a grin). We all do it.

How to Keep the Peace.

"Police-Constable ROBINSON, undeterred by five shots from PEACE's revolver, seized the man, and, after a desperate struggle, threw him to the ground. The burglar attempted to draw a sheath-knife from his pocket; but the officer, though severely wounded, did not lose his presence of mind, and after giving his prisoner a few smart taps on the head with his truncheon, succeeded in securing him."—*Newspaper Report of the arrest of the great Blackheath Burglar.*

EVIDENTLY Policeman ROBINSON is what we read so much of in the Jingo papers—the "Peace at any price" party.



GENTLE AND SIMPLE.

Young Sportsman. "DOES YOUR FATHER PRESERVE AT ALL?"

Ingenuous Maiden. "OH, NO; WE USE ALL OUR FRUIT FOR MAKING TARTS!"

"WHERE ARE WE NOW?"

Bull. (*halting and hesitating*). I say, where are we going?

Drover (*reassuringly*). Oh, all right!
You follow me!

Bull. By faith, and not by sight!
But, to tell truth, I'm getting precious tired.

Drover. Pooh! pooh! Your staying powers are much admired.
Prestige, you know! You must maintain *that*.

Bull. Must I?

Somehow the phrase seems getting flat and fusty.

Drover. *Prestige* is your palladium. Come along!
You surely don't suppose I'd lead you wrong?

Bull. Oh, no! But—well, I'm really bound to say,
That this is not at all the sort of way
In which you swore to lead me. 'Twas to be
A path of peace, and jocund jollity;
A happy pasture steeped in holy calm,
The mead all flowerets, and the air all balm,
A sort of bovine Beulah, lapt in joy,
No one to harass, nothing to annoy,
No ropes, no rings, and, above all, no goads.
But this is darkest, ruggedst of roads!

Drover. This is mere hare-brained chatter, of the quality
I must call "irresponsible frivolity."
A solid brute like you should have more sense
Than to indulge in Rhodian eloquence.

Bull. More firework-phrases! But somehow they fail
To tickle me. Fine ribbons at my tail,
And rose-wreaths round my horns are not enough
To save me from fatigue and fear.

Drover. Oh, stuff!

Taurus turned timorous?

Bull. Not at all! but where
Is this long-promised pasture?

Drover (*with a sweeping flourish*). Over there!

Bull. That's vague, like all your promises—there! See!

The sky ahead's as black as black can be,
We'll have a storm, I guess,—a regular pelter.

Drover. All the more reason to make sure of shelter.

Bull. Yes, but I see none.

Drover. Oh, you will anon.
Trust wholly to my guidance and come on!
These fields are pleasant, but not well protected,
Their boundaries require to be corrected,
Somewhat enlarged, perhaps, just here and there.
Rectification—

Bull. Stop! I do not care
For wider ranging.

Drover. Nay, now, do not chafe.
At least you'd like your pales and hedges safe?
At present they're haphazard, rambling, weak,
A Scientific Frontier's what we seek.

Bull. What's that?

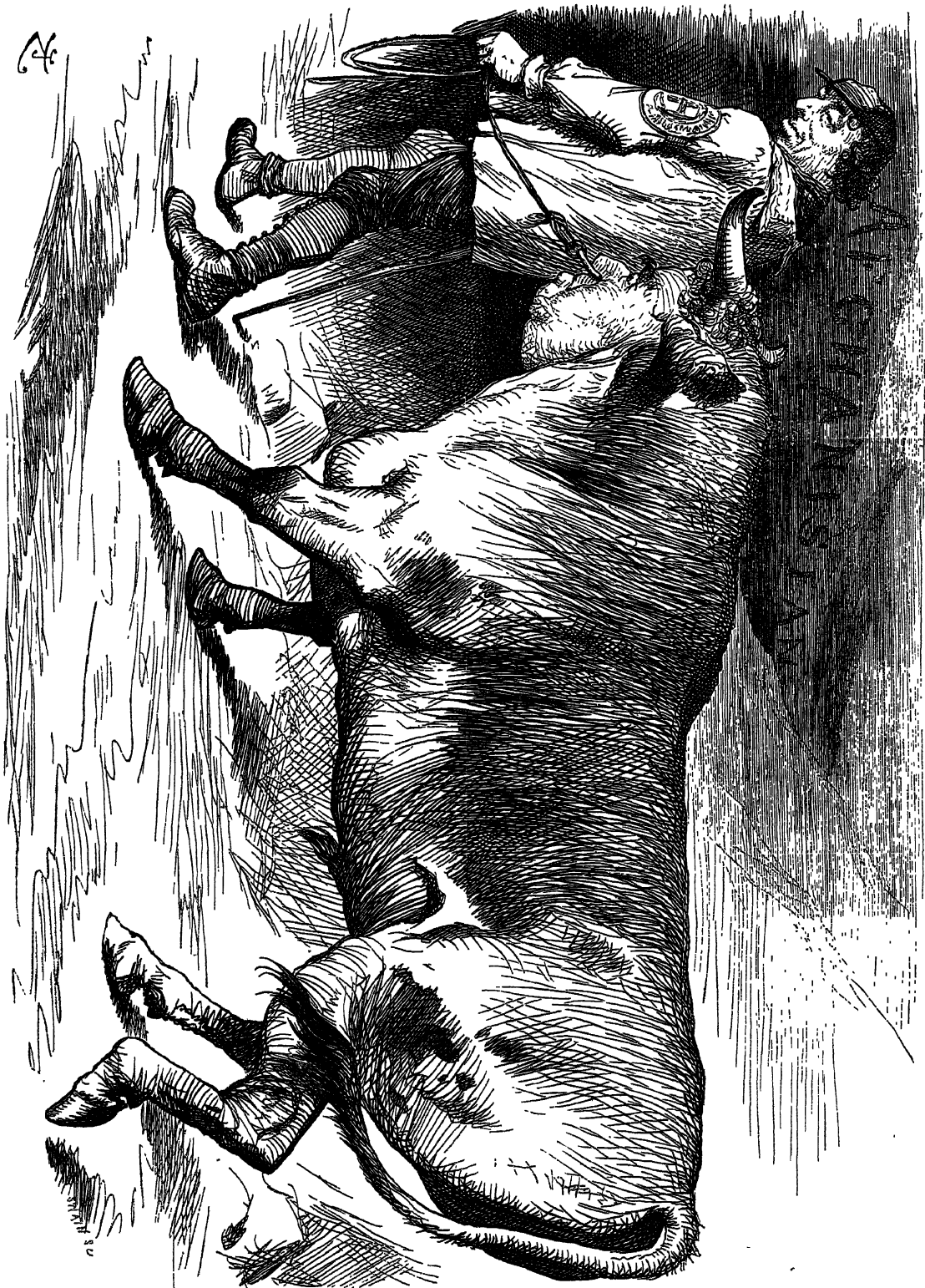
Drover (*aside*). Plague take the brute! What shall I say?
He did not use to question me this way.

(*Aloud.*) A scientific frontier is,—a border
Imperial not empirical! In order
That blessing to secure I'm striving ever
With all devices that are darkly clever,
I look to you to back me up, of course,
With all your resolution and resource.

Bull. All vastly fine! but I am very weary,
And the look-out is neither clear nor cheery.
Fatigued and fogged, I mean to make a stand,
And the true end of all this toil demand.
You know where you are going, I suppose,
But I tramp blindly on, led by the nose!

AMERICA'S IDEA OF ARBITRATION.—"Heads I win, tails you lose."

ADVICE TO HOLDERS OF DOUBTFUL STOCK.—Grin and "Bear" it.



“WHERE ARE WE NOW?”

DRIVER DIZZY: “COME ALONG; IT’S ALL RIGHT. WE’RE ONLY IN SEARCH OF A ‘SCIENTIFIC FRONTIER.’”!!!

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

(A Visit to the University of Cambridge on an important and interesting Occasion.)



SIR, By special invitation, accepted with the greatest possible pleasure, I witnessed the performance last Wednesday, on "the Ladies' Night," in the Rooms of the A.D.C. (Amateur Dramatic Club), Cambridge.

The arrangements for my reception at the Railway Station did honour alike to the Heads—and Hearts—of the University.

The first idea was, that, on the

platform, I should be met by all the Heads of Houses, with their tiles off.

This having been abandoned on account of the inclemency of the weather, the following ceremonial programme was submitted to me for approval:—

First, the Vice-Chancellor, attended by the Commissary, a most useful officer superintending the University Commissariat; the Deputy High Steward (whose duty it is to accompany the Vice-Chancellor whenever he may go from Dover to Calais, carrying a golden basin and gilt brandy-flask, the insignia of his office; the Registrar, who combines the offices of Inspector of Smoky Chimneys with that of performing the marriage service for such members of the University as come to him at the Registrar's Office; the *Sex Viri*, without power to add to their number, as an addition would *un-sex* them; the *Auditors of the Chest*, carrying *stethoscopes*; Proctors, followed by Bull-dogs (muzzled), and the Two Moderators, smoking, on account of their wicks having been turned up too high. Lastly, the Examiners, each carrying his own *tripos*, followed by the Lady Margaret Preacher, in her best cap and silk gown.

As, however, I myself had dispensed with anything resembling display, being simply attired in a graceful garment called after the Ulster King-of-Arms, and was only accompanied by my very great friend (six feet five, if he's an inch) and constant legal adviser—a first-rate all round man—Professor PELL, Reversible Barrister, I telegraphed to say that I preferred to remain *incog.*, and would, in the quietest way, take an ordinary hansom from the Station to the College, where my excellent host—of whom it is no disparagement to speak as a Fellow—would be waiting to receive me.

Arrived at the College, I was at once installed in another Fellow's rooms—the worthy Bedmaker, and the obliging Gyp, assisting at the ceremony of installation.

"What," I asked myself, after a quarter of an hour's experience of the bachelor comfort of this ancient snuggery, "what can equal the existence of a College-Fellow with a *piod-a-terre* always ready, no difficulty as to servants, no trouble as to house-keeping—and with but one drawback that I can see, and that is, no bells."

But is not the absence of bells a sign that your every want is anticipated?

Look—here are beautiful fires in both rooms beaming a welcome—here on the hob is a steaming kettle, and the neatness, tidiness, and cleanliness of the chambers are distinct evidences of the tender care and softening influence of that female society, provided by the authorities of each College for the solace of its celibate residents, which is honourably known as the "Ancient Order of Academic Bedmakers."

We—another guest is with me, not the Eminent Reversible—mount to our rooms in an ancient tower, by a spiral stone staircase, with narrow windows set in deep embrasures, reminding me at every step of some of CRUIKSHANK'S illustrations to ARNSWORTH'S *Tower of London*; and, what with this staircase, and the windows and the massive doors, and the mediæval appearance of the rooms themselves, I cannot shake off the impression that my friend and myself are two important political prisoners, treated in a very superior manner as befits our rank and the nature of our crime—nothing less than high treason, of course—ascending to our rooms in the

Tower, where presently the Lieutenant will visit us, and address us with kindly and courteous consideration.

But the caps and gowns destroy this Tower illusion, which is superseded at once by another of a mediæval ecclesiastical character, which is far truer than the first, and more in keeping with the local colouring.

Many have told of the monks of old—and so there is no necessity for me to add my observations. Suffice it that we were presently summoned to the monastic cell of one of the Brethren, where we were entertained in the pleasantest, merriest company, with the very best of good cheer, until it was time for us to walk to the Club Rooms of the A.D.C., and take our seats in the Auditorium of their elegant little Theatre.

The Play was *The Ticket of Leave Man*, and it was the third night of its representation. The Amateurs (and among them are some genuine young artists) had been coached in the business of the Stage by Mr. HORACE WIGAN, who, it will be remembered, was the original "*Hawkshaw, the Detective*," at the Olympic—a part with which he will always be identified in the memory of play-goers.

The *Ticket of Leave Man* was played at the A.D.C. in five Acts, and the minor comic parts of *Green Jones* and *Emily St. Erremonde* were wisely omitted.

There is nowadays an unofficial censorship of Plays at Cambridge, this being the condition on which the existence of the Club is tolerated and recognised by the Dons.

It was not so in its first days—some twenty years ago, when the Club was, so to speak, a sort of Secret Society in the Catacombs, and when the nights of performance were kept a profound secret from all except the initiated. Subsequently came a semi-official recognition, but there was no censorship. I fancy that *then* we went in more for "the fun of the thing" than for its Art. Now there is a marked improvement in everything that may be taken as evidence of careful study, and of real earnestness of purpose in the performance of each one of the *corps dramatique*, from the principals down to excellently-trained "Supers," who were never obtrusive, or careless, as either "Guests" or "Navvies," though there are chances in this piece that might be easily taken advantage of by less loyal amateurs, who are too often so ready to sacrifice the general success to some particular exhibition of inane frivolity. No: the A.D.C. Supers in the *Ticket of Leave Man* were, in every way, perfect.

One may safely praise Supers, even amateur ones; they get so little of it; but Amateur Actors (all good in this case), are, as to their particular points of excellence, *super criticam*, as the old German Emperor was *super grammaticam*.

The performance over, we returned to the hospitable board presided over by our monastic host; and if there was a bell which summoned the cloistered Fellows to Prime (nothing, however, could have been more prime than the supper), it failed to arouse, from a peaceful slumber,

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S. New piece at the Princess's; and our old friend, *Belphegor*, at Drury Lane. *Belphegor* used to be the best of all Mr. CHARLES DILLON'S parts. I hope to be able to say something about it in my next. New Burlesque at the Gaiety, and Old Comedies, and ZAZZEL—FARREN and FARINI—at the Aquarium. All alive, O! alive, O!

Awe-fully Jolly!

"An action was tried last week in which the Society of Apothecaries sought to recover penalties from a chemist, for having acted as an apothecary without a certificate. The principal witness for the Society of Apothecaries was Mr. THOMAS JOLLY DEATH."

DEATH to the dying may look grim;
E'en to the halest, melancholy;
But when the Craft subpoena him,
We find for once that Death is jolly.

The Latest Secession.

"The Rev. ORRY SHIPLEY, M.A., one of the leading Ritualists, was received into the Church of Rome, on Saturday last."

It is whispered that in the event of the POPE reappearing in public to give his blessing to the people, the Reverend Gentleman named above will visit Rome in order to participate specially in the Papal Benediction—"Urbi et ORBY."

THE LEGION OF HONOUR.

VEXED that this Cross they're not allowed to wear,
Though France was very willing to bestow it,
Some of our workers at its late World-Fair
Have made themselves a little cross—and show it!



RANK INSUBORDINATION.

Colonel (who has received Letter from Private Smith, addressing him "Dear Colonel"). "WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY ADDRESSING ME IN THIS FAMILIAR MANNER, SIR?"

Private Smith. "'BEG PARDON, SIR. I DIDN'T WRITE UN MYSELF—I GOT SOMEBODY ELSE TO. AND I DIDN'T MEAN IT OUT O' NO RESPECT, SIR—"

Colonel. "WHAT THE DEVIL DO YOU MEAN, SIR? SERGEANT-MAJOR, GET THIS MAN A FOURTH-CLASS CERTIFICATE IMMEDIATELY!"

A PAGE FROM KELLY'S DIRECTORY.

If the Chief Baron's fashion of introducing personal politics into legal procedure and Civic ceremonial be followed, it may lead to strange results. On occasion of a Brewster Sessions, for instance, how would it look, if the granting or refusing of a licence were ushered in by something like this from the Chairman of the Bench of Magistrates?—

Mr. BUNG, you are the holder of a beer and spirit licence for a tavern known as the "Pig and Whistle." You came here to ask that that licence may be renewed. Sir, it is my duty as Chairman of this Bench of Magistrates, to impress upon you that a public-housekeeper has many heavy responsibilities. Not only does he sell beer and spirits across the bar, but, also across that bar, he has frequent opportunities of influencing, if not of forming, by his conversation the opinions of his customers. It is most important, therefore, that he should have sound political views in the present very critical position of European affairs. Mr. BUNG, it is my proud, if not pleasing, duty to inform you, that I regard the most solemn assurances of the Emperor of RUSSIA with the greatest possible distrust. Far be it from me to say anything that may seem to detract from the weight of a Sceptre, or impair the authority of a Throne in this or any other country; but I am bound to point out to you, and through you, to your customers, that the CZAR is a Potentate, who, were there any machine for weighing human, as there is for weighing metallic sovereigns, would, I fear, have to be set aside as not up to standard. In this respect he may be said to stand alone among his elevated order. If I may resort to classical antiquity for a parallel, I might quote, in application to him, the pointed, and not unfamiliar, line of HORATIUS FLACCUS:—

"Rara avis in terris, nigroque simillima cygno."

Nay more; not only is he, in my matured judgment, a black swan, but a very black swan. He is even, I am of opinion, much

blackier than he is painted in the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

Having said this much, I am sure, Mr. BUNG, that you will listen with interest to my opinion of the Treaty of Berlin. Some may regret that it does not go further; but I am satisfied that it is a very good Treaty, as far as it goes. Perhaps if it went farther the world might fare worse. But, Mr. BUNG, when I have made this admission, it would be perfectly absurd to attempt to hide from you my conviction, as regards the Turk, that it would have been well for England to have put forth all her power in aid of that interesting and intrepid people's destinies long before the snow-strewn Balkans were surmounted, and the blood-stained heights of Plevna stormed. Slightly altering the words of a great popular song-maker—you will, I doubt not, remember the profound saying of FLETCHER of Saltoun, a Scotch worthy with whose spoken and written wisdom you are doubtless familiar: "Let me make the songs of a people, and let who will make their laws"—

"We did not want to fight,
But had the necessity for the sacrifice arisen,
We had the ships, we had the men,
We had also the necessary pecuniary means!"

This being so, Mr. BUNG, we can offer no sufficient apology for our inaction. Having said this much on the painful topic commonly known as the Eastern Question, I now come to our North-West Indian frontier. You have doubtless heard that some of our ablest Indian statesmen and soldiers have insisted that we have made a false step in forcing the AMEER of Afghanistan into the arms of Russia. They have staked their reputations upon this assertion. These veteran statesmen and soldiers have filled many columns of the morning papers with arguments in support of this conclusion. In the most positive manner they have declared that our Government is in the wrong. I will use only four words in reply, but those four



A MATTER OF COURSE.

Elderly Belle. "NOW, CAN YOU GUESS MY AGE, MAJOR?"

Gallant Major. "NO, I CAN'T; BUT YOU DON'T LOOK IT!"

JINGO'S DUE.

YE friends of Peace, if sore tried, ne'er forget
How much we're all of us in Jingo's debt.
As Mars the War-God, Jingo to invoke,
Just served to turn a war-whoop to a joke.
The name of Jingo sticks like pitch and tar,
To bellowers for battle with the CZAR;
'Gainst ranting fire-eaters it raised a laugh,
And, in reply to fustian, won them chaff.
Who knows but Europe all in flames might be,
O Jingo, at this moment, but for thee?
What bloodshed we should rue, what broken bones,
Ships sunk, and sailors sent to Davey Jones,
Hadst thou not, Jingo, made war's howl absurd,
MACDERMOTT, thanks for teaching us that word!

A Recommendation.

THE organs of the Osmanli have set forth their reasons for accepting as trustworthy the evidence given before the Rhodope Commission of atrocities committed on the Turks by the Russians in Eastern Roumelia, and their virtuous indignation at the abominable humanitarians who decline to take the truth of that evidence for granted.

The *Spectator* this week gives us reasons for rejecting the same evidence as untrustworthy. This is eminently a case in which all would be disposed to appeal to the authority of a *Spectator*. Let our readers weigh the two sets of reasons, and say which carries most weight to their minds.

Complex Conundrum.

WHAT is the difference between the "irresponsible frivolity" of a stump speaker at Rhyl, and "the hair-brained chatter" of a post-prandial orator at the Mansion House?

Answer.—The first was "inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity;" the second was "verbose with the exuberance of his own inebriation."

Definitions for a Civic Dinner.

RECTIFICATION of Frontier.—Carrying out your garden-wall over the adjoining premises, so as neatly to take in a slip of your neighbour's land.

Scientific Frontier.—The more or less impregnable margin to a territory got by well-considered annexation. A Fence in defence of stolen goods.

THE GUILDHALL ORACLE.

"Only Once a Year."

"SOVEREIGN and Statesman," when at one, are all;
If House of Commons sing, let it sing small.
But with the Monarch, as a Monarch second
In my allegiance, King Mob may be reckoned.
How poor a leader is a "paragraph
Anonymous" !—mere verbiage, empty chaff,
To make both Sovereign and Statesman laugh.
Those who talk at us their own folly flatter,
Their reas'ning, in two words, is—"hairbrained chatter."
Pronounce all views, save mine, of foreign polity,
Me judice, "irresponsible frivolity."
There, you've as much as Cits' brains can remember
Of "sense and truth" for this Ninth of November.

Next Best Thing.

GENERAL GARIBALDI's Caprera quarries are to furnish the stone for renewing the streets of the Eternal City, which, eternal as the City is, will wear out.

Not having as yet succeeded in flooring the Church of Rome, the General is fain to fall back on paving the City.

QUITE UNNECESSARY.

MR. BARRAN (one of the Members for Leeds) has, we learn from the papers, been talking about the Afghan Difficulty. There has been quite barren talk enough on that topic already.

words should be conclusive to all well-regulated minds. *I don't think so!*

Having now disposed of the CZAR and the AMEER, I have only to add, incidentally, that I strongly disapprove of GAMBETTA, and cannot give my unqualified approbation to Prince von BISMARCK. It appears to me, too, Mr. BUNG, that a decided improvement might be made in the Government of Japan. I am sure that Captain BURNABY would do that country a service were he to take a ride in that direction. Captain BURNABY is so fearless that we cannot say of him—

"Post equitem sedet atra cura;"

and we can only wish him as complete a triumph over the Caucasus of the Black Country as the Black Sea. And now, Mr. BUNG, as we have to get through a great deal of business before lunch, I will merely remind you that BRITANNIA is the pride of the ocean, the ruler of the waves, and the tutelary goddess of that gallant body of Britons who never, never, under any consideration whatever, will consent to submit to the chain of slavery.

Mr. Bung. Thank you, Sir, but how about my licence?

The Chairman. Oh, I quite forgot to tell you, that as the police have given in an unfavourable report of the management of your tavern for the last twelvemonths, we have decided to refuse the "Pig and Whistle" its licence this year. Good morning.

[Mr. BUNG removed in hysterics.]

A Gnome for Beaconsfield.

(By a Philologist of the New School.)

οἱ προσκυνοῦντες τὴν Ἀδράστειαν σοφοί,
Aeschylus Prom. Vinc. line 935.

"WISE are the worshippers of a 'masterly inactivity.'"

WAR WITHOUT SINEWS.

(A Correspondence in Nubibus.)

The Commander-in-Chief of Her Imperial Britannic Majesty's Forces before Cabul to the Representative of His Imperial Majesty the Czar of All the Russias inside the same, &c., &c.

7 A.M., April 1, 1879.



SIR,—I HASTEN to acknowledge your communication of this morning's date, informing me that, owing to the non-receipt of the expected supplies of boots, gunpowder, forage, rations, pay, and pocket-handkerchiefs by the Russian force of 50,000 men of all arms now advancing to the assistance of His Royal Highness the AMEER, you are disposed to consider the terms of a compromise which may be honourable to both of us. I have no hesitation, as Commander of the forces of Her Royal and Imperial Britannic Majesty, in admitting, that as, notwithstanding their heroic conduct throughout the campaign, the gallant troops I have the honour to command are suffering severely from the un-

accountable failure of coats, cartridges, and commissariat, owing to difficulties of transport on wheels and by pack animals which I need not dwell upon at present, I have received your communication with satisfaction. I should be glad to take into consideration anything you have to propose.—I have the honour to be, &c., &c.

The Representative of His Imperial Majesty the Czar of all the Russias to the British General outside Cabul.

DEAR GENERAL,

April 1 (New Style), 8 A.M.

I HAVE read your frank and friendly answer to my letter with cordial sympathy. What I propose is that we should settle this awkward affair, on behalf of our respective august Sovereigns, by dividing into two equal shares all we can lay hands upon in the public treasury, reserving to ourselves the right of annexing as much private property as we can conveniently carry off. I would further suggest that we might toss for the guns, public buildings, the Royal collection of wild animals, and (if you see no objection to it), His Royal Highness the AMEER himself. Such an arrangement seems to me to be the only one that could be honourably entertained by two great, if, for the moment, impecunious powers. Assuring you that I have not touched a kopeck of my salary for the last eighteen months, I am, with profound homage, &c., &c.

The Commander-in-Chief of Her Imperial Britannic Majesty's Forces before Cabul to the Representative of His Imperial Majesty the Czar of all the Russias inside the same.

MY DEAR GENERAL,

9 A.M., April 1, 1879.

I AM too old a soldier not to appreciate the confidence with which your letter concluded. You will be prepared for my assurance of warm sympathy, when I tell you that I had to raise money on my best uniform before I could get away from Peshawur, and am safe to be "wanted" by more than one Sheriff's Officer on my return to Simla, should I be spared to reach it. This comes of making war without first providing its sinews; but when the Exchequer is empty, and the VICEROY has, *entre nous*, to trust to what he can make by publishing his poems by subscription, a poor old soldier must not grumble. To revert to the business immediately in hand. I am agreeable to the course you suggest, but would prefer throwing you in both the tigers and the AMEER, as we might find a difficulty, in making proper commissariat arrangements for them under existing circumstances. What do you say?—Yours sincerely,

&c., &c.

The Representative of His Imperial Majesty the Czar to the British General outside Cabul.

MY DEAR GENERAL,

April 1 (New Style), 10 A.M.

DELIGHTED to oblige you if I could, but I am afraid that while my august Sovereign could, I doubt not, easily find room for the tigers at the St. Petersburg Gardens, there might be some diffi-

culty about His Royal Highness. However, if you can't place the AMEER in London, I will ascertain whether there is likely to be an opening for him shortly in Siberia or the Caucasus.

Yours, with every consideration, &c., &c.

P.S.—I am sorry to ask you to tip my messenger; but if you find this in the least inconvenient, shoot him.

The Commander-in-Chief of Her Imperial Britannic Majesty's Forces before Cabul to the Representative of His Imperial Majesty the Czar of All the Russias inside the same.

MY DEAR GENERAL,

NOON, April 1, 1879.

SHALL we take it as settled that, on behalf of His Majesty the Czar of All the Russias, you take the tigers as an equivalent to our taking the AMEER? Thus you will not have to put your Government to any trouble about Siberia; and I think I shall be able to arrange for the appearance of His Afghan Highness at the Westminster Aquarium, though his engagement may have to be deferred till the termination of ZAZEL's still attractive performance, which is, as you will easily understand, and as ROBERTSON has reminded me by telegraph, as yet uncertain. He expresses confidence, which, he says, FARINI shares with him, that the AMEER will be a "great draw." He adds, playfully, that the Aquarium only wants one drawer at a time; not a whole chest of drawers. Begging that this correspondence may now close, as I have to give your messenger a shilling every time,

I am yours, most sincerely, &c., &c.

ECHOES OF THE BACK-STAIRS.

(From Our Own Man at Other People's Key-holes.)

THE LORD CHANCELLOR, your readers will probably be interested to learn, is a master of the happy art of enforcing his political views with professional aphorisms, thus putting what may be called a fine legal point on the truth, and driving it, if one may so say, home.

After the momentous Cabinet Council of the other day, at which it was determined to give the troublesome ruler of Afghanistan a last chance, as Ministers were breaking up—for the time—CAIRNS turned back from the door-way to call to SALISBURY, who was chatting with BEACONSFIELD by the fireplace,—

"And don't forget to tell SCHOVALOFF to remind the Czar of the legal maxim—'Qui facit per (Shere) Alium, facit per se.'"

BEACONSFIELD's usual imperturbable insensibility to Cabinet attempts at wit was, for once, fairly broken down. He tripped, rather than toddled, across the Cabinet-room, and, grasping CAIRNS's hand, said heartily,—“I should like to have said that.”

SALISBURY has been repeating the *mot*, and not always, I am afraid, with due acknowledgment of the authorship. One is glad to set that all right.

“An uncommonly clever summary that of Dodson's at Chester!” Sir STAFFORD, with his usual candour and readiness to do justice to his opponents, remarked to the Permanent Secretary, over a glass of sherry, at the Treasury luncheon the other day. “Brings out the telling points in favour of their own Budgets, and against ours, capitally; above all, so clearly.”

“Clearly? Umph!” said LINGEN, in his dry way, which, however, masks a great deal of sardonic humour, “then it *isn't* a case of Dodson and *Fog*, at all events!”

This allusion to the once famous Pickwickian firm was not for the moment obvious to the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, whose perception of a joke is not of the quickest. But when LINGEN explained it to him, he seemed to enjoy it; at least, he laughed heartily.

I had thought of sending this really good thing to the keen-witted Member for Chester, who would thoroughly have appreciated both the point of the allusion, and the compliment from an opponent. On second thoughts, I determined to let the world have it in an Echo.

When the Secretary of the Admiralty waited on the PREMIER last week with news of the brilliant success of the embarkation at Liverpool of the new Governor-General of the Dominion, and his charming and affable Princess LOUISE,—or even “LOUIE,” as one feels tempted to call one who has made herself so much at home in all hearts and circles—on hearing that they had had the *Storm-Cock* for tender while their steamer was the *Sarmatian*.—“Two names for the same ship, I should have thought,” put in BEACONSFIELD.

BEACONSFIELD evidently did not take.

“Don't you see?” rather testily rejoined the PREMIER,—gout does not improve the temper.—“Sarmatian means Scythian; and Scythian means Russian; and surely the Russian is just now the Storm-Cock of the walk!”

BEACONSFIELD might have felt some irritation at having had to look a request for the explanation; but he knew his man too well to let this out. So he swallowed his annoyance, and booked the joke for *colportage* round the Clubs. I hope I am not “wiping his eye,” as we say *en battue* at Sandringham.



LAST FROM THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

"HULLOA, CHARLIE! WHAT'S THE MATTER? TRAINING FOR A RACE?"
 "No, TOM. RACING FOR A TRAIN!"

A CAD'S A CAD FOR A' THAT.

Is there a Jingo, proud and high,
 Who cocks his nose, and a' that?
 The swaggering sump, we pass him by—
 We dare be just for a' that!
 For a' that, and a' that,
 His sniggering scorn, and a' that:
 The sneer is but the club-room's stamp,
 The clay is Cad's for a' that!

What though on civic fare he dine,
 Wear Court attire, and a' that;
 Give churls their turtle, clowns their wine,
 A Cad's a Cad for a' that:
 For a' that and a' that,
 Their patriot show and a' that:
 The selfish Snob, or rich or poor,
 Is Cad at heart for a' that!

Ye see yon trickster, late dubbed Lord,
 Who dodges, dupes, and a' that;
 Though thousands shout at each smart word,
 He's charlatan for a' that,
 For a' that and a' that,
 His riband, star, and a' that;
 The man of just considerate mind,
 He smiles—or sighs—at a' that!

A Cad may boast of power of fight,
 Of patriot zeal, and a' that;
 But trust in right's above his flight;
 He has not pluck for a' that!
 For a' that and a' that,
 Their blatant bounce, and a' that:
 Fair play, stern justice, steadfast calm,
 Show truer grit than a' that!

Then let us pray that come it may—
 As come it will for a' that—
 That Jingo rant and Cad-dom's cant
 May hush their row, and a' that!
 For a' that and a' that,
 It's coming yet for a' that,
 When patriots true the wide world o'er
 Shall brothers be for a' that!

MILLERS AND THEIR MEN.

(A Civil Service Examination in connection with the Board of Trade.)

Examiner. Now, Sir, what is calico?

Candidate. Sir, there is theoretical calico—and practical calico. Theoretical calico is a textile fabric manufactured from cotton—the laniferous envelope of the seeds of *Gossypium herbaceum*. That is rare. Practical calico is the more common thing.

Examiner. Indeed, Sir! And how do you describe that?

Candidate. Practical calico, Sir, the calico of commerce, and especially the calico designed for exportation, is formed in part only of cotton. It consists, besides, of size—a mixture composed of flour, China clay, Epsom salts, chlorate of zinc, chlorate of magnesia, and glue, in the proportion of from 70 or 80 to 130, and even 200 per cent.

Examiner. This information is new to us, Sir.—Will you oblige me with its origin?

Candidate. Certainly, Sir. You will find the facts and figures I have had the honour to state in a recent issue of the *Liverpool Mercury*, quoted by the *Pall Mall Gazette*. They occur in the report of a law case—a suit between a cotton manufacturer and a firm of cotton warp-sizers, respecting a disputed charge for cotton warp-sizing. It is a distinct business—I had almost said branch of industry. The details I have given you were furnished by one of the plaintiffs, who coolly avowed his acts. In conclusion, he said he had been "in the trade twenty years, and in commencing only put 5 per cent. into the warps, and the size then consisted solely of flour, but now they had to add chemicals to get the weight up, as manufacturers asked them for more weight."

Examiner. Does any adage in an elementary educational work occur to you as applicable to that gentleman's career?

Candidate. *Nemo repente fuit turpissimus.*

Examiner. Very well, Sir. In respect to composition, can you point to any analogy between cotton and silk?

Candidate. Silk proper, Sir, is simply woven from the chrysalis-cocoon of the *Bombyx mori*. The silk you purchase is, much if not most of it, "loaded," as it is called, with logwood and gum. The web is sent to the dyer weighing, say, sixteen ounces. It is returned to the

silk-miller with its weight increased by from twenty-four up to forty ounces—the result of loading with matter in the wrong place.

Examiner. Can you name any other description of business corresponding to that of cotton warp-sizers and silk-loaders?

Candidate. The business of stolen-plate-melters, or of sausage-grinders who load their sausages up with a large per-centage of carrion and cat's meat.

Examiner. What practical inference, Sir, would you deduce from the existence of businesses and practices such as you have described?

Candidate. That in a country where adulteration constitutes a business of itself, there is very much to account for the depression of trade. And that commodities formerly known as British "goods" are in the way to become notorious as British "bads."

Examiner. Can you suggest any means of limiting such objectionable operations as cotton warp-sizing and silk-loading?

Candidate. Heavy fines and long terms of imprisonment with hard labour.

Examiner. That will do, Sir. I have the pleasure to inform you that your answers have given me complete satisfaction.

A Really Cruel Case.

HERE is a candid parson—a parson no doubt as deserving as modest—who advertises in the *Field*, and to whom *Punch* ought to be glad to give a "leg-up":—

TO PATRONS.—An Incumbent, age 74, income under £400, wishes PREFERMENT. Quite up to work. Address, &c.

Considering what Church livings are, can anything be more affecting than the agonising prayer for preferment of this ill-used old Incumbent who, at seventy-four, finds himself with a Church income of less than £400 a year! Shame! Patrons, where are your blushes?

SETTING THINGS STRAIGHT (?).

It may please Lord SELBORNE and Lord ROSEBERY to be content with being Lord Rectors. Lord BEACONSFIELD flies at higher game. He aspires to be Lord Rectificator.



A PICTURE OF A PRESIDENT.

WITH MR. PUNCH'S CONGRATULATIONS (BY ANTICIPATION) TO SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON, P.R.A.

FRIENDS AT A DISTANCE.

Being the brief Record of a few Winter-seasonable Visits to certain Country Houses.

VISIT THE FIRST.—CHAPTER III.

At Josslyn Dyke's—The House—Passage—Stairs—Clock—Bogie Corners—Phantom Butler—Chamber—Portrait—Apparition—Down Again—A Surprise—To be explained in our next.

It is a solemn, silent house, this of JOSSLYN DYKE'S. Oak panelings, casement windows in deep recesses. Doors in all sorts of unexpected places. The house appears to have been built by some architect who has gone mad on dark corners.

It seems as if this architect had said to himself in drawing his plan, "Now, look here, we'll have a great big staircase leading to a dark corner halfway up to the first floor; then the second part of the staircase shall finish at a landing where there are nothing but dark corners."

The architect must have chuckled over this idea. No one remembers his name, but it is supposed that he "flourished" in the Elizabethan period. Flourished is a good word, if it were not suggestive of the question, "What did he flourish?" Was it his stick with a handkerchief tied to the end of it, to express joy on finishing his work? Or was it his hat? Or did he simply flourish, not like a green bay-tree, but as a great bay-window, which would be more appropriate to him as an architect?

However, no matter how he flourished, or when, certain it is that he must have been a man of infinite humour in his design for The Mote, Mossend, which was apparently built with a view to the accommodation of a large family of little Jack Horners, who could, with smallest possible chance of observation, sit in various corners, eating a corresponding number of Christmas pies.

Happy Thought for a Christmas book. *The Horner Family*. By a "Corner Man." In a Horner-mental cover, price, &c.

After this one flight of stairs, which leads up to the first floor, Gool, the Phantom Butler, glides before me with my bag and a candle, along a narrow strip of carpet.



THE HARD-HEADED BREED.

Sympathising Bystanders (about an unfortunate Man who has been knocked down, and stunned by the Train). "POOR MAN! TAKE HIM TO THE STATION—"

Injured One (recovering). "TYEK ME TO TH' STATION? WHAT FOR, THEN? IF AW'VE DUNE ONY HARM TO YO'R ENGINE, AW'S WILLIN' TO PAY FOR'T!"

At the end of this passage something looms out upon us which strikes me, at first, as not unlike a pump, without the handle.

Nearer approach shows it to be a gaunt, melancholy, yet military-looking, clock. It bears a fanciful resemblance to a highly-finished sentry-box in dark wood, with a front door to it, which the sentry could look after him when he felt cold, and went in. If he opened it now and stepped out, I don't think I should be very much surprised. I am sure GOOL wouldn't be. If goblin Jack Horners are in all the dark corners, eating phantom Christmas pies—goblin goblins—then there is another phantom Jack-in-the-box, in the sentry-box, who comes out perhaps when the clock sounds midnight. Involuntarily I take out my watch to compare London time with what they accept as the correct thing down here, so as to accommodate myself to my host's views in regard to punctuality at meals.

But the clock's face gives me no information. It is a yellowish complexion, which, being of metal, was once, perhaps, as bold as brass, but now the numbers are almost illegible, except the ten and the two, which form a pair of eyes on either side of a little round discoloured button of a nose, from which depend, at two acute angles, left and right, two straight dark lines, really the hands, which have the appearance of moustachios of the same period as the house—i.e., the Elizabethan.

"That clock, Sir," observes GOOL the butler, solemnly, in answer to my inquiry—"that clock never tells the time. It never has done, since I've been here." He says it with pride, and with a touch of sympathy in his voice, that makes him, for a second, almost human, at all events, a trifle less ghostly. I notice, afterwards, that when JOSSELYN speaks of his clock he does so in the same tone of affectionate pride, as one would do of a superannuated servant who had done his work in his day, and had become a pensioner of the family.

"No, Sir," says a footman afterwards coming upon me suddenly, (everyone comes across everyone else suddenly in JOSSELYN DYKE's house, they are all surprise passages), while I am examining this clock; examining, but not consulting it any more than I should think of consulting a nonagenarian physician who had lost his memory—"no, Sir. You can never get the time from that clock. We always take it from the one in the hall or the kitchen. The little one in the dining-room ain't much use; it goes well enough, but it generally gets very fast."

Of course, the little one in the dining-room is scarcely fifteen years old. A giddy thing, bright and Frenchified (the gift of some kind friend who wanted to brighten up the general gloominess of The Mote), a go-a-head sort of fellow, a kind of clock that never pays in the end, always tick, tick, tick, always fast, thoroughly unprincipled, never to be relied on for a moment, much less for an hour.

But the old Clock on the Stairs that never *will* tell the time! *That keeps its own counsel in its own case!* That not by sound, or sign, ever lets out its secret. That watches everything and says nothing! Why is this clock silent? Did it neglect to speak once, on some fearfully important occasion, when its voice ought to have forbidden the banns of marriage, and, as the penalty, had ever afterwards to hold its tongue? I must ask JOSSELYN DYKE about this clock. Proceed, GOOL, this confidential clock interests me much.

Through a small door into a narrow passage. Through another small door, and on to another staircase. More doors, more corners, dimly lighted by one gas jet shining through a pale green medium. One more door. My chamber.

Our entrance with the candle seems to disperse the shadows which were gathered about the hearth, as if the superior Phantom Butler had said "Come! No loitering about here! It won't do, you know

Move on! No hanging about and haunting here, 'cos I won't have it"—and I become aware of the presence of a cheerful fire, in—for the architect couldn't resist the temptation even here—in a dark corner. The dog-grate is in a deep tiled recess—the back is coal black—the tiles are smoked black—the woodwork about is almost black—the dog-irons are black—and as the fire is the very model of a fire for roasting chestnuts by, there being no flame—it sheds a glow which has a warm and cheerful appearance, but which fails in reaching a single corner.

There are two candles on the dressing-table, which Gool lights; but twenty of the best wax wouldn't illuminate this room satisfactorily.

A casement window in a deep recess. Dark and drafty. Old faded brown, Scotch snuff-coloured curtains, which have had a serious quarrel, and won't meet, despite all attempts at reconciliation on the part of friendly intervention. Pitch dark outside.

The bed is enormous, and funereal, reminding me of a lying-in-state. There are four dark, sturdy, posts, and six dingy, heavy curtains; a patchwork coverlet, of many colours, as though they'd caught and killed a poor old faded Harlequin, and had stuffed his skin for this purpose; a large pillow, and watch-pockets for two, pinned on to a sort of patternless tapestry back-ground.

Gool unpacks for me: sees that everything is ready, and then becoming absorbed into the deep shadow, he melts away suddenly, and disappears—through the door, I suppose; but the door is invisible, and his movements were inaudible, so that I couldn't swear positively, in a court of justice, to either the means or manner of his exit.

A languor steals over me. I should like to sleep before the fire, if there were a comfortable chair, or to go straight to bed, then and there. This influence is so strong on me, that I surprise myself in the act of unconsciously winding up my watch.

This discovery causes me to pull myself together, and rouse myself for a supreme effort.

The supreme effort is taking off my coat. After which I stare vacantly at the fire, and then, reversing my position, I stare at the bed. Then I wonder what the room was originally used for; then becoming more accustomed to the light, such as it is, I am suddenly startled by seeing what, on the instant, appears to me to be somebody looking at me through a hole up above the wainscot, on the wall opposite the side of the bed furthest from the window.

Of course in another second I am aware of its being a picture. The old stories recur to me of the top of the bed slowly descending, as the picture gradually disappears from view; of the concealed assassin watching his victim through the portrait's eyes; and I am compelled to take a candle, and examine the painting closely. I say to myself, "I wonder whom it's by?" I look for the name of the artist. Then I say to myself, "I suppose it's a portrait." Then I get on a chair so as to place myself *vis-à-vis* with the face of this grim-looking Spaniard in black doublet and ruff, and once more I soliloquise, "queer looking old chap"—but somehow in speaking of him in this manner, I feel inclined to beg his pardon for the liberty, and to account for it as a *lapsus lingue*, caused by my nervousness on the introduction. I wish to look on it, and speak of it, and think of it, as a work of art, and as a curiosity; but, somehow, though I have taken the greatest pains to put myself on a familiar footing with the picture, I feel the picture has got the better of me, and though as I wash my hands, I say to myself in a vague sort of dashing incredulous way, "How absurd! ridiculous! Ha! ha! ha!"—yet I can't help looking over my shoulder to see if anything has happened, and if the picture, or rather the three-quarter man in the picture, is still where he was.

[Happy Thought.—Three-quarter man. No legs. But even this doesn't entirely reassure me, as I have an uncanny sort of feeling that legs are, so to speak, 'no object to him,' if he once took it into his head (which he has got) to come down, and have a look round.]

A bell rings solemnly from some part of the house. Dinner, I suppose. I hurry on with my dressing, but from time to time I cast a glance at the picture to see what he's doing.

I am startled by a sepulchral voice saying, "Are you ready, Sir?" It is the apparition of Gool. He has come, like the statue of the Commendatore in *Don Giovanni*, to take me below to dinner.

It has occurred to JOSSLYN DYKE that I may not be able to find my way, and he has dispatched Gool to be my guide.

Phantom Butler, I come to dinner. Alas, poor Ghost! lead on, I follow.

I expect the evening will be awfully slow and dull.

What do I hear?

Voices? Merriment in the distance? Impossible!

Gool throws open a door in a corner,—always a corner,—leading out of a dark passage.

And I see before me . . . I can hardly believe my eyes.

THE VICEROY'S PROCLAMATION CONDENSED.

No peace till SHERE ALI's sullenness ends;
So we're going to thrash him till he makes friends.

FOX-HUNTING ACCORDING TO LAW.



ONE of the most successful speeches in a very successful Comedy, *London Assurance*, is a description given by a hunting heroine of the pleasures of a fox-chase. Should the piece be revived, *Lady Gay Spanker's* famous "bit" will have to be re-written up to the judgments in the henceforth leading case of *Paul v. Summerhayes*; somewhat after this style:—

Lady Gay Spanker (with enthusiasm). Ah! what is more delightful than a fox-hunt! What more brilliant than the muster of pinks at the

cover-side, more harmonious than the music of the hounds! See how they dash into cover! Mark their feathering sterns among the gorse! Ha! gone away! Sly Reynard has broken cover. Yoicks—for'ard! Off we go—away we dash over bull-finch and though bramble, master, whips, field, hounds and all! The leaves smile up to the wooing rays of the November sun, and the birds flutter their little wings with joy. Away! away! Tally-ho! Ta-allyho! But what is this? A check! We pull up abruptly. Sly Reynard knows the laws of the land, and, rogue that he is, has sought shelter in a farmer's field. The tenant—a red-faced, blithe-voiced Yeoman—warns us against trespass. What are we to do? The Whipper-in looks at the Huntsman, the Huntsman looks at the Master, and the Master consults his Solicitor! And now we are off again! But how is this? The horses are leading, the hounds behind. We dash away to the railway-station, dismount, and take our return-tickets. Away! away! We are tearing up to London in the Express! In we go to Westminster Hall. Our case is on! Now dashing over a leading case, now running down a sly point, and anon topping a stiff argument! And then, yoicks! off again to the gorse-patch in the field where Sir Reynard is lurking still. But now it is *our* turn. We'll have no more trespassing; but we will have our Fox all the same. The Master dismounts, and gaily springs over the stile. The hounds look on, their sterns feathering in the summer wind. The tenant himself grumbles, but he has to submit to the ruling of the Court. The Master's object is not sport, but the destruction of a noxious vermin. See how he beats the bushes. Ah! Sir Reynard knows how to hide! No; he has found him! He grasps him by the brush! He draws his revolver! Whoo-hoop! Bang! goes the pistol; and Reynard tumbles over like a cock pheasant! And see the eager hounds, how they leap, and whine, and tussle for their prey, while I receive the Brush! Ah! what sport so delightful, so delirious, as a Fox-hunt—one of the modern kind—according to the ruling in *Paul v. Summerhayes*!

A Worker's Query.

EACH day brings up a new surprise:

"All workers now should organise!"

So says hard Labour's Member.*

But, wi' wark sae scarce, and meat sae dear,

There's pinchin' to get breeks and shorgans;†

How then, or whaur—if yin may speer—

Are workers to come by the Organs

To grind on this December?

* See Mr. MACDONALD, M.P.'s, address to the Union Workmen.

† Short gowns, an article of dress as indispensable to workwomen as breeks to workmen.

HIGHLY PROBABLE.—*Lays on the Income Tax.* Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's expected work somewhere about April next.

GIVING the lie, and then backing it with a bullet. A retrograde movement by M. GAMBETTA in Four-two time.

PANIERERS.

"The Panier will certainly be revived this season. The robe collante is to be banished, and will be superseded by puffings, which are to take the form of *ailes de pigeon*."—*Parisian Code of Fashion*.



"ALL the world must Paniers carry."
Thus the edict comes from "Parry."
Little donkeys long have worn 'em.
Little darlings have forsworn 'em.
But the mandate comes from "Parry,"
So the world must Paniers carry!

"On the hips there must be puffing."
"In the dress there will be stuffing."
Little geese with sage are *farcies*;
Little girls must not be "sarcy."
Being sage, they'll take to stuffing:
Modiste's wares must have good puffing!

"Robes collantes are henceforth banished."
"Tail and trailing train have vanished."
Little ducks have short tails, surely—
Little dears must walk demurely,
Tailless, with their long trains banished,
All their borrowed trimmings vanished!



"*Ailes de pigeon*" since they call 'em,
What ails pigeons may befall 'em!
Little pigeons off are "pouters"—
Little pets are out-and-outers—
"Winging" may perchance befall 'em
When they sport the what d'you call 'em!

All the world of *ton* at "Parry"
Paniers wear. Then do not tarry!
Run, my dears, and change your figure.
Puffs and paddings are *de rigueur*
For the promenade or "swarry"—
Thus the edict comes from "Parry."

OUR MAYORS.

LONG ere this the telegraph and telephone have made it known that there is a prospect of Peace—at Wycombe. (We are not Chaffin if the Mayor of Bath is.) Perhaps Sir WILLERD will wish we were, when it is disclosed to him that the Bottle is supreme at Dover, or Dr. CUMMING when he realises the presence of a Stigant at Chatham and a Pope at Dorchester; the Deacon is at Wallingford, and the Clarke at Lincoln. There are rival Kings, like those of Brentford, at Portsmouth and Lymington, a Marshall for each at Barnsley and Huntingdon, a Knight at Hereford, and a Laird at Birkenhead.

The Mayor of Godalming is Eager, of Congleton Goode, of Shrewsbury Frail. Saffron Walden is sound as a Bell, Peterborough is sound at the Core. There should be eloquence with Tully at Tynemouth, and "Harveian Orations" from Harvey at Yarmouth. There is Nowell at Bootle, but then, as a compensation, there is a Wellman at Windsor. Readhead presides at South Shields, Wigfield is at the head of affairs at Rotherham. Arundel has got its Price, Tewkesbury its Boughton. If Foggitt is in Darlington, Devizes can find a Chandler, and Wrexham Shone. If Tempest prevails at Tamworth, Whet-ham rules in London; if Monmouth, Oswestry, Southampton, and Walsall all have a Thomas, Plymouth has a James, Chester a Gilbert, Cardiff a Lewis, Northampton a Dennis, and Dewsbury a Heugh, while Brighton takes its Davey! Here is a happy municipal group! Salisbury with Lovibond, Preston with Goodair, Canterbury with Goulden, Reading with Blandy, Rye (again and again) with Meryon, Stoke with Sweeting, and the Flower of the flock at "Sweet William's" Stratford-on-Avon.

Not now for the first time have we found refreshment in the pleasant country associations which surround so many of our Mayors—a Grainge at Oxford and a Hall at Lancaster; Brocklehurst at Macclesfield, Dugdale at Blackburn, Milburn at Carlisle, Lethbridge at Guildford, Ridgway at Buckingham, Park at Bury, Pollard at Bideford, Heath at Crewe, Groves and Thorn (again), at West Hartlepool and Boston, our old friends Holyoake and Shrubsole at Droitwich, and Faversham.

There is still one Mayor left, at Southwold, and he is a—Remnant.

SCIENTIFIC RECTIFICATIONS.

MR. WILLIAM SIKES has announced his intention of scientifically rectifying his service of plate during the ensuing winter. He has been annoyed when entertaining his friends, to find he has to put up with an odd set of salt-spoons, and he feels severely his deficiency in dish-covers. His plate has, in fact, been collected at different times and on no æsthetic principle. He has lately been put up to a chance by which a handsome family service of plate may be had cheap:

MARY SMITH (35), lady's-maid, was accused before the Justices of Blankshire with the theft of a seal-skin jacket, the property of her mistress. The accused indignantly repudiated the charge of theft. She had long felt the extreme inconvenience of winter woollen wraps, at once so heavy and so common, and had merely availed himself of the first opportunity of scientifically rectifying her wardrobe.

BENJAMIN JINGO, banker's clerk, has had an unfortunate misunderstanding with his employers. He had long been coming to the conclusion that his salary required scientific rectification, and had, accordingly, annexed a parcel of bank-notes of which he had charge. He urged in his defence that he had been subjected to an unheard-of insult. On being asked what it was, he replied that it might not be perhaps exactly an insult, but he had received an answer to his request to be taken into partnership which no man of spirit could put up with, his employers having said as much as that he had not yet rendered services to the firm which called for that particular form of recognition.

MIRROR OF PARLIAMENT.

AT Lambeth Police Court the other day, THOMAS POPE, driver of a Brixton omnibus, was pulled up before Mr. ELLISON, for obstructing a tram-car:—

"The defendant went at the rate of two miles an hour, and gave no heed to the whistle of the driver of the tram-car. The defendant had acted on a former occasion in a similar manner. . . . Mr. ELLISON told him it was a gross case, and had been fully proved. If he continued that system of obstruction, he would be sent to prison without the option of paying a fine. He would have to pay a penalty of forty shillings and costs, or be imprisoned for one month."

Instead of reporting this case as one of "Police," the *Times* should have recorded it under the head of "Parliament out of Session." The conduct of Mr. POPE on his omnibus-box before the tram-car is precisely analogous to that of Messrs. BIGGAR, PARNELL, and Co., Home-Rulers, haranguing against time in the House of Commons. What a pity that no Magistrate can deal with St. Stephen's obstructors as Mr. ELLISON dealt with the Brixton 'busman!



A SWEET TOOTH.

Mamma (suddenly). "OH! OH! OH!"

Jack. "WHAT'S THE MATTER, MUMMY?"

Mamma. "I'VE JAMMED MY LITTLE FINGER IN THE DOOR OF THIS WRETCHED STORE-CUPBOARD!"

Jack. "JAMMED YOUR LITTLE FINGER! OH, LET ME SUCK IT, MUMMY!"

THE HOUSE THAT JOHN BUILT.

(Indian Version.)

THIS is the House that JOHN* built.

These are the Taxes that lay on the House that JOHN built.

This is the War that eat up the Taxes that lay on the House that JOHN built.

This is the Viceroy that made the War that eat up the Taxes that lay on the House that JOHN built.

These are the Strings that pulled the Viceroy that made the War that eat up the Taxes that lay on the House that JOHN built.

This is Big BEN, with his newspaper horn, who pulled the Strings that pulled the Viceroy that made the War that eat up the Taxes that lay on the House that JOHN built.

This is BRITANNIA, Jingo-borne, who was witched by Big BEN with his newspaper horn, who pulled the Strings that pulled the Viceroy that made the War that eat up the Taxes that lay on the House that JOHN built.

This is the AMEER, all sulks and scorn, who said No to BRITANNIA Jingo-borne, who was witched by Big BEN with his newspaper horn, who pulled the Strings that pulled the Viceroy that made the War that eat up the Taxes that lay on the House that JOHN built.

This is wise Mr. Punch, who had fain we'd forborne to attack the AMEER, all sulks and scorn, who said No to BRITANNIA Jingo-borne, who was witched by Big BEN with his newspaper horn, who pulled the Strings that pulled the Viceroy that made the War that eat up the Taxes that lay on the House that JOHN built.

* "Company" understood.

ADVICE TO THE GAS COMPANIES (easier given than taken) APROPOS OF THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.—"Don't be put out by it."

GLASGOW A B C.

A was an Accommodation Bill.

B Bought it.

C Cashed it.

D Discounted it.

E Eyed it.

F Forged on it.

G Got it.

H H'm'd at it.

I Indorsed it.

J Jouked to let the jaw gae by it.

K Knew it.

L Laughed at it.

M Misappropriated it.

N Negotiated it.

O Offered it.

P Presented it.

Q Queried it.

R Returned it.

S Sued on it.

T Took it.

U Utilised it.

V Vouched it.

W Warranted it.

X Expatriated on it.

Y } Wisehead fashion, pocketed
Z } the profits, and left the
Bank to settle it.

"How are the Mighty Fallen!"

"Es OWDEN," "unto nothing we are come," may the Corporation now say when this advertisement meets its eye—that should sink for shame—in the *Daily Telegraph* of the 18th ult.:—

CIRCUS OWNERS.—For SALE, at less than half cost, the late Lord Mayor's STATE COACH. A superb carriage, suitable for any State or Show. Address, &c.

To Circus Owners? Going, and at half price too, to the performing dogs! Horrible! Ha! a thought strikes us! Surely not with OWDEN inside it?

A New Rhyme for John Bull.

"RECTIFICATION" is vexation;

"Haphazard" is as bad;

"Activity" perplexes me;

And "Papers" drive me mad.



“SAVE ME FROM MY FRIENDS!”

“IF AT THIS MOMENT IT HAS BEEN DECIDED TO INVADE THE AMEERS TERRITORY, WE ARE ACTING IN PURSUANCE OF A POLICY WHICH IN ITS INTENTION HAS BEEN UNIFORMLY *FRIENDLY* TO AFGHANISTAN.”—*Times*, Nov. 21.

A STRONG-HEADED HERO.



PRINCE BISMARCK, by the account of his Bozzy, Dr. BUSCH, is distinguished not only by general but also by particular strength of head. His brains are capable of standing almost any amount of liquor, like those of SOCRATES and *Mynheer Van Dunk*—and some one else whom modesty forbids *Punch* to name. His Highness once drank a pot of champagne and porter mixed, and was none the worse. He brags of having beaten toppers in beer-houses. So confident is he in the potency of his potting, that he will back himself to drink against the world.

"He can hold forth by the hour upon wine;

and on a dire occasion, spirits becoming scarce in the tents, caused a desperate appeal to be telegraphed home as to the strong need of a supply of gin incontinently."

He is powerfully impressed with religious convictions, and professes himself a decidedly Evangelical Christian. Thus the Prince appears to be in a double sense a spiritually-minded man, as being at once a fervent believer in "gin and true religion," and liking both, according to the revelations vouchsafed to Dr. BUSCH, of the strongest.

JUST THE MAN FOR HARD TIMES.

MR. PUNCH—SIR,

It do a man's eart good as is used to that nastiest, aggrawatingest, and extravagantest of all uman creturs, the British Porper, to know that in these ere days of sentimentle umbug about umanity and sech like rubbidge, there is still Bords of guardians as knows their dooty and ere there a Chairman as is fit to teche em of it if they didn't. Wich I have not read anythink for yeers and yeers so truly refreshin to my feelins as a porochial officer owin a dooty to the ratepayers as the report in the *Warrington Examiner* of a late weekly meeting of the Board of Guardians for that borough—to potions of which I ask your leeve to dror the attenshon it deserve:—

"One ROBERT EVANS, fitter, in the employ of Mr. KITCHEN, Scotland Road Foundry for eighteen years up to last February, when he was discharged in consequence of dulness of trade, appeared before the Board asking for work. In answer to Mr. BLECKLY, the applicant said he had been breaking stones at the Workhouse for 1s. 6d. per day. He had tried for a long time to get work, but could not do so. He was very lame, as he had lost his right foot. He paid 4s. 6d. a week for rent, had a wife and two boys to keep. One boy was going to school, and the other was earning 3s. per week. His wife could not get work regularly. He had been minding the boiler and engine at the Workhouse, but gave the work up and went back to stone-breaking.

"Mr. BLECKLY: Yes, that is just the way. I suppose you would not mind the boiler because you thought you did not get enough money?

"Applicant, showing his footless leg, said the reason he gave it up was because he had to go up and down a ladder, and with such a leg as he had he could scarcely do it.

"Mr. MACKBY, master of the Workhouse, said the ladder in question was an iron one, and it certainly was difficult for the man to go up and down it.

"Mr. BLECKLY: Ah, yes; but I suppose if we had offered you more money you would have managed the ladder easily enough?

"APPLICANT: Well, I would have tried.

"Mr. BLECKLY: Exactly; and I think you should have the offer of the boiler at 1s. 6d. per day, and nothing more. I certainly think 9s. a week is too much to give to a man who has an able-bodied wife, and only one boy to keep. You must not expect we are going to give you money to enable you to pay 4s. 6d. a week in rent. It is perfectly scandalous that you should come here expecting such things."

Which well you may say "skandalus," Mr. BLECKLY. And if there wasn't men like you to give sech shameless wretches the langwidge they deserve, I should like to know where ratepayers would be?

Ere's another werry aggrawating offender, who gets what, if I wur not a porochial hoffer, who knows what a fine nutrishus food

gruel is, I should call his gruel, from this ere upright-minded Chairman:—

"MARTIN HEALEY, a decent-looking labourer, next applied for work.

"Mr. BLECKLY: And why don't you get work? What is the good of coming here?

"APPLICANT: I have tried all I can to get work. I have walked about for weeks, and have been to Liverpool, Garston, Manchester, and other places, but cannot get work.

"Mr. BLECKLY: But you can get work, and have no business coming here. "APPLICANT: I have been fifteen years in Warrington, and have never troubled the Board before, and all I ask for now is work.

"Mr. BLECKLY: And you ought not to have come now. What family have you?

APPLICANT: A wife and seven children.

Mr. BLECKLY: The idea of a man with seven children saying he cannot get work!"

Rediklus, indeed!

"APPLICANT: Well, I have tried long enough, and am willing to do anything that may be offered.

"Mr. BLECKLY: You could have found plenty of work if you had been an industrious steady man."

Not a doubt on it, I should say.

"APPLICANT: Well, Mr. FOGG (relieving officer) has my character, and I don't think he can say anything against my character. A man with a wife and seven children and labourer's wages has not much money left to be unsteady with."

Sech impurence! But BLECKLY was down on him.

"Mr. BLECKLY: I have no doubt Mr. FOGG will tell me you have been loafing about the streets smoking your pipe.

"APPLICANT: I have nine of a family to keep, and if I could find any work I would not come here, I can assure you.

"Mr. BLECKLY: And what does your wife do?

"APPLICANT: Well, she cannot do much even if she could get the work.

"Mr. TAYLOR: I think it will take the wife all her time to look after the husband.

"The Applicant having retired from the room for the Guardians to consider his case,

"Mr. BLECKLY said. I don't know what we can do with such a man. He seems to be of no use except for getting children for Her Majesty. (*Laughter, in which nearly all the Guardians joined.*)

"It was resolved to give him 1s. 6d. a day; and just as the man was called in, Mr. H. TAYLOR said he would give him 2s. a day if he would work on his farm for it.

"APPLICANT (with apparent thankfulness) said he would gladly accept the work, and left the room evidently pleased at the idea of getting more money and more cheerful work than stone-breaking."

That ere TAYLOR, *Mr. Punch*, is evidently one of your umanity-mongers, which one on 'em is enough to spile a nabour'ood, and pison poor men's minds in spite of all a ridgment of BLECKLYS and such like true benefactors of their specieses can say or do to bring 'em to a sense of their situations.

Ere's another of this precious lot, as can't get wurk. Kitch em a gittin it as long as they can git out of its way!—

"ROGER COTTER was the next applicant for work.

"Mr. BLECKLY: What do you want?

"APPLICANT: Work, Sir.

"Mr. BLECKLY: Then why don't you get it?

"APPLICANT: Because I can't. I have worked at Burtonwood for some time for Widow KILSHALL.

"Mr. BLECKLY: And why have you left?

"APPLICANT: Because they had no work for me.

"Mr. BLECKLY: But there are other people who want workmen. I suppose it is because you are a bad workman that they could not find you work. What does your wife do?

"APPLICANT: Nothing, Sir.

"Mr. BLECKLY: But there is plenty of work for women.

"Mr. BLECKLY: How many children have you.—Two. A boy going to school, and a girl aged 18.

"Mr. BLECKLY: And what is the girl doing?

"APPLICANT: Nothing at present, Sir.

"Mr. BLECKLY: But what has she been doing all her life?

"APPLICANT: She has only been fit for work for this last two years, and she has worked in the fields when she could.

"Mr. BLECKLY: Well, I think you are a lazy set. What money did Mrs. KILSHALL give you?

"APPLICANT: 18s. per week.

"Mr. W. PENNINGTON: I'll just tell you what my opinion is. No doubt he has left Kilshall's because they wanted to drop his wages.

"APPLICANT: No Sir; that is not the reason. There was no work for me.

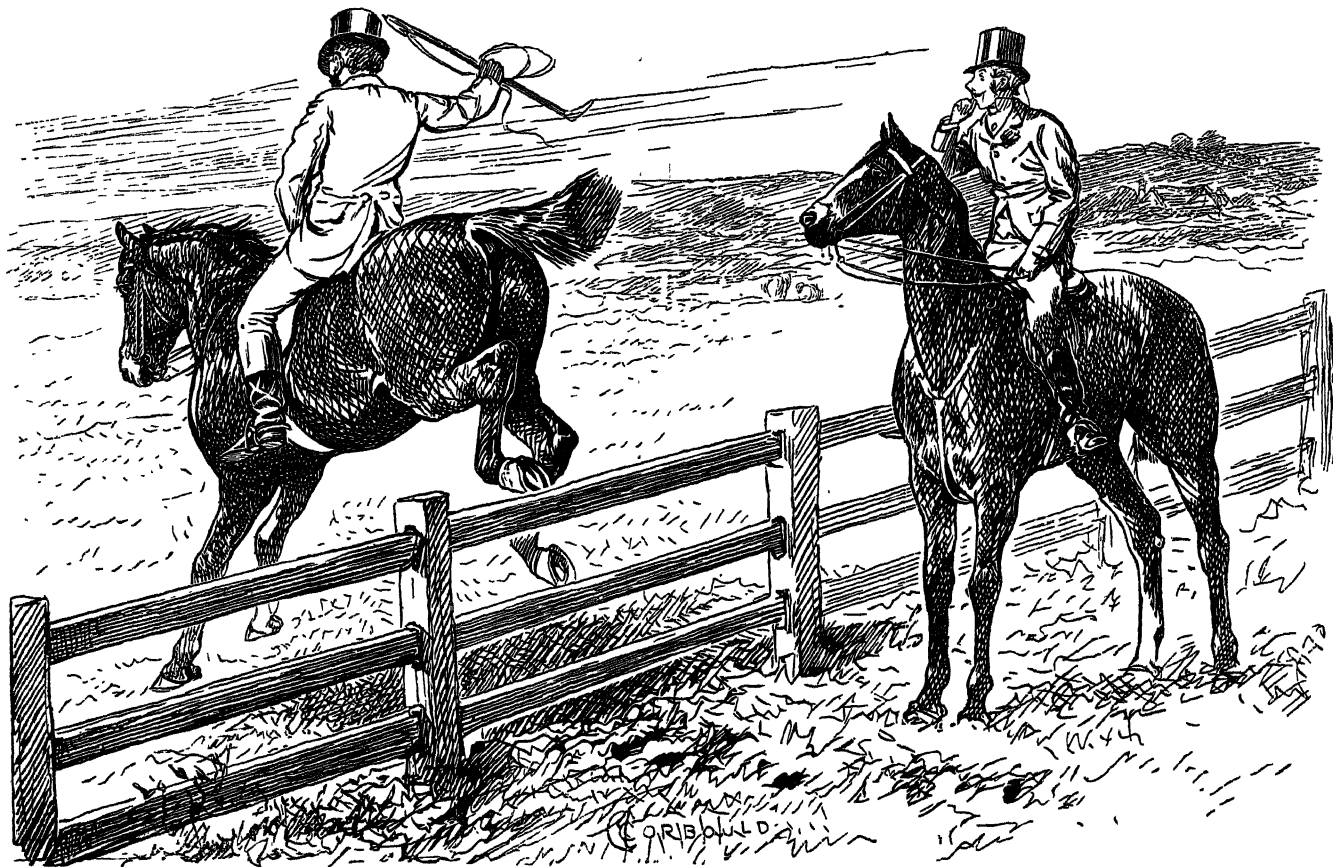
"Mr. W. PENNINGTON: Oh, yes; that's your tale.

"Mr. BLECKLY: It is a sin and a shame that he should confess his girl has been brought up in idleness.

"Mr. WINSTANTLEY: But he did not say so. He says she worked in the fields.

"After the applicant had been subjected to considerable further badgering, Mr. J. PENNINGTON offered him 2s. per day to work on his farm at Winwick, and this the applicant gladly accepted."

The next case is werry instructive, as showin the revolooashunary



A SOLILOQUY.

"BEAUTIFULLY DONE! IF THE RAILS WERE A LITTLE LOWER, AND I WAS SURE MY ANIMAL WAS A TIMBER JUMPER, I'D DO IT MYSELF!"

spirit as is nowadays at work in the werry Bords of Guardians theirselves, and givin you some idea what Chairmen like Mr. BLECKLY 'ave to struggle aginst.

"JOHN APPLETON, the next applicant, said he had been a labourer at Cartwright's glass works.

"MR. BLECKLY: What do you come here for, then? Why don't you go and make crates?

"APPLICANT: Because there is no work, Sir.

"MR. PENNINGTON: Well, we can't make work for you.

"MR. BLECKLY: What family have you?

"APPLICANT: One boy.

"MR. BLECKLY: And what does he do?

"APPLICANT: He works at Whitecross, and gets 6s. per week.

"MR. BLECKLY: And you, his father, cannot get 6s. per week?

"APPLICANT: No, Sir; I cannot get anything.

"MR. BLECKLY: Then you must be a useless fellow. What does your wife do?

"APPLICANT: She goes out sewing, but has had very little work this last few months.

"MR. BLECKLY: Then why does she not do something else, and not sit idle at home? Why doesn't she go out charing? How is it you could not keep your place at Cartwright's? I expect it is because you are a worthless fellow.

"APPLICANT, who was shouted at by several Guardians at once, said he had worked for Mr. C. H. CARTWRIGHT for twenty-seven years up to last Christmas, when, in consequence of bad trade, he was stopped, and had only worked thirteen weeks since then.

"MR. WINSTANLEY ['Oh, don't I know the soft-headed, soft-eared sort as makes Parochial Government a burden to the ratepayers and a cus to the porper,'] who spoke with some feeling, in consequence of the manner in which the poor man was browbeaten on all sides, said: I object to the poor man being shouted at in this manner on all sides. ['Adn't the Board better take off their 'ats to 'em—'] It is most disgraceful. I think you should take into consideration the state of the country at the present moment, and the fact that there are thousands of poor people out of employment. Mr. HORTON, who sits beside me, states that he receives at least 200 applications a week for work. It certainly is not our duty to abuse them when they come here seeking for relief.

"MR. BLECKLY: I hope Mr. WINSTANLEY does not think we abuse them, but I mean to say that here is a man fifty-two years of age, with a wife forty-two, and like many others he thinks he can come to the Workhouse and get

work when he has been thrown out of employment, as I have no doubt he has through his own idleness. The Relieving Officer tells us that if the man can get a 1s. a day he will stop here all day and do nothing. And from his own statement, if his wife can't get sewing she stops at home idle."

In course she do; that's *her* little game.

A dangerous party *that* WINSTANLEY. Wants keeping down; wick BLECKLY's evidently the man to do it. It's really refreshin to see a Chairman, with sech a strong sense of his dooty to the ratepayers, and sech a strong way of puttin on it, and droppin down on them owdacious porpers. Comin here as bold as brass to the Bord to ask for bread. Give 'em stones, and 9d. a day for breaking on 'em; and let them be thankful they live in a Christian country; as Mr. B. told JOHN DALTON, who had the impudence to say he had been in Warrington for twenty-nine years without needing assistance before.

"MR. W. PENNINGTON: Give him 6d. a day, and let him break stones.

"MR. BLECKLY: We will give you 9d. a day for breaking a certain quantity of stones; and if you do not break that quantity, you will get so much less.

"APPLICANT: Thank you, Sir.

"JOHN EGAN, sixty-four, labourer, with a wife, aged forty-eight, appeared to ask that his money might be raised to 1s. a day, as he had only been getting 9d. Applicant had one eye bandaged up, it having been cut open with a blow from a stone which he was breaking.

"MR. W. PENNINGTON: Oh, give the fellow 6d. a day. It's quite plenty for him."

I should think it was. A poor half-blind cretur!

Arter the cases of relief was disposed of, the Chairman, still in discharge of his dooty to the ratepayers, pinted out, as there was this run on the stone-yard at 9d. a day, that—

"The Board would have to consider the question of having fixed rules for the men, and a fixed quantity of work for them to do. They would also have to have a taskmaster such as they had in prisons, in order to see that the men did the work and *earned their money*."

That's it, Mr. Punch, keep 'em at it, and see 'em at it. That's the rule for the porper, accordin to the experience of *your* obedient servant, and *their* master—both of long standin'.

JEEREMIAH BUMBLE.



LITERAL.

Mercer. "STOCKINGS, MISS? YES, MISS. WHAT NUMBER, MISS, DO YOU——"
Matter-of-fact Young Lady. "WHY, TWO, OF COURSE! DO YOU THINK I'VE GOT A WOODEN LEG?"

FROM GARTNAVEL ASYLUM.

'SH-'SH! I'm a Bank, you know—all made of gold;
 Look!—my dress is of bank-notes, crisp and new;
 No end of my shares have been bought and sold
 At a profit—for Christian as well as Jew.
 And there's my Directors!—oh, ain't they deep—
 Silent and deep, every man, as death!
 They know what to tell, and they know what to keep—
 'Sh!—'Sh!—Not a whisper above your breath!

If you can help it, don't *you* be a Bank:
 It's grand, of course, but it is not nice:
 There are so many hearts may have you to thank
 For breaking—and you'll have to pay the price.
 See, there in the parlour the black-coats sit,
 For hours, flying kites out of folio books:
 Clever! the cleverest fellows! but yet,—
 Would you believe it?—they're so like rooks!

So very like rooks!—When I hear them caw
 Round the great table, I sometimes say,
 "Oh, all your nests are but sticks and straw,
 And I hear a wind coming to blow them away."
 Yet there they sit, in mahogany chairs,
 All so respectable, all in black coats,
 Dealing in stocks, and jobbing in shares,
 And up to their elbows in guineas and notes.

I was frightened at first; but I don't mind them now:
 But the thing I don't like is my heart growing cold;
 When my sisters come here, well, I just ask them how
 They will have it—in twenties, or tens, or gold?
 And I don't feel the least as I once used to feel;
 Where my heart used to be there's a stone to fit!
 And I watch them, poor dears, as if *they* might steal,
 And they cry till they can't get the better of it.

"ARMS AND THE MEN."

THE banners, scarfs, swords, and helmets of the PREMIER and the Marquis of SALISBURY were hung on Thursday last week amongst the insignia of the Knights of the Garter in the choir of St. George's Chapel, Windsor. At the back of Lord B.'s stall an ormolu plate bears the Arms "*Du très noble et puissant Seigneur BENJAMIN, Comte de BEACONSFIELD, Vicomte Hughenden.*" In such a legend, and in the place it occupies, the name of BENJAMIN is a novelty. And then it marks, besides an era, a date. The day on which the Beaconsfield Arms were posted in St. George's Chapel, was likewise that on which, under orders from the Beaconsfield Government, Her Majesty's troops crossed the Afghan frontier. "Draw thy sword in right," is a precept enjoined of old on Knights of the Garter. "We defy augury," but to those who don't the motto may suggest a questionable omen. The Salisbury motto is, *Sero sed serio*. It is quite certain that the Foreign Secretary and his Colleagues will find the invasion of Afghanistan a very serious matter. May serious blundering not be followed by late repentance!

Wisdom on its Rounds.

SOME two thousand five hundred years ago, SOLON, the wise head of Greece, (as we learn from a Correspondent of the *Spectator*), went on a tour to Egypt first, and then to Cyprus, to remodel one of the native states of the island.

Now, as we have no SOLON to send, we send instead Colonel STANLEY and Mr. SMITH, the wise heads of the War Office and the Admiralty, not to see if we have made a huge blunder—that may be taken for granted—but whether there is any, and what, way out of it. What a pity the Solon geese preceded the Solons!

THE THING IN LIGHTING.

From Edison, New York, to Punch, London, England.

JUST discovered a method of lighting a drawing-room by means of the electricity generated by a stick of sealing-wax and a tom-cat. Specifications per mail. Keep private. Sell Gas Shares short.

THE PARTY WHO REALLY SECURED "PEACE WITH HONOUR."—Policeman ROBINSON, when he showed such pluck in arresting the Blackheath Burglar.

But it's not good for sleep, or for Sunday, or prayers,
 To be always shovelling heaps of gold,
 And always thinking of bills and shares,
 And rigging the market to get shares sold.
 It spoils the complexion, when blood and heart
 Turn to gold, like the mother-of-pearl in a shell,
 And that makes the sovereigns—but, 'Sh! we must part,
 There's my Manager frowning, and ringing his bell!

KISSING THE ROD.

"NOBODY was ever so wise," said a wit of last century, "as Lord THURLOW looks."

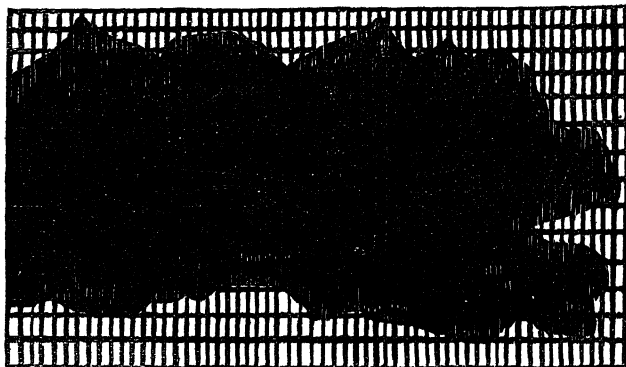
"Was anybody ever so right," *Punch* presumes, tremblingly, to ask, "as the *Pall Mall* professes to be"—and no doubt believes that it is, at the present crisis?

The Gentleman—we beg his pardon—the prophet and oracle who writes the first articles in that paper is always so consummately satisfied that he alone is wise, and all who differ from him fools; he asserts this belief with such profound and complacent assurance; he so tongue-bastes and belabours all who don't agree with him, scathes them with such scorn, bespatters them with such bad language, that *Punch* may well feel that it is more than his miserable life is worth to avow that he cannot, for the life of him, see things through the spectacles of this Grand Turk of the Evening Press. But so it is—worse luck!

LOST, between Cornhill and Cairo, a full SET of INITIALS.—Any person restoring them to their distressed Owner will be duly rewarded.—MONCKTON, Guildhall.

MISSING, from the Indian Secretary's Despatch of Nov. 18, and the Viceroy's Proclamation of War, A SCIENTIFIC FRONTIER. Was last heard of at Guildhall on November 9, after dinner. Any person returning it to Mr. MONTAGU CORRY, at 10, Downing Street, will be handsomely rewarded.

FARMING PROSPECTS.

From a Tenant-Farmer's point of View.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

You often have a laugh at us poor farmers, and we do like our *Punch*, but I really don't think you half appreciate what a deal of fun there is in farming. 'Tis such a paying business! We pay all our calves, and all our milk and honey, and eggs and fowls, and our little lambkins (and the big ones too) to our much-respected landlords; and then, to our poor overworked labourers, and our dear underworked paupers we pay all our wheat (the barley does nicely for their beer); and as to oats, that is one of those few things we don't always get a crop of; and if we don't, we have to pay for oats for our poor dear gee-gees.

Really, *Mr. Punch*, if you don't come to the rescue very soon, we shall only want one-wheeled waggons for this next harvest.

I want to show you a model agreement between a landlord and tenant.—'Tis so funny.

Between SKINNER FLINT, Esq. and JEREMIAH MANGOLDWURZEL, it is hereby agreed on their respective parts :—

1. That the tenant shall do everything that may be required on the farm.
2. That the tenant shall have plenty of capital when he enters on his occupation.
3. That the tenant shall pay his rent in advance.
4. That whatever the tenant lay out on cake and artificial manures, he shall always be considered to be making at least 25 per cent. on his outlay.
5. That the tenant's wife and daughters shall milk the cows and make the butter.
6. That the tenant shall sell no hay nor straw, and shall not grow two straw crops in succession, as it upsets the rabbits' ideas about the rotation of crops.
7. That the tenant shall not keep the new triplex cows which bring three calves at a birth, nor the duplex ewes which always twin, as this exhausts the land.
8. That if the tenant violate the aforesaid conditions, all the extra calves and lambs shall be forfeit to the landlord.
9. That the tenant shall not be entitled to compensation for damages from rabbits and game.
10. That the tenant shall have the right of purchasing, every year, two full-grown rabbits, or twelve very little ones.
11. That the landlord shall allow the tenant the right of grumbling, the landlord reserving to himself the right of giving his tenant any indulgences he may think for his good.

Now, *Mr. Punch*, knowing what a deal of influence you possess with our legislators (didn't you suggest the Agricultural Holdings Act?), I want you to persuade them into passing another Statute, to be entitled, "The Agricultural Losings Act." I should suggest that all landlords, who have been taking their rents for the last three years out of their tenants' capital, should forbear their rents for the next eighteen months, and that at the end of that time they and their tenants should sign a mutual agreement—

1. That no landlord shall in future take more rent than he would be willing to pay if he were the tenant.
2. That the tenants will pay their labourers fair wages, and farm the land well, or leave.
3. That any damages to either landlord's or tenant's interests be fairly appraised and compensated.

I would suggest, finally, a permissive clause (it is in this, my dear *Punch*, that I recognise special work for your inimitable hand), to allow either party to get out of his bargain by giving six months' notice.

I have been pulling so hard against the collar for a long time

that I find drawing come quite easy, so I have ventured to head my letter with a picture. To see it properly, you have only to lie on your back in a strong light, to take one of *Mr. S. Weller's* new double million magnifying microscopes, and if, with its aid, you can't make anything out of *Farming Prospects*, why I can't help it. I remain yours faithfully,

JEREMIAH MANGOLDWURZEL.

THE POET (OF THE PERIOD).

With Punch's apologies for the application of noble Stanzas to an ignoble subject.

THE Poet in a dismal clime was born,
With lurid stars above;
Dower'd with a taste for hate, a love for scorn,
A scorn for love.

He glanced through life and death, through good and ill,
He glanced through his own soul;
And found all dead as a dishonoured bill,
Or emptied bowl.

He thrummed his lay; with mincing feet he threaded
The walks of coterie fame:
On the dull arrows of his thought were threaded
Concetti tame.

And pop-gun pellets from his lispings tongue,
Erratic in their flight,
From studio to drawing-room he flung,
Filling with light

And mazed phantasies each morbid mind,
Which, albeit lacking wit,
Like dandelion seeds blown by the wind,
In weak souls lit,

Took shallow root, and springing up anew
Where'er they dropt, behold,
Like to the parent plant in semblance, grew
A weed as bold,

And fitly furnished all abroad to fling
Fresh mockeries of truth,
And throng with poisonous blooms the verdant Spring
Of weak-kneed youth.

Till many minds were lit with borrowed beams
Of an unwholesome fire;
And many fed their sick souls with hot dreams
Of vague desire.

Thus trash was multiplied on trash; the world
Like a Gehenna glowed,
And through the clouds of Stygian dark upcurled,
Foul radiance flowed;

And Licence lifted in that false sunrise
Her bold and brazen brow;
While Purity before her burning eyes
Melted like snow.

There was red blood upon her trailing robes,
Lit by those lurid skies;
And round the hollow circles of the globes
Of her hot eyes,

And on her robe's hem, "FOLLY" showed in flames
With "PHRENSY," names to shake
Coherency and sense—misleading names—
And when she spake,

Her words did gather fury as they ran,
And as mock lightning and stage thunder,
With firework flash and empty rataplan,
Make schoolboys wonder,

So thrilled thro' fools her windy words. No sword
Of truth her right hand twirl'd,
But one bad Poet's scrawl, and with his word
She bored the world.

ONE COMFORT TO LAY HOLD OF.

WE are going to war by the Koorum Pass! A better road than the Killum—at all events.



AN INVIDIOUS DISTINCTION.

First Lady's-maid (English). "ME AND MILADY WE ALWAYS GO BY THE TIDAL TRAIN!"

Second Lady's-maid (German). "ZOH? ZE TITLE TRAIN! ZAT VILL NOT TO FOR US, AS VE ARE ONLY LANTET CHENTRY."

ECHOES OF THE BACK-STAIRS.

(From Our Own Man at the Cabinet Keyhole, this Time.)

A Council Chamber in Whitehall. The Prime Minister fast asleep over a Map of Afghanistan. The rest of the Cabinet talking in half-whispers, and sketching on blotting-paper.

The Lord Chancellor (heated). Well, then, just as you like—don't have it in. I certainly thought something might have been said about the legal block, for the public will expect it. But of course you know best—as you always do. [Continues sketching, irritably.]

The President of the Council. Well, as far as I am concerned, it seems to me we might just as well lug in the state of the weather.

The First Lord. And so you might, if you would give our Cyprus business its proper importance. But you all behave shamefully about it. Here I take the trouble to jot down five-and-twenty lines, and you strike out every one of them.

The Foreign Secretary. Well, and what of it? You can't suppose that all Europe wants to know that you and STANLEY had the worst fish dinner you ever had in your life at Larnaca? Besides, a good half of the speech ought to be about my "fishery" affair. Cyprus, indeed!

The War Secretary. Ah, you may sneer; but we'll get it in somehow. I'm sure that rough weather in the Mediterranean—

The Secretary for the Colonies. Pardon me, but we can't get in a couple of hurricanes. There's the voyage to Halifax, and that will run into five lines, at least, and as you won't let me have in that bit about the Cape—

The Home Secretary. Certainly not, who wants to hear of mulls in the Colonies with all this depression at home? Now I have worked up the depressed state of trade capitally. That ought to be the pivot of our policy.

THE SORCERIES OF SCIENCE.

(A Song by an Old Schoolman.)

DAY by day, in this wonderful age,
Is announced some amazing invention,
Fit to puzzle the brains of a Sage,
And far past my poor comprehension.
You can talk, by the telephone-wire,
Seas o'er, with electric celerity;
To the phonograph they that aspire,
May their voices transmit to Posterity.

In my youth 'twas once thought a vain dream
That the streets could be lighted with gas;
To expect locomotion from steam
Was accounted the hope of an ass.
A guffaw, as of yesterday, rings
In mine ears from the days long ago,
When, at what seemed ridiculous things,
Our grandfathers laughed, Ho! ho! ho!

And I still have some fear in my mind
That this Science will end in confusion;
That its marvels at last we shall find
To have been but Old Harry's illusion;
We shall suddenly wake up some day,
In astonishment round us to stare,
To find visions have vanished away,
And the good old times still as they were.

Oh, for days on which memory dwells,
When the hedgerows were sweet with musk-roses!
What if cesspools were sunk close to wells,
And our pigstyes right under our noses?
From your sewers what good have you got,
Beyond fever-germs and bacteria?
Till they made us drain, typhoid was not,
And we'd no such disease as diphtheria.

Now, if night's to be turned into day,
The electric light, next, will give rise,
I've no doubt, with its dazzling display,
To some novel disease of the eyes.
'Gainst the new lights I stand by the old,
Though their sheen by comparison suffers!
Oh, for your good old days, dip and mould,
With your tinder-box, matches, and snuffers!

MEM. FROM THE MANSION HOUSE.

If you want Razors to get sharp, and Charities not to get blunt, send to WHEAT-HAM.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer. What! when every other line should be a sort of life-buoy for the money market! Ridiculous! I'm dead against it! There!

The Secretary for India. Well, at this rate, I don't see, besides my little affair, what we shall have left. The situation is most confusing.

The Prime Minister (waking up). Confusing! not at all, my Lords and Gentlemen. On the contrary, it is obvious. The fact of the matter is we are in a precious mess, and we want money. And I think you may believe me when I say that I am quite sure HER MAJESTY will know how to announce the fact with grace, and to ask for the desideratum with confidence.

[Winks and yawns as Scene closes.]

To John Ruskin.

(On a recent Verdict.)

If "*Fors Clavigera*," dear Slade Professor,
Means "Force that bears a club,"
Be warned, since of a big stick you're possessor;
And more discreetly drub.
Strength unrestrained's not greater strength but lesser,
And scorn provoketh snub.

A WORD TO WOULD-BE REGICIDES.

THERE are two Asses in Assassination. Is it not therefore doubly asinine?

A REAL AMBER MOUTHPIECE.—The new *Prima Donna*.

• WHISTLER - VERAYS • RUSKIN •



AN APPEAL TO THE LAW.

NAUGHTY CRITIC, TO USE BAD LANGUAGE! SILLY PAINTER, TO GO TO LAW ABOUT IT!

FRIENDS AT A DISTANCE.

Being the brief Record of a few Winter-seasonable Visits to certain Country Houses.

VISIT THE FIRST.—CHAPTER IV.

The Surprise—A Party—Recognition—Description—Catalogue—Oldest of Old Counties—The Beauty—Introduction—Mauvais quart d'heure—Etiquette—More Solemnity—Dinner in State.

I HAD expected JOSSLYN DYKE to be alone, and, to my utter astonishment, find myself suddenly thrust in, as it were, on a comparatively large party, that, apparently, hadn't in the least expected me to be added to their number.

The rapidity with which I have been let in, and the door closed behind me, seems something like a practical joke on the part of the Phantom Butler.

Nobody takes the slightest notice of me, except two or three Ladies, who look round as much as to say, "What's this?" and after an in-

spection so brief as scarcely to interrupt their conversation for a second, they seem to say, "Oh, is *that* all—well, as we were saying," and they resume their talk. Awkward.

My host is engaged with a tall, elderly, crusty-looking Gentleman by the fire-place. The Crusty Gentleman has taken up the usual peculiarly Englishman's attitude in front of the fire, so as to render himself more crusty than ever. He is doing himself to a turn—[*Happy Thought*.—Doing himself a good turn. Charity begins at home, *i.e.* at your own fireside]—sometimes with great impartiality presenting a side view to the fire, and sometimes turning right round while conversing with JOSSLYN DYKE, so that, in time, the Crusty Old Gentleman will be thoroughly done through. Whatever the engrossing subject may be, JOSSLYN is saying, "*it is*," and the Crusty one is "begging his pardon, and assuring him that it *isn't*."

I only see one face I know. It belongs to a man whom I meet, occasionally, once in two years, but as JOSSLYN is evidently not going to introduce me to anybody, and as, without this ceremony, I can't address anyone, even about the weather, without being considered



TOYS AND THEIR TEACHING.

Lady Customer. "MY LITTLE BOY WISHES FOR A NOAH'S ARK. HAVE YOU ONE?"

Toyman. "NO, M'UM, NO. WE'VE GIVEN UP KEEPING NOAH'S HARKS SINCE THE SCHOOL BOARDS COME IN. THEY WAS CONSIDERED TOO DENOMINATIONAL, M'UM!"

ill-bred, I go straight up to the face I know, and say heartily, "Ah! how are you?" He is in the middle of a discussion on the latest news of the day with a tall, hazy-eyed man, with an eye-glass that he can't fix for more than a second at a time, and whose expression is something so between a laugh and a cry, as to convey the idea of his having taken his wine before dinner, instead of having that pleasure to come.

The gentleman, whom I recognise, stares at me, then exclaims, "Ah! how are you!" in a surprised way, implying that, had politeness permitted, he would have added, "And *who* the deuce are you?"

Then follows the usual stupid pause, and the usual nervous laugh. We are both trying to remember where we saw each other last, and what we know of one another, if anything.

We discover, to our mutual relief, that there is no deception; that we did meet at the SHALLUSES, about a year or so ago; which leads us to inquire of one another what has become of the SHALLUSES, as if they'd been hanged, or sold up, or transported in the mean time. Neither of us knows what *has* become of the SHALLUSES; and here the conversation would come to a standstill, but for the hazy-eyed man, who evidently resents my interruption, and attracts my acquaintance's attention with, "By the way, HOSH-FORD"—ah! that's his name, HOSH-FORD, of course—"I was going to ask just now,"—which implies that he would have asked him, if I hadn't come up, and interrupted,—“whether you ever got a satisfactory reply from the Serjeant about the terms of the lease?” This is so pointed a hint, as to their conversation up to the moment I had “intervened”—like a Queen's Proctor—having been peculiarly private and confidential, that I cannot avoid feeling myself “not in it,” and so turn away, hoping either that JOSSLYN will introduce me to some one, or that dinner will be announced, or that there is a photograph-book that I can examine.

I survey the company. Another face I recognise—a man whom I've seen, generally at luncheon-time, at the Club for years; never ascertained his name, and never seen him speaking to any one. I remember having been informed that this was a Country Member,

who lived some distance from town, and who apparently only came up at luncheon-time, and then went back again. I doubted it then; now, I believe it to be true. He advances towards me, and observes, cheerfully, “I think we ought to know one another!” I respond to the sentiment with much cordiality. At the same time, I wonder if, after this, we shall do more than bow distantly for the remainder of our lives, except when on another similar occasion bringing us again together, we shall make the same remark.

I ask him if he knows many people here, which question implying that he doesn't, rather depreciates the value of his friendly greeting. He replies, “No; not everybody.”

At this moment JOSSLYN DYKE comes up to me, and with an air of the deepest mystery, says, “I want you to take Mrs. LAWLEIGH BYRNE in to dinner.”

Of course I reply, “that nothing I could possibly have imagined would give me greater pleasure than to take Mrs. LAWLEIGH BYRNE in to dinner,” and I look round to see which is Mrs. LAWLEIGH BYRNE. There are two old Ladies by the fire chatting together; one with a conspicuously false brown front, and the other with a most festive cap; and I do hope that neither of these is Mrs. LAWLEIGH BYRNE.

JOSSLYN DYKE relieves my mind by saying, sadly—he generally speaks sadly as though he were reluctantly fulfilling some painful duty—

“You know her, don't you?”

“No, I don't think—.”

He murmurs in my ear with melancholy emphasis,

“Great beauty. Everybody about here been going mad after her. Widow. Very rich. Very old county family. Come!”

I am overawed by this description, and almost begin to wish that the introduction had been, after all, to one of those two old Ladies by the fire,—even to the one in the festive cap.

I delay him for a moment to ask who all the people are. JOSSLYN explains them to me as if they were catalogued figures in a wax-work exhibition. “That old Gentleman there, talking to Mrs. LAWLEIGH BYRNE, is Mr. RENDLESHAM of Pikley—very old county

family—the old Lady with a cap is Mrs. AYSFORD SYNGE of The Wick, near here, one of the oldest families in the county”—and it occurs to me one of the oldest Ladies in the county too—“and,” I ask, “the other funny old Lady with the”—I am just going to add, “evident false front”—when he interrupts me gravely, “That is my aunt, Mrs. TUPTON, who is staying here”—very glad I didn’t say any more. He continues, “HOSHFORDE, you know.”

“He’s not an old county family, is he?” I ask, incredulously, having hitherto only associated him with London.

“Yes, very old county family. HOSHFORDE came over with the AYSFORD SYNGES.” I thought he was going to say “with the Conqueror.” “The tall man with the eye-glass is HENRY SANDILANDS, a very old friend of mine.” Glad I didn’t venture on any personal remark about him. “The thin elderly Gentleman with the bald head is AYSFORD SYNGE, of The Wick—and the stout man he’s talking to is PELKIN WADD, an ex-Master in Chancery.”

I remark that I once knew a Wadd family in Sussex.

JOSSLYN resents this. I had evidently no business to know a Wadd family in Sussex, who, apparently, were impostors, as these, the PELKIN WADDs, have no relations anywhere out of this county—in fact, never been out of Dampshire. It occurs to me that the PELKIN WADDs resemble the Christy Minstrels, who never perform out of St. James’s Hall,—and that all the other WADDs are counterfeits. I wonder what the other WADDs say to this? It appears that I am among the representatives of all the oldest county families. Quite a gathering of the Clans. JOSSLYN’s serious and impressive manner seems to imply that he feels what a responsibility he has incurred by bringing together this valuable collection of old county families. After going through the catalogue I almost expect him to add, “Please not to touch the figures.”

There is age upon them all except HOSHFORDE and Mrs. LAWLEIGH BYRNE, the former looking younger than he really is (I’ve known him by sight for years), and the latter looking, it strikes me, older than she really is; but still a Beauty.

A sudden shyness comes over me. But it is too late. I am led up to Mrs. LAWLEIGH BYRNE. She is a fine, handsome, lustrous-eyed lady in black velvet, much lace, and sparkling diamonds, a flaming crimson cap of satin, all crumpled as if some one had been sitting on it by accident, and white gloves, with about sixteen buttons, up to her elbows.

She is seated, and still engaged in conversation with the Crusty Elderly Gentleman,—RENDLESHAM of Pikley.

If there is one ceremony more awkward than another, it is that of introduction to the person you are to take in to dinner. To begin with: it’s not the choice of either party; your host is the providence for the occasion. Then you know nothing of one another; you are utterly ignorant as to whether there is between you any similarity of tastes, or some agreement of opinion. Perhaps one may dislike everything the other fancies, and *vice versa*. Then the necessity of introduction seems to imply to the Lady, “Look here! You won’t have any dinner unless he takes you in, because you can’t go in alone.” And much the same to the Gentleman, who is made responsible for his companion’s enjoyment during the remainder of the evening.

The introduction is completed, JOSSLYN DYKE (who is really one of the gravest, and, ordinarily, one of the most sensible men in the world) stupidly adding, on leaving us, as a recommendation of me to her favour, “He’ll amuse you, Mrs. BYRNE,” whereat The Beauty slightly elevates her dark eyebrows, and brings to bear on me the full power of her electric lustrous eyes, as though expecting to see me do something to amuse her on the spot, there and then. Stand on my head perhaps, or swallow a paper-knife and bring it out of my right ear. I know men who *can* do this, and, conversation failing, I envy them the accomplishment.

[Happy Thought.—Must learn tricks with cards. Carry a pack in my pocket, and, on being introduced, come to business at once with the question, “Take a card—look at it: you’re sure you’ll know it again?” &c. This would start a subject of conversation between two utter strangers, and do away with all the wearisome twaddle about the weather and the news.

However, as I haven’t matured this plan, I can only protest feebly against JOSSLYN DYKE’s remark. But he doesn’t stay to listen to it.]

I would protest, but JOSSLYN DYKE has gone.

I can only smile, inamely. I am painfully conscious of the utter inanity of the smile, and say,

“Well, it rather—”

But I don’t get any further, as Old Crusty—I mean old RENDLESHAM of Pikley—resumes his conversation at the point where he had dropped it, and Mrs. LAWLEIGH BYRNE turns her head towards him and away from me, so that I can only stand before them and listen to what they have to say to one another, which is all about their county matters, which, as I am utterly ignorant on the subject, have no sort of interest for me. I don’t like to go away. I don’t like to stop. If there were a chair at hand, sitting down would give me some occupation.

I am nervously aware of Mrs. LAWLEIGH BYRNE’s observing me

out of the corner of her eye. Perhaps at this moment I am fulfilling my mission, and amusing her. I wish Old Crusty would retire.

The announcement of dinner breaks up the groups, and I have to offer my arm to Mrs. LAWLEIGH BYRNE.

Which arm?

[Happy Thought.—Watch my host, JOSSLYN DYKE, and see which arm he gives.]

I could have sworn I saw him give his right arm. I give mine. Immediately afterwards I find I am the only person who has given his right arm. Perhaps giving the left arm is one of the ancient customs of the oldest county families. I apologise. Shall we change? Mrs. LAWLEIGH BYRNE appears a little annoyed at the awkwardness. Our changing arms involves a delay of the procession, which is arranged on some principle of county precedence, which in my ignorance I violate by stepping gaily before old PELKIN WADD, the ex-Master in Chancery, with Mrs. TUPTON, JOSSLYN’s false-fronted Aunt, on his arm.

Mrs. LAWLEIGH BYRNE says, seriously, in an undertone to me, “They’ll never forgive me for this. We’re out of our place.”

I try to reassure her by replying cheerfully that “we shall soon be in our right place,” meaning at dinner, but she evidently regards this as levity, and the procession moves, silently and solemnly, into the dining-room, where for a time, but only for a time, the gloom of the Mote would have entirely disappeared, but for the sombre pictures on the walls, and the impossibility, even here, with all the candles—the thousand additional lamps—of throwing any gleam of light into the dark bogie corners of this old Elizabethan dining-room,—and but for, above all, the presence of GOOL, the Phantom Butler, and his carefully-selected band of Old County Waiters.

ORBY ET URBI.



AFTER all, theology is one thing, and phraseology another. Criticism may keep clear of the former whilst questioning the latter. Mr., late the Rev., ORBY SHIPLEY, ex-Ritualist Clergyman, has, honestly, at any rate, become a Roman Catholic layman. But he proclaims in the *Times* that in deserting Canterbury for Rome, he has exercised private judgment for the last time—by renounc-

ing it in submission to “Authority.” Has he? Suppose he should ever fail to understand something in the language of the Authority he has submitted to—and perhaps there are a few points on which he may find its statements not perspicuous—will he not still have to exercise private judgment in trying to make out and decide for himself, as best he may, what “Authority” means?—Or will his final renunciation of private judgment preclude in future any attempt on his part to understand Authority’s doubtful or disputable language? Has he absolutely made up his mind not to trouble himself henceforth about the meaning of what he believes himself to believe?

Does not everybody brought up in blind belief necessarily believe in some Authority? If that Authority is wrong, how can he believe aright except by exercise of private judgment?

Mr. ORBY SHIPLEY considers himself to have exercised private judgment in crediting—whilst he did credit—the doctrines of Ritualism. Did he not credit them on what he considered Authority? Or did he credit them only because they commended themselves to his personal mind and feelings? Is judgment simply and solely by that standard what he means by private judgment? And has he now

renounced, not private judgment, but merely one persuasion for another?

Is not the only person who really renounces private judgment the Agnostic, who, as to subjects on which he feels that he knows nothing whatever, refuses to form any judgment at all?

Does not the partridge renounce private judgment, as renounced by Mr. ORBY SHIPLEY, when, in apprehension of approaching danger, it shuts its eyes, and pokes its head into a hole?

"UNE CAUSE CÉLÈBRE."

PENNY WHIZZLER, A. A. A. (*Anglo-American Artist*) v. RUBSKIN (*High-Art Critic*).

(*Tried before Baron PUZZLETON and a Special Jury.*)

SERGEANT THRUST and learned Juniors for the Plaintiff; Sir JOHN JOKER, Q.C., and other learned Counsel for the defence.

Scene—Court full of pictures, principally PENNY WHIZZLER's, who has also got a roomfull on view at an hotel in the neighbourhood. In fact, it is quite a little holiday for PENNY WHIZZLER, who is in great feather, which appears, as an arrangement in white, on the top of his forehead; though in attacking the great Critic, Mr. RUBSKIN, the Anglo-American Artist cannot be said to have "displayed the white feather."

Our Reporter, as usual, did not arrive until the middle of the trial, and the following is his condensed report:—

Sir John Joker, Q.C. (cross-examining Mr. PENNY WHIZZLER, A.A.A.). And I dare say you thought that with one of these *Nocturnes* you would knock Turner out of the field? (*Chuckles from Juniors; smiles from Jurymen; laughter of Spectators; gravity from the Judge, who does not approve of any jokes being laughed at except his own. On order being restored, Sir J. J. resumes.*) And one of these *Nocturnes*,—you knock 'd't 'urn off in two hours, eh? (*Great laughter, except from Judge, who suddenly remembers a real good story, that will make them all roar,—he will watch his opportunity.*) And for two hours' work you ask two hundred pounds? Um?

Penny Whizzler (gloriously, with a true American touch à la BARNUM). No, Sir! I ask two hundred dollars—I mean pounds—for the Experience of a Life Time!!

[*Immense applause. The Judge, still waiting for his opportunity to tell his good story, and not yet seeing it, suppresses the unseemly exhibition of feeling.*]

Sir John Joker. Now, I'll ask you about this. (*Points to a picture—one of PENNY WHIZZLER's.*) What is this meant for?

Serjeant Thrust (speaking up for his client). I dare say Mr. WHIZZLER will be able to inform you, if he stands on his head, as you've got that picture upside down.

[*Roars of laughter. The Judge fancies at first that he sees the opportunity for his good story. But as he is making up his mind, he is interrupted by the answer of the Plaintiff.*]

Penny Whizzler (to his Counsel). No, I beg your pardon, Sir; it's all right. It's not upside down.

[*More laughter, in which Serjeant THRUST joins.*]

Sir John Joker. Well, it doesn't much matter. The picture—that is, the painting—would be much the same in any position. What is it?—a bridge, an elephant, or a telescope?

[*Shouts of laughter. Judge leans back, and sees, with regret, the chances of bringing in his good story growing fainter and fainter. He determines to lug it in somehow.*]

Penny Whizzler. Well, Sir, if you were the lucky purchaser, I should say, "It's whatever you like, my little dear. You pays your money, and you takes your choice."

[*Great laughter, suppressed by the Judge, who sees that everybody will be exhausted before he can get his good story out; during which the Plaintiff leaves the box.*]

Mr. Hang Brown (examined by Serjeant THRUST). I am an artist, a remarkable artist. Yes; that is my opinion. I think Mr. PENNY WHIZZLER's pictures want finish.

Sir John Joker (half aside). Yes, the sooner he puts the finish to them the better.

[*Titter. Serjeant THRUST regards Sir JOHN indignantly, and the Judge wonders if the time for his good story has at last arrived.*]

Serjeant Thrust (alluding to a Picture, by an Old Master, in Court). This is TITIAN's Picture of—of—of—(*Refers to his brief*)—ah! yes, of ANDREW GATTI.

Baron Puzzleton. GATTI—GATTI—let me see!

[*Thinks he has heard the name before, and refers to his notes. Wonders whether THIS is the opportunity for his story.*]

Serjeant Thrust (who has been, in the meantime, further instructed by Solicitor). No, my Lord, not GATTI, but GRITTI—Doge GRITTI.

[*The Picture, however, was, after all, described in one newspaper report as "of ANDRA GATTI,"—the Reporter being delighted to do a turn to the well-known Restaurant.*]

Sir John Joker. Doge GRITTI! Are you quite sure it's not a picture of "Little Sandy"?

Penny Whizzler (from his seat). No, Sir, it's a genuine paintin'—it's GRITTI. In fact, it's the "true gritti."

[*Laughter from admiring friends—when, suddenly, the Judge sees his way to the good story.*]

Baron Puzzleton. I don't want to make anyone laugh—(*Everyone prepares for a grin*)—but I remember a story of some one who bought a picture as a genuine Titian (*grin on all features becoming more and more marked*), and when he came to examine it through his glasses—I must tell you he was an Op-titian—(*shouts—Ushers in fits*)—he found out that only half of it was by TITIAN; so he stuck it up as a screen, and made it into a *Part-titian*!

[*Roars. Jurymen in ecstasies, punching one another in the ribs. Ushers rolling on the ground. Policeman runs out of Court into Westminster Hall, to tell it to a friend outside. During this scene of uproarious hilarity our Reporter adjourned for lunch, and only returned to hear the last part of the summing up.*]

Baron Puzzleton. No doubt the eminent critic, Mr. RUBSKIN, was quite right in his opinion, but wrong in his way of expressing it. If there be any truth in the old adage, "*Arts est celare artem*," then Mr. PENNY WHIZZLER is a great artist, as he has thoroughly succeeded in concealing his art. Yet this is no reason why he should be called a "Cockney coxcomb." Mr. PENNY WHIZZLER should rather thank Mr. RUBSKIN for having given him such an opportunity, as this has been, for informing the general public of his existence, of which the general public was probably not aware. However, it is for you, Gentlemen of the Jury, to decide whether the Plaintiff has been damaged by the Defendant, or not.

The Jury found that the Defendant had done exactly one farthing's damage to the Plaintiff.

Baron Puzzleton. That, Gentlemen, is your verdict, and a very good one, too. We have all to thank Mr. PENNY WHIZZLER for an exceedingly pleasant couple of mornings in Court; and henceforth, instead of being called Mr. PENNY WHIZZLER, he will have three-fourths taken off his name, and be known as Mr. FARTHING WHIZZLER.

[*More laughter; during which the Judge bows to everyone, and retires gracefully. End of Scene in Court.*]

WHAT SUNDAY-CLOSING DOES FOR DUBLIN.



THE following *Times* paragraph may be regarded as an illustration of the effect of that paternal enactment:—

"THE IRISH SUNDAY CLOSING ACT.—Our Dublin Correspondent writes under date Nov. 25:—'The arrests for drunkenness in Dublin between 7 A.M. on Saturday and 2 P.M. on Sunday for the forty weeks from June, 1877, to March, 1878, numbered, 4332, the average of each batch of arrests being 108. The arrests for drunkenness between the corresponding hours during the five weeks following on the coming of the Sunday Closing Act into operation were 685, the average of each batch of arrests being 137.'"

These results appear to rather more than warrant the conclusion that:—

"Up to the present, therefore, the Sunday closing Act in Dublin does not seem to have diminished the amount of drink consumed, although it has certainly been productive of the best results in the orderly condition of the streets on Sunday evenings."

The Sunday Closing Act in Dublin seems, instead of diminishing, to have notably increased the amount of drink consumed; if increase in drinking may be held to bear any proportion to increase of arrests for drunkenness. How, then, to account for the orderly condition of the streets on Sunday evenings? Perhaps, by the supposition that the tippling classes, for their Sunday's consumption, have generally laid in a store of whiskey, which, unlike beer, will keep in a bottle; that they stay at home drinking all day, and by the time that Sunday evening has come, are most of them a great deal too tight to turn out of their houses. Apparently, therefore, the Irish Sunday Closing Act for the prevention of intemperance is answering its purpose in a truly Irish manner. Only the Teetotallers keep on telling us that drunkenness is also increasing in England. That, if a fact, has also followed the enactment of a statute partly closing taverns and restaurants on Sundays. What an argument on behalf of the agitation for closing them altogether!



LITERAL.

Soft-hearted Grandpapa (to Tommy, who has just been castigated by his Mamma). "AND YOU KNOW, TOMMY, IT REALLY PAINS MAMMA MORE THAN IT DOES YOU!"

Tommy. "OH YES, I KNOW IT DOES! SHE SAYS SO! IT HURTS HER HANDS!"

THE CABINET COUNCIL.

(November 22nd.)

Quoth Lord B. in his style 'twixt serene and sublime,
So scornful of "chatter," so hard on "frivolity,"
With the reticent jubilation *he* means for jollity—
"In spite of all bothers from LAWRENCE and others,
Let Parliament meet at its usual time!"

Then said Cross, at cross purpose, for once, with his Chief,
"In with that course of action I scarcely can chime;
Let the meeting be early, e'en if it be brief,
For a vote of the House would be *such* a relief,
And to miss it a blunder, much worse than a crime."

Quoth NORTHCOTE, "I judge it with eye to the Budget,
We should all of us grudge it, if that came to grief;
The tax-paying people might tell us to trudge it,
Which were better, I say, than go farther astray
From the lines of our old Constitutional way."

But CRANBROOK, in accents impassioned and warm,
To ditch-water dulness preferring a storm,
Defended his Chief in impetuous form:
"They had not been exceeding law's limits exact—
As he found them laid down in the Indian Act.
Three months after war was the date therein stated—
Full time for its grounds to be fully debated.
'Twas for 'Sovereigns and Statesmen' their Chief had said truly,
To decide these high issues, which they can weigh duly,
And not for the Lords, or the Commons unruly.
If speech was allowed them, 'twas not to say 'Nay,'
But to vote what was wanted, and grumble and pay."

Then manly young STANLEY, though diffident, firm,
Of the old Rupert lineage a promising germ,
Spoke out, free from doubt, for the earlier term.

And some were for early, and some were for late,
And warmer, and warmer still grew the debate,
Till SALISBURY hit on the plan the most fit
(He ventured to think), to keep things from a split,
That the point thus contested by toss-up be tested—
For himself he cared little which way the coin rested.
So they shied a new bob, and on spotting the toss—
Whether England should count it *their* gain or her loss—
Found, while cross were the losers, the winner was Cross!

RAILWAY ECONOMY.

A MORNING contemporary publishes the alarming announcement of a

"REDUCTION OF RAILWAY SERVANTS' WAGES.—The Midland Railway Company has given notice to their station porters of a reduction amounting to a shilling a week after the 18th of December. The Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincoln Railway servants have been reduced, that reduction taking effect for the first time on Saturday last. The Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway have just also reduced the wages of their porters and other servants. It is rumoured also that a reduction will follow in the servants of all grades."

And what may be expected to follow those reductions of the wages of Railway Servants, already overworked and underpaid? Corresponding reduction, probably, of care and attention to duty on their part, and of adequate skill and ability on that of those engaged to succeed them. Proportionate multiplication of Railway collisions and other accidents, and numbers of passengers killed and wounded, also possibly of actions for compensation brought against Railway Companies, and payments of damages which they will have incurred by reducing their servants' wages. If, as is to be hoped, the amount they lose through that reduction should very far exceed all that they gain by it, they will perhaps discover that they have been repaid as they deserved for an unwise as well as ungenerous economy.

ANAGRAM FOR THE DAY.—DISRAELI—I lead, Sir.



“WHO’S TO PAY?”

INDIA. “I SEE YOUR PROPOSED IMPROVEMENTS; BUT I CAN’T AFFORD—”

AGENT. “O NO, MADAM, OF COURSE NOT. PARLIAMENT MEETS TO-MORROW, AND I EXPECT WE SHALL SOON MAKE A SATISFACTORY ARRANGEMENT WITH MR. BULL!”

BAD NEWS FOR DOCTORS.



ENSIBLE Reform, indeed, my dear Dr. ROSELEAF! Here's a pretty piece of news! It nearly took my breath away, and destroyed my appetite for breakfast:—

"It is currently reported that many Ladies in the highest circles of Society are resolved, throughout the winter, to wear high evening dresses. Doubtless their example will, ere long, be widely followed."

I am sure you must agree with me in hating sense and its itch for reforming evils much better let alone. That is quite opposed to professional interest. We fashionable doctors get our living in great measure by the follies of the fashion. Low dresses especially are of the very greatest service to us. If Ladies are to take to clothing themselves properly when they go out in the evening,

where will be the chance of their catching colds and coughs, and other costly ailments? Thin shoes will next go out of fashion, I suppose, and then how can we expect such broadcast sowing of the seeds of consumption, and sciatica, and lumbago, and the like, as now pour into our pockets such abundant golden fruit?

Believe me yours in common affliction,

Snarley Street, Saturday.

PARACELUS PILGARLICK.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

(At Drury Lane—*The Jealous Wife*—*Belphegor*—*Reminiscences*—*Carmen* at Her Majesty's—*Novelties* ahead—and no more at present.)

SIR,—What hearty laughter at *The Jealous Wife*—the present version might be called Essence of COLEMAN'S Compressed Comedy—which, I should say, has for two or three weeks past been the attraction at Drury Lane far more than *Belphegor*, *The Mountebank*—and I hope that the Mountebank will declare a dividend in these times, when Scotch-banking is not quite so profitable as Mountebanking. As Mrs. Oakely, Mrs. HERMANN VEZIN is admirable, but the house is far too large for the comedy, and they all have to roar at one another, not at all like sucking doves, but as though the entire *Dramatis Personæ* were deaf.

Belphegor is worth seeing, if only for the sake of Mr. COWPER as the wicked Duke, with the blackest lines of villany on his face. He is very funny.

I have heard *Carmen*—for the first time, and I sincerely hope not for the last. Of course, everyone tells me I ought to have seen MINNIE HAWK in it instead of TREBELL; but as Madame TREBELL happened to be playing the part the night I was there, how the impossible could I see Mdle. MINNIE HAWK? I couldn't sing to her, by private wire,

"MINNIE, dear MINNIE,
Come o'er the sea;
For I won't take a stall,
But I'll stand in the hall,
And, my MINNIE, I'm waiting for thee."

At least I could sing to her by telephone, only my singing would be more expensive than her own; and then, like the spirits from the nasty deep—"nasty" more correct reading than "vasty"—see old folio—who's Old Folio?—good name for a bookworm in a farse)—would she come when I did call? I don't think so. But when MINNIE HAWK sang, stalls were at the Season prices, and now they are only twelve-and-sixpence each. And so,

"Rather less 'swelly'
I'll hear my TREBELL,
And seven-and-sixpence I'll save from a guinea
By hearing TREBELL instead of Miss MINNIE."

Her Majesty's was crammed, as I am informed it always is when GEORGES BIZET's *Carmen* is given. In fact, Tuesdays and Fridays are the *Bizet-ist* nights.

And are we not a musical people? Yes, we are; at all events, those were at Her Majesty's the other night, for they never applauded

anybody, whoever they might be, who went—like things in the City are so often said to go—that is, a little flat.

A propos of "flat," I know a Composer residing in Albert Mansions, Victoria Street, Westminster, who lives in one flat! and how, thus fettered, he can ever look sharp when he is requested to do so by some one in a hurry, I don't know. Which would be the better property—a tune or a Mansion in five flats? You can let out both of them. I refer this important question to the Music Publishing Company, with whom, *a propos* of *Carmen*, I have a bone to pick. *Cui bono?* for the public weal.

This is the bone. I do complain that sufficient care is not taken to see that the books supplied are correct. I may be an unlucky exception, and my book may have been the only example of the kind that has happened for months. Yet it is an instance of what has happened to me, and what, therefore, may happen to any one. So let every intending purchaser of a book of the words examine the pages to see that their numbers come in proper sequence, as, if they do not, the happy possessor of the book will be driven wild, as I was, by finding himself, while carefully following Act II., suddenly plunged into the middle of Act III., and then, having just recovered from that shock, to be utterly staggered again by finding the *finale* of the Fourth Act in the middle of the Third. The pages of my book were right from 1 to 14, when suddenly I found the dialogue utterly inconsequent, and on looking at the number of the page there was No. 19 as the sequence to 14. After a deal of searching I found page 15 after page 22, and then getting clear away with the story up to page 18, was suddenly confronted by the commencement of Act the Fourth at page 27, the Third on the stage then being in full swing. From 27 to 30 the book was sane enough, then it had a fit—next to 30 came page 23, which went on right enough to page 26, when the end of the Third Act was followed by the advertisements.

I warn my readers, therefore, to examine their books before buying, or, though they may obtain redress from the civil attendant, who was ready enough to substitute a correct card for the incorrect one, and who, indeed, would have given me a new one (seeing that I was unwilling to part with my copy, on which I had made pencil notes) had it not been for a respectable elderly and crabbed official, who, in a sort of *Dogberry* manner, kindly consented to examine my book through his glasses, and then, finding my statement correct, graciously deigned to inform me that "it was only wrongly stitched," making no sort of offer of reparation, nor even politely regretting the accidental circumstance, as he might have done, and, in fact, giving me, by his manner, to understand how utterly astonished he was at any visitor to Her Majesty's Theatre venturing to utter a complaint about anything in his official department—whatever that might be.

I mention this because a stitch in time saves nine, which is for the benefit of the purveyors of the books, for the advantage of the public, and for the good of the charming old person in the lobby, by whose courtesy and politeness I was so favourably impressed.

Of course, the thing in *Carmen* is the Bullfighter's song, and after that, I suppose, the Soprano's in the Third Act. That Spanish uniform, with its English policeman's helmet, its French red trousers, and its biliously-yellow coat, is a very trying costume for a tenor-lover to be put into. I was glad, for his sake, when he had deserted, and gone in, with *Carmen*, for "the days when we went gipsying" in the Third Act.

The story of *Carmen*, or the *New Bohemian Girl*, slight as it is, affords plenty of opportunity for picturesque groupings, costumes, varied choruses, and an effective ballet. The opera commences at 7:30, and is over by eleven—a great advantage to most people; as is also the Opera Colonnade, which gives everyone a fair chance, after leaving *Carmen*, of getting easily at *Cabmen*.

At one of the theatres is to be produced an *Opera Buffa* by Signor BUCALOSI. As far as the name of the composer goes, *absit omen*, as *Book-a-loss-i* sounds unlucky.

Having crowded myself out of speaking of *Fra Diavolo* at the Gaiety, the revivals at the Folly, and the last moments of the expiring *Pink Dominos* (chief mourners, Messrs. CHARLES WYNDHAM & Co., and Lord HERTFORD and Mr. EDWARD PIGOTT in the second carriage, when the naughty play is re-hearsed for the last time);—and *The Crisis*—another adaptation—bless it!—this time from SARPOU'S—SARDOU again—bless him!—*Les Fourchambaults*, by the eminent adapter of *Les Dominos Roses*, not having yet appeared at the Haymarket, nor *The Shadow of Number Twenty's Fate* (an original work *this* time by Messrs. HATTON and ALBERRY,—it takes two of 'em to be original) at the Princess's, I have nothing more to say except to contradict the reports of a *hostile encounter* (*a la M.M. GAMBETTA and FORTOUT*), between Mr. ARTHUR STIRLING, the *Lazare* in *Proof*, which has reached its 200th night, at the Adelphi, and Mr. G. W. ANSON, the *Lazare* in *Over Proof* at the Royalty, and with this information, which is "very necessary for these times," I conclude, and sign myself, now as always,

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.



OFFENDED DIGNITY.

(With the West Kent, 1877.)

Lord H. "WELL, MY LITTLE MAN, I SUPPOSE THIS IS YOUR FIRST TIME OUT?"

Rector's Small Boy (et al. 7). "FIRST TIME OUT, INDEED! WHY, IT'S MY SECOND SEASON!"

HOME AT LAST.

"MR. ORBY SHIPLEY has been received into the Romish Church."

At last the wanderer finds himself at home
 The proverb says all roads will lead to Rome.
 "Nay!" cries the Ritualist, "the road *we* travel
 Leads quite elsewhere." It must somewhat gravel
 Our friends to find their pleasant private path
 A circumbendibus so curious hath,
 That hundreds who adown its windings stroll
 Do reach the long-repudiated goal;
 That what to-day's denied with indignation,
 Is found to-morrow the sweet consummation
 And logical conclusion of a course
 Whose issue seems to contradict its source.
Seems! Keener or more candid minds can see
 Close sequence and clear continuity,
 And that without submission or suspension
 Of private judgment's much-abused pretension.
 Yet, if they but attempt to point this out,
 They're met with fierce abuse and frantic shout.
 Dear Ritualistic zealots, take the hint,
 Nor stultify yourselves—at least in print!
 Meanwhile, *Punch* ventures to congratulate
 The errant ORBY on his settled state.
 The pack he leaves about his heels may bark
 Until they follow him to the same ark,
 But whether led by logic or by grace,
 He's plainly the right man in the right place.

WHAT THE BELLS SAID, EAST AND WEST.

OLD TOM—"Buy a go o' gin!"

BIG BEN—"By Jingo!"

PLAIN SPEAKING.

THE QUEEN'S SPEECH, AS IT WILL NOT BE.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

You have been called together at this early date because the peace secured with so much honour a few months since has ended in war.

It is unnecessary to state that it was always my intention to summon Parliament, not to discuss the policy of commencing hostilities against the Ameer of AFGHANISTAN, which is my business and not yours, but to obtain the money which has been, and will be, spent for these hostilities, for which my Government have long been preparing. My Government will assure you, as they have assured me, that they wish Parliament to strengthen their hands and fill their pockets. I have no doubt that you will believe them, and that you will regard the expressions of opinion out of doors with the same calm indifference with which it has been received by my Ministers.

GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,

My Government have taken steps to secure a Scientific Frontier. You will, I doubt not, see your way to granting the supplies required to defray the expense of the Rectification of territory thus rendered necessary. The Bills for that purpose will be laid before you.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

I FEEL assured that after you have disposed of the Bills which will be submitted for your acceptance, my Government will be able to return to their homes in a state of mind enabling them to enjoy a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

And now I bid you a brief farewell, which will be renewed for a longer period when I dismiss you for the Christmas holidays.

TWO RUSSIAS—RUSSOPHIL'S AND RUSSOPHOB'S.—Hug-bear and Bug-bear.



THE SUNDAY CLOSING BILL—IRELAND.

Master. "BUT YOU KNOW, DENNIS, YOU CAN GET IN YOUR WHISKEY FOR SUNDAY ON THE PREVIOUS EVENING."

Gardener. "SHURE, YER HONOUR, WID A PINT OF IT IN THE HOUSE—SALED UP—I'D NIVER GET A WINK O' SLEEP!"

SOMETHING LIKE A DUEL!

(Translated from the French.)

THE following is a detailed and exact narrative of the affair of honour at which MM. l'Avocat PATELIN and the honourable Deputy, PATAPOUF, assisted as principals. We who sign this paper were the seconds of those Gentlemen.

M. le Député PATAPOUF, in the course of a speech delivered before the Assembly, found it necessary to declare that "black was white." M. l'Avocat PATELIN denied the accuracy of this assertion. Upon being requested by M. le PRÉSIDENT OF THE ASSEMBLY to withdraw this denial, M. PATELIN expressed his unwillingness to do so until M. PATAPOUF had in some degree altered his definition. He moreover alluded to M. PATAPOUF as "the individual who has recently spoken." M. le PRÉSIDENT having explained that the terms of his denial were unparliamentary, M. l'Avocat proceeded to a modification of it, adding that probably M. le Député was under the impression "that both black and white were grey," and that consequently his statement was "colourably true." At this point the incident in the Assembly ended.

Subsequently, M. PATAPOUF, after mature deliberation, on having arrived at the conclusion that M. PATELIN's explanation was not altogether satisfactory, requested two of the Signatories of this paper, MM. de la CAROTTE and de la BLAGUE, to sound M. PATELIN upon the subject. M. PATELIN persisted in the assertion that some people might consider black a different colour from white. Upon this a hostile meeting became absolutely a matter of necessity. After some negotiations, M. PATELIN nominated M. le Comte de l'EAU SUCRÉ and M. DE l'ABSINTHE, to represent him. The nomination was accepted.

The Signatories of this paper having now the management of this incident in their own hands, drew out the following programme:—

1. The principals to fire one shot at one another at eighty paces distance, with pistols of the cavalry pattern of the First Empire.
2. The incident to be closed with the discharge of the weapons.

This programme was submitted to MM. PATELIN and PATAPOUF, who unconditionally accepted it. A further suggestion that the pistols should only be loaded with blank-cartridge (emanating from both the principals), was peremptorily overruled by all the Signatories, who, however, added the following article:—

3. That in consideration of the distance of the principals from one another, and the possible deviation of the bullets from the line of sight, each second may wear a suit of shot-proof underclothing, and shall be allowed to retire behind an earthwork rising five feet from the level of the ground.

These preliminaries having been arranged, the meeting took place on the Belgian frontier. One shot was fired, having for result the death of a cock-pheasant, which had taken up a position for observing the proceedings on a distant tree.

The Signatories of this paper hereby declare:—

1. That M. le Député PATAPOUF was right in his assertion that "black was white."
2. That M. l'Avocat PATELIN was equally right in declaring that the statement in its nudity was open to question.
3. That the meeting which has taken place between MM. PATAPOUF and PATELIN was conducted according to the strictest rules of such encounters.
4. That not the slightest stain rests upon the honour of either M. PATAPOUF or M. PATELIN.

After the duel the principals and the seconds breakfasted together. The cock-pheasant was carved by M. le Docteur FRACASSE, who had kindly volunteered his services in the event of any deplorable casualty.

Signed { HENRI DE LA CAROTTE, } For M. PATAPOUF.
 { CHARLES DE LA BLAGUE. }
 { LE COMTE DE L'EAU SUCRÉ, } For M. PATELIN.
 { DE L'ABSINTHE, Journaliste. }

Dec., 1878.

Restaurant du "High Life,"
 Avenue de l'Opéra, Paris.

STORM WARNING.—C'est le Premier's pas qui Coûte.

THE PIOUS CHANCELLOR'S CREED.

(Post-prandially formulated by the Prince Von B. himself, found in a Buseh, and to be taken, perhaps, with a grain of Salt.)

I do believe in Providence,
On grounds most firm and valid;
Its rulings have shown strength and sense,
And with my views have tallied.
'Tis ever on the stronger side,
And while my side's the stronger,
I shall acknowledge it with pride.
(But not a moment longer!)

I hold to Faith robust and stout,
And, Heaven and I agreeing,
All duffers who presume to doubt,
Deserve eternal d—ing.
I'm sole exponent of the truth,
Of genuine Christianity,
Cleared from all cant of love and ruth,
And humbug of humanity.

I do believe in days and dates,
As I'm a (sort of) sinner;
I hold those fools defy the fates,
Who sit thirteen at dinner.
That Friday ventures badly fare,
For reasons past explaining;
That he's an ass who has his hair
Cut when the moon is waning.

I do believe most men are fools,
And need despotic ruling
By one past-master in the schools
Of force and clever fooling;
That dangers which beset the State,
And risks that kings environ,
Demand a will as stern as Fate,
A rule of blood and iron.

I do believe in subtle skill
Disguised as brutal frankness,
And the display of ruthless will
In rowdy reter-rankness.
As well shirk shedding blood for fear
Of staining God's pure daisies,
As strive to rule this lower sphere
By sentimental phrases.

I hold the great Germanic race
Is Heaven's favourite bantling,
Supreme in virile power and grace,
And breadth of moral scantling.
That Franks are hounds, their women pigs,—
Gr-r-r! I the vain vile vermin hate!
I'd squelch them—but for pap-soul'd prigs
Who funk the word "exterminate."

I do believe free Parliament
Means dawdling, drivelling, doting,
Save only when it is content
With silent money-voting.
I hold, of all pretenders crass
Who ever claimed dominion,
The worst is that gregarious ass
Nicknamed "Public Opinion."

I do believe the fittest head,
To shape and sway the nations,
Is one which has no need to dread
Competitive potatoes.
Latin is humbug, Greek is rot,
And Science a small matter;
Faustrecht thrives best on a full pot
And a well-loaded platter.

In fine, I do believe in Force
(Of fight, or faith, or feeding)
Uncramped by conscience, ruth, remorse,
Good-nature or good-breeding.
That Strength should sway in council, fray,
Love, piety, or potting,
Is Providence's special way,
And Heaven's own allotting.

THE SOCIETY JOURNAL.



EXCELLENT MR. PUNCH,

WITH your habitual omniscience you have doubtless observed that the human race is nowadays no less *avida novitatis* than it was in those classic ages when its greediness was thus embodied in an aphorism. This greed for news is possibly the reason why there are so many newspapers afloat, and why some of them at any rate strive to save themselves from sinking by not being too particular as to what they print. News is an elastic word, and

may be stretched to well-nigh an indefinite extent; and Editors who are not troubled with a conscience need not be careful as to what they print, so long, at least, as they keep on the blind side of the law.

Clubs were formerly considered to be strictly private places, where Gentlemen might meet as in their own houses, without apprehension that confidence would be betrayed, or privacy violated. Some old fogies may imagine that the strictly private acts of men in private life are hardly fair subjects for public comment. I myself, perhaps, might own, in a weak moment, to such squeamishness—or delicacy, if you like the word better. But I am too poor to indulge in such luxuries.

Putting delicacy aside, therefore, and coming straight to business, I propose to start a journal whose pages shall be devoted entirely to chronicling and commenting upon the private acts, words, and looks, of private people. Clubs will be in my hands simply weapons of offence: and I shall use them to hit right and left, no matter who may suffer. To add to the attraction of my journal, scandal of all sorts will be freely admitted to my columns, and abundant space reserved for nasty personal remarks. Insinuations and innuendoes will be specially encouraged, and prominently placed. Hints at trickery at cards will be plentifully sprinkled in my "Whispers from the West," and the most transparent pseudonyms will indicate the persons thus publicly attacked. Family quarrels will be faithfully recorded free of charge, and flirtations divulged with the

briefest possible delay. The gossip of the green-room will be made a special feature, and anecdotes of actresses will be carefully invented for the purpose of supplying lovers of fast life with amusing subjects of small talk. Angry correspondents will be thankfully encouraged to continue their disputes; and a sub-editor of small stature will attend in the office to be kicked by any person who is willing to pay for the privilege of committing an assault. In short, no pains will be spared to make my journal talked about, and to bring it into general contempt and disrepute. I hope thus to secure for it the largest possible, if not, perhaps, quite a world-wide, circulation, and if I can only manage to get a few good actions for libel brought against my publisher, I expect to make my fortune, or, at least, to keep my carriage, before the year is out.

For the present, I refrain from publishing my real name, which hereafter may be famous, and am content to sign myself,

Yours, most humbly,
THE MAN AT EVERYBODY'S KEYHOLE.

Grub Street.

Bos, M.P., Locutus Est,
(On the Winter Session.)

"THIS, it is to be Member!
Dragged to Town in December—
Leave the covers before they've been shot!
Lose the pick of the season!
And all for no reason,
But to vote straight, and listen to rot."

A Black Prospect.

Auld Scotch Bodie (loquitor). Weel, weel, what wi' Affgauns in India, an' Ongauns in Glasga', I dinna ken what the world's comin' tae!

At Cost of Costs.

(Quoth WHISTLER over his Farthing Damages.)

My nocturnes, "blue and silver," and eke black and gold,
Are paying "arrangements," pictorial and proper;
But, by this blue and copper arrangement I'm sold,
In which I find the blue and the jury the copper.

FROM MANCHESTER.

A Meeting of Creditors.—"And does not a meeting like this make amends?" No; not often. *Heugh! prisca fides!!*

A CONSIDERATION FOR SOCIETY JOURNALS.—The greater the Truth the greater the Libel.

APT ILLUSTRATION.—Idealism and Realism: Courtship and Marriage.

TESTING THE THAMES.

Father Thames loquitur :—

HY will they say my stream is like
a sink,
And swear my bed is but a miry
bog;

How dare maligners say my normal stink
Is as a "blend" of bilge-water and fog?
Such groundless accusation sorely irks
My friends the Metropolitan Board of Works.

That noble brotherhood they took a boat,
They also donned their best rose-coloured specs,
And down my libelled stream did steam and float,
With watchful eyes, tense noses, craning necks
(And goodly store of water of Cologne),
All to inspect my fragrant "sewage zone."

They sampled, tested, smelt; they stirred and poked,
With pole and eke with grapnel, bed and bank;
They sniffed and sipped, but, though they smiled and joked
I noticed that but slender draughts they drank.
And then they found—I own to my surprise—
All those vile charges were but wicked lies.

There was no mud at all nor any muck,
No nasty taste, and no unpleasant smell;
Nought unto lowered pole or grapnel stuck,
Save harmless stone or shingle; all was well!
There might have been a little tarry scum,
But, for the rest, 'twas all a foolish hum.

Those beastly Gas-works were alone to blame,—
The sewage really improved my stream;
It was, they swore, a most outrageous shame,
That fools of silting up should talk or dream,
Or hint the presence —(evil-minded men)—
Of slime or sulphuretted hydrogen.

That people plunged in my pellucid flood
Should, owing to the sewage, faint or choke—
As some who'd tried declared—was quite too good,
A really rare rib-cracking sort of joke.
Facing such facts, it was not fair, now was it?
To talk of filthy smell and foul deposit!

For just where that ill-fated *Princess Alice*
Had sunk, the stream was pure, the bottom shingle.
'Tis very hard that such mendacious malice
With opposition's cold remarks should mingle!
Where do they hope to go to, those false divers?
Or those—(they said so)—"sewage-soaked" survivors?

They turned them back, vowing 'twas mere stupidity
Or nasty spite that had malign'd me so.
My dimpling stream was guiltless of turbidity,
No filth befouled my water's silvery flow,
Which undisputed facts," they cried with glee,
"Will floor that odious Thames Conservancy!"

Hooray! And yet, and yet—I somehow think
I'm scarce convinced,—the world, I know, is not.
When Hercules of Alpheus made a sink,
To prate about *improvement* had been rot.
Still, still, a haunting doubt within me lurks,
My bravely optimistic Board of Works!

A NOBLE EXAMPLE.

(Set Out Dramatically—For the Co-operative.)

SCENE—Interior of a Nobleman's Mansion near the Central Meat-Market. Enter a Peer, his Daughter HONORIA, and AUGUSTUS.

PEER. Well, young man, you have had the advantages of an Eton education, hold a Commission in the Guards, and belong to five respectable Clubs. But the suitor who claims HONORIA's hand must give surer pledges for her future happiness than this. *(Sternly.)* Tell me, now, what do you know of butchers' meat?

HONORIA *(fondling him)*. Oh! everything, Papa, dear. AUGUSTUS would never have asked your consent until prepared to face and triumph over life with all its financial difficulties. He is quite reformed.

AUGUSTUS. Indeed, I am, Sir. Since I have won your daughter's priceless love, gambling, the pleasures of the race-course, and meat direct from the butchers, have all been abandoned by me without a murmur. Henceforth I will deal with no *middleman*, and live but for her!

PEER. The resolution does you credit, but will you have the courage to act up to it? Remember, if you are an honourable man, domestic existence will present some stumbling-blocks to you in its very outset. I shall expect HONORIA's husband to go himself early to the central emporium and select and carry off a whole quarter, nay, a whole side of the best beast that he can procure for good, honest, money.

HONORIA *(with enthusiasm)*. He will do all this, dear, dear Papa! AUGUSTUS. Ay, that I will, all this—and more. Twice in the week will I run down, by some cheap slow night-train, to the western counties, and myself see, bargain for, and bring up to town—a *living beast, perhaps a couple!* There will be plenty of room for them in the little garden at the back of our new house in Wilton

Place; and once having got them safely through the hall—we can *kill* on the premises ourselves!

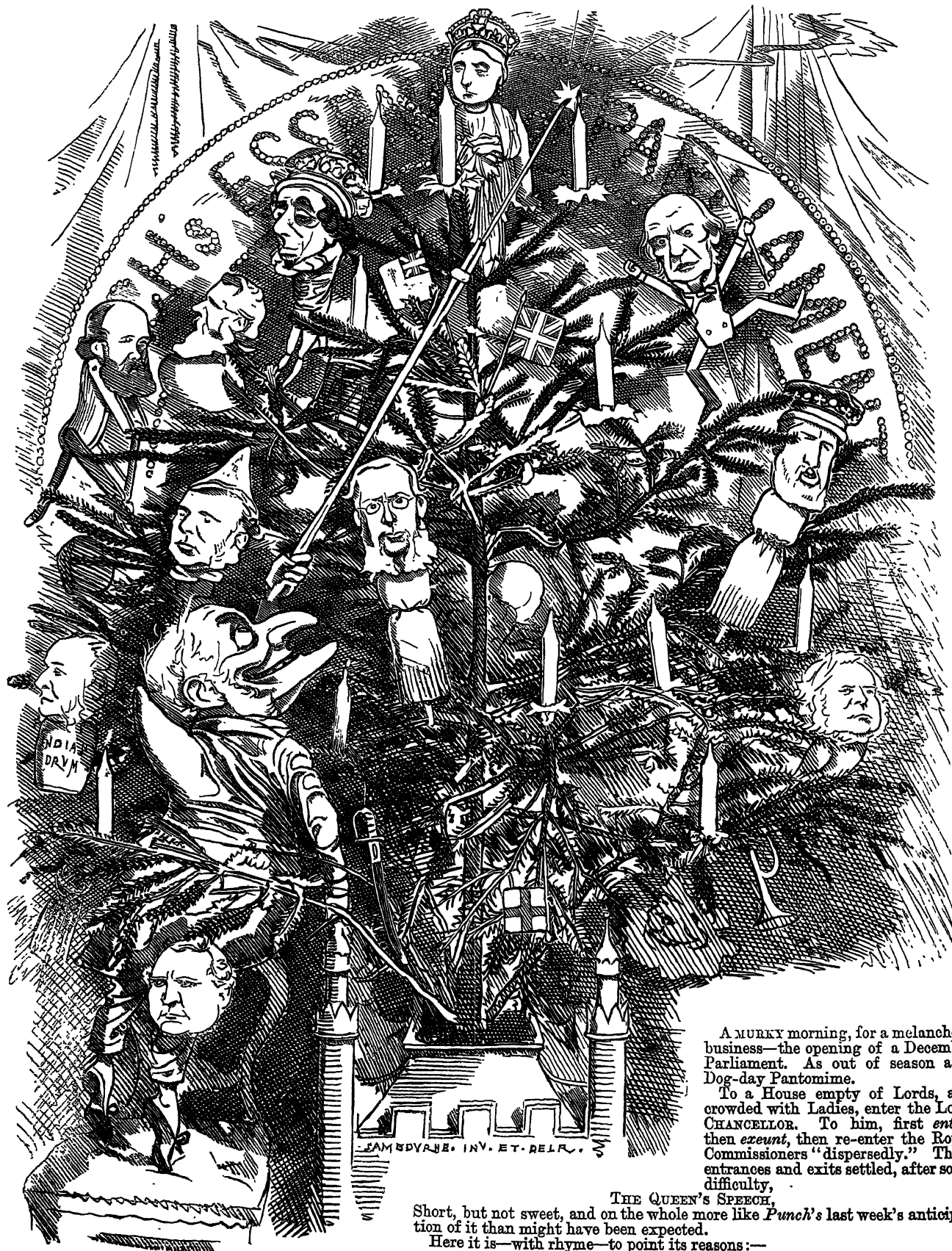
HONORIA. Dear, noble AUGUSTUS! How happy we shall be! PEER. Well, there, my boy—take her! *(He joins their hands.)* With such resolves to avoid the pitfall of wasteful expenditure, you may be able to lead a cottage life on £5000 a year. But, bear in mind, should you ever, in a weak moment, be tempted to let the butcher's fatal cart stop before your door, that though your old father-in-law lives at Smithfield, and gives tinned beef in sandwiches to his guests at evening parties, he saves twopence in the pound all the year round, and sets a *noble example*.

CONCERTS IN COLOURS.

To Artists uniting in their own persons the genius of the Painter and the Musician may be recommended, as subjects for pigmentary treatment, the following combination of colours in conformity with sound:—

A Solo in White.
A Solo in Black.
A Duo in Black and White.
A Trio in Red, Blue, and Yellow.
A Quartet in Brown, Orange, Purple, and Green.
A Quintet in Crimson, Violet, Mauve, Copper colour, and Lavender.
A Sextet in Stone colour, Fawn colour, Pink, Lemon colour, Rose colour, and Dun.
A Septet in Scarlet, Bay, Chestnut, Mouse colour, Grey, Buff, and Mahogany. And, lastly,—A Chorus in all Colours.

ANAGRAM BY ZADKIEL.—*Benjamin Disraeli, or Earl of Beaconsfield.*—"I fear ill Old BEN can do, if Bear joins AMEER."



A MURKY morning, for a melancholy business—the opening of a December Parliament. As out of season as a Dog-day Pantomime.

To a House empty of Lords, and crowded with Ladies, enter the LORD CHANCELLOR. To him, first *enter*, then *exunt*, then re-enter the Royal Commissioners “dispersedly.” These entrances and exits settled, after some difficulty,

THE QUEEN’S SPEECH,

Short, but not sweet, and on the whole more like *Punch’s* last week’s anticipation of it than might have been expected.

Here it is—with rhyme—to point its reasons:—

“Sorry to bring you up from your pleasant country quarters,
But here’s the AMER has got himself, and us, into troubled waters.



A BIT FROM BUXTON.

Mr. Blades, from Sheffield (affably to Noble Lord with the hereditary gout). "OPE YOUR LORDSHIP'S BETTER THIS MORNING. I CAN JUST MANAGE TO 'OP ABOUT A BIT—"

Noble Lord (severely). "AW—I WAS NOT AWARE THAT PEOPLE OF YOUR CLASS WERE SUBJECT TO MY COMPLAINT!"

We're bound by law to tell you this, and as we must have supplies, The sooner you find them for us, the sooner you can rise. Apropos of the Berlin Treaty—there's no reason to be dejected; It's going on, like everything else, as well as can be expected. Of the Bills to be passed—not those to be paid—we'll speak when you've cut and come again; And we wish you a Merry Christmas when you've all got safe home again."

The first night's debate in the Lords was like a Cook's tour—"personally conducted."

It turned—not on the policy of the Government in making war on Afghanistan—but on the candour of Lord CRANBROOK's Despatch, and the veracity of Lord SALISBURY's assurance—"miserable personalities," as both Lord SALISBURY and Lord BEACONSFIELD called them. As a matter of course, Lord GRANVILLE put these unpleasant charges as pleasantly as possible; and equally, as a matter of course, Lord CRANBROOK repelled the imputation against him with heat, and Lord SALISBURY with haughty aggressiveness.

This is a matter, however, which chiefly interests the noble Lords personally concerned—Lord NORTHBROOK, who protests against the colour given by Lord CRANBROOK's ninth paragraph to his Government's action in 1878—Lord CRANBROOK, who declares he has given the true colour in the paragraph, and is ready to lay on another coat of it—the Duke of ARGYLL, who maintains that the Marquis of SALISBURY, in his last year's denial of any change of Indian policy on the part of the Government, though he did not lie like truth, told truth like a lie—and the Marquis of SALISBURY, who maintains that his answer was true to the letter, and that nobody has any business with its relation to the spirit.

Lord GREY moved an Amendment, regretting that Parliament had not been consulted before war had been declared. But nobody supported or seconded him; and the Duke of SOMERSET rapped him over the knuckles in that candid spirit in which his Grace loves to say and do disagreeable things.

Lord BEACONSFIELD, in a comparison of the policy of his party twenty-five years ago with that of the Opposition, now made his points and got his laughs like a veteran actor:—

"We found ourselves, some five-and-twenty years ago, advocating a cause with a warm conviction, but one which was probably not supported by the House to which we appealed, or the nation. The recess had passed. We had all of us made a good many speeches, in which we had probably not measured our language more than in some more modern speeches with which you are acquainted. (*Laughter.*) Many of us had written many letters, though not so many, perhaps, as some individuals of the present day. (*Renewed laughter.*) And under these circumstances, being also members of a society of great activity and organisation, more active than the Afghan Committee—(*laughter*)—and having agitated the country for a considerable time by these sincere expressions of our opinions, we did think it was our duty when Parliament met that we should test the opinion of the House upon the question which we had so long described as of the highest importance and most urgent interest."

Don't ride off on official squabbles, but challenge our policy to a Division—and be beaten.

Nothing can be more triumphant than the way this great master of fence flourished his weapon, and defied the other side to come on.

It was as pretty sword-swinging as could be seen, and must have delighted the ladies present. Next week my Lord B. will have his wish—Lord HALIFAX will distinctly raise the question as to the policy of the war.

In the meantime there will be no Amendment on the Address, as Lord GRANVILLE explained, because there is no wish to refuse the means for supporting the gallant soldiers who have already reaped the first fruits of victory in the Khyber and the Kurum.

In the *Commons*, Mr. E. STANHOPE having given Notice of Motion to take the charges of the war out of India's pocket, Mr. FAWCETT gave notice that he would oppose it.

News of General ROBERT's gallant clearing of the Peiwar Pass was cheered from all sides of the House. What person, of what party, does not cheer every British deed of valour, daring, and resolution, apart altogether from the policy of the war in which the deed is done!

Lord CASTLEREAGH moved, and Mr. HALL seconded, the Address. The Marquis of HARTINGTON admitted as undeniable, that Government having received abundant proof of the confidence of

Parliament, had a right to enter on the war. That for the safety of our soldiers, the interests of the Empire and mercy to the enemy; being begun, it must be carried on vigorously, and to a decisive issue. All that was quite apart from the policy, or justice of this war. He had come to the conclusion, on the papers, that it was unjustifiable. Then he criticised Lord CRANBROOK's Despatch, and contended it gave an unfair impression of the Government action in 1873. It looked as if the Government had been studiously picking a quarrel with the AMEER. If Russia was advancing, let us be on our guard, but it does not follow that the best way to do that is to push our frontier half-way to hers. Parliament had been kept in the dark. It would be asked to pronounce its judgment on the war, and the policy which had led to it.

Mr. GLADSTONE criticised the language of the Address. He should leave that to *Punch*.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER answered Lord HARTINGTON

from his brief. Lord CRANBROOK had drawn a fair inference. The Government didn't want to pick a quarrel with the AMEER. They found it ready picked. All they wanted was to protect India and keep its people quiet. But when a Russian Envoy was received at Cabul, and a British one turned back—war was inevitable. Government didn't want to annex territory—all they wanted was to bar the back-door to India.

Sir C. DILKE asked for papers, and was promised all that could be published without letting official cats out of their bags.

Mr. W. E. FORSTER asked for more papers, and defended Lord NORTHBROOK's and the Duke of ARGYLL's dealings with the AMEER. They were in one mind, and it was the right one.

Lord ROBERT MONTAGU pitched into all the Governments that had touched the question. They had set the AMEER's back up, and taught him to distrust us, among them, and one was as bad as another. (Does Lord ROBERT write for the *Pall Mall Gazette*?)



Mr. DUNNING complained there was no Irish grievance in the Speech. Mr. O'CONNOR POWER, and Mr. SULLIVAN denounced the war as a violation of national independence.

Sir J. LUBBOCK doubted the wisdom and policy of the war, but thought the AMEER had drawn it on himself.

Mr. CROSS said as there was not going to be any legislation before Christmas, there need not be any allusion to it in the Speech, and promised Irish Members they would find Ireland had not been forgotten, when the Sessions' list of Bills was brought out.

Friday.—The Lords did nothing beyond having Lord CAIRNS sworn in as Earl CAIRNS and GARMYLE. (A narrow miss, by one letter, of an ominous name. "Garboil" means a mess.)

In the House of Commons Mr. WHITBREAD gave Notice of a Vote of Censure of the conduct which has led to the war with Afghanistan. Would the Government give him a day? "Not a bit of it," said the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER. "Why hadn't they

moved an Amendment on the Address?" "Well, I will, if you like," said Mr. CHAMBERLAIN; and straightway named one—extempore.

Lord HARTINGTON, with his usual *mitis sapientia*, showed Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE what a mess matters would probably get into if he did not give Mr. WHITBREAD a day.

Mr. GLADSTONE reminded the Government that if they wouldn't give a day Mr. WHITBREAD might take one. The Report on the Address wasn't voted yet.

After a struggle and a flounder, in which Sir STAFFORD compared the House—it should have been himself—to Mr. *Punch's* "John Bull in a Fog," and in which Messrs. GOSCHEN, RYLANDS, MILLS, RATHBONE, NEWDEGATE, and CHILDERS took part,—confusion got worse confounded, and light less visible than ever,—Sir STAFFORD accepted the suggestion to let the Report stand over till Monday when Mr. WHITBREAD will make his Motion as an Amendment. So my Lord B. will have his wish, after all!

FRIENDS AT A DISTANCE.

Being a Brief Record of a few Winter-seasonable Visits to certain Country Houses.

VISIT THE FIRST.—CHAPTER V.

Dinner-Party—Old County People—No Chance—Out of it—Description—Happy Thoughts—Apples—Potatoes—Animated Discussion—Interesting—Potato Topics—Dearth—Sadness—Despair—Difference of Opinion—Sudden Change—Something New.

I SOON discover, that, for thoroughly enjoying the conversation at JOSSLYN DYKE's table, I ought to have belonged to an Old County family. It being impossible to be elected as a Member of an Old

County family on the spot, I am obliged to content myself with trying to interest myself in whatever subject Mrs. LAWLEIGH BYRNE is conversing about with JOSSLYN DYKE on her left, or attempting to beguile her into interesting herself in me.

I dare say, that, apart from the Old County set, Mrs. LAWLEIGH BYRNE would be delightful. But as one of the Old County set, and mixed up in it, she seems unable to speak on any but Old County topics.

Mrs. TUPTON, with the evident false front, JOSSLYN DYKE's Aunt, keeps up quite an animated discussion on kindred matters on my right: HOSHFORD and Miss AYSFORD SYNGE are, so to speak, in the same swim. I can't swim, with this stream at least; and so, figuratively, I sit on the bank watching the others, and wishing for some subject to be started that shall be as a touch of nature to make the whole world kin. This means, on reflection (for I have

plenty of time to reflect), that I want something to be started that I can talk about. In fact, I'm not quite sure, after my enforced silence, whether I shouldn't be glad to have all the talk to myself.

My one chance is with HOSHFORD, whom I had recognised as an acquaintance, whose life I had fondly imagined had been passed chiefly in London, and who therefore would be at home on congenial matters. Not a bit. He is at this moment eloquent upon the merits of some archery parties and pic-nics, given by some well-known Old County People in the past summer; and he and Miss AYSFORD SYNGE are comparing notes about the flirtations that took place on those occasions, the marriages that are on the tapis, the probability of the Fourth Light Something succeeding the Thirteenth Heavy Somethingelses at the garrison town, and the particular advantages or disadvantages of that change of military contingent to this part of the county.

Miss SYNGE is a washed-out young Lady—a sort of “symphony,” in no colour in particular. She is not exactly tall, nor lanky, nor gawky, but long—a symphony in neutral tint, a note of WHISTLER's long drawn out. Had I met her in one of the obscure passages on The Mote, I should have taken her for the Resident Ghost.

[*Happy Thought (all to myself, having no one to say it to).* Why is The Mote like one of Mr. ROBERT BROWNING's poems! Because it's full of obscure passages. Remember this, and ask it presently. Only if Mr. ROBERT BROWNING doesn't happen to belong to one of their own Old County families, I don't think there's much chance of my conundrum being appreciated.]

Mr. PELKIN WADD, the ex-Master in Chancery, at the other end of the table, is talking about the state of the roads and labourers' cottages with Mr. AYSFORD SYNGE, while Mr. SANDILANDS' conversation is entirely about fishing, in which Mrs. AYSFORD SYNGE appears to be deeply interested.

There are only two subjects which seem, for a short time, to unite them all—one is Apples, and the other Potatoes.

I think I may venture on Apples. I try it with Mrs. LAWLEIGH BYRNE, while for one moment there is a break in her conversation with JOSSLYN.

“Is this a great apple-growing county?” I ask, with the deeply interested air of an inquirer into statistics.

“Well,” she replies, with rather a defiant manner, apparently resenting my question as an impertinent curiosity about county matters that cannot possibly concern me, “this is not a cider country.”

“Oh,” I say, glad to find that I have succeeded in starting a subject for both of us, and beginning to feel for the first time that I have, as it were, at least a small stake in the county; “not like Devonshire, then?”

“Oh, not in the least!” she returns, with a supercilious smile, and turning the light of her eyes full on to me as though she were detecting an impostor, she adds, emphatically; “not in the least bit like Devonshire!”

If I yielded to impulse, for the mere sake of keeping up the conversation, I should immediately rejoin, “Oh! then there's no cream?” But, fortunately, this subtle remark of mine is prevented by HOSHFORD, who, addressing her from the opposite side of the room, observes,—“I hear it's been a bad apple-year with you, Mrs. BYRNE?” This brings up Mr. RENDLESHAM of Pikley, and then all the others.

RENDLESHAM says, despairingly, “I can't get apples anywhere,” as if he had lived on them all his life, and would die within a very short time if the supply wasn't kept up.

Every one pities Mr. RENDLESHAM.

Mr. SYNGE wishes he had kept his apples till now. This sounds as if he regrets not having brought a lot of them in his pocket to eat himself, and let friends have a few bites. Unfortunately it appears he sold them early at a very low figure. His tone is that of a man whom ruin is staring in the face.

SANDILANDS asserts, with the air of a man who is giving up life as one grand mistake altogether, that he had offered a fabulous sum per bushel for apples, but couldn't get them.

DYKE wishes he had known this last week, as he sent his last up to London and only got a very poor price for them.

“It's been the same with potatoes,” observes PELKIN WADD.

“Worse!” remarks SANDILANDS, moodily.

“Have your potatoes been bad, Mr. SANDILANDS?” asks Mrs. BYRNE, in a tone of intensely sympathising pity, leaning forward, and looking down the table at him.

SANDILANDS replies that “he really can't get a potato.”

This is said with such an utter abandonment of all hope of ever getting a potato here or hereafter, that I wonder JOSSLYN DYKE doesn't order GOOL to put up whatever cold boiled ones are left from dinner for the poor potatoless man to take away with him.

[*Happy Thought.* Good title for a country story—*The Potatoless Man: a Tale of Hard Times!*]

JOSSLYN DYKE now joins in.

“You'll never get any potatoes on your land,” he says, with an air of authority, “until you use Dumpton's Dressing.”

SANDILANDS doesn't believe in Dumpton's Dressing. No more does AYSFORD SYNGE. The ladies are entirely against Dumpton's Dressing. I should like to cut in with some pleasantry about their being still more against Dumpton's *Un*-Dressing, but I feel that anything of this sort would be out of place among the Old County families.

PELKIN WADD declares his belief in planting potatoes close together. This sounds sociable, and pleasant for the potatoes. Mrs. BYRNE won't hear of it. Her gardener, DIXON (they all nod, as much as to imply, oh yes, we know DIXON), never plants closely.

RENDLESHAM thinks DIXON's right, but the secret of planting is to cut the potatoe in half, “that,” says RENDLESHAM triumphantly, “is the only safe way.”

SANDILANDS begs his pardon: he has tried it. His advice is, “Cut it into quarters. Then you may rely on a crop.”

RENDLESHAM denies this warmly. SANDILANDS asserts it with equal warmth.

HOSHFORD thinks that potatoes should be planted whole and close together. Mrs. BYRNE says not whole, but close.

JOSSLYN DYKE insists upon RENDLESHAM's plan with a modification. “Cut them in half,” he says, “but plant at good intervals.”

“Deep?” asks SYNGE.

“Oh, no, not deep!” cries Mrs. BYRNE, appealing earnestly to DYKE. “You don't mean deep, do you Mr. DYKE?”

DYKE is sorry to differ from the beautiful widow, but his candid opinion is in favour of depth for the potatoes.

“Never deep, my dear JOSSLYN,” says SANDILANDS, smiling at such a preposterous idea.

“It surely depends upon the soil,” observes old Mrs. TUPTON, timidly.

It appears that whether they've planted them deep or shallow, whether they've used Dumpton's Dressing, or planted them widely or closely, the result is the same—they've got, they say, “no potatoes—to speak of.” And yet they've been speaking of them for the last half-hour.

Apples and potatoes carry us right through dinner. Unfortunately for me, I cannot recollect any good stories about apples or potatoes; and knowing nothing about them, except as to methods of cooking them, and only one of eating them, I am obliged to listen. Suddenly, as if by the touch of a spring, the conversation changes entirely. Some one has observed that the best potato-ground was by Cotley's Farm; whereupon RENDLESHAM asks, “Who has got Cotley's now?”

Nobody seems to know. PELKIN WADD has heard that it was in the market again, and Mrs. AYSFORD SYNGE thinks that Mr. GASH of Saltend has bought it; when DYKE turns to GOOL, and observes—

“GOOL, do you know who's got Cotley's?”

The Phantom Butler replies, solemnly, “No one won't take it now, Sir.”

He says nothing more, but it is enough. Apples and potatoes have had their day.

“Ah, of course!” exclaims SANDILANDS, suddenly remembering.

“It's next to The Grange, and it's getting just as bad, they say.”

“Really!” exclaims Mrs. LAWLEIGH BYRNE.

“Yes, Mrs. BYRNE,” says Miss SYNGE, in answer to the inquiry,

“it's quite true. No one will live in the place.”

My opportunity has arrived at last.

“Bad drainage?” I ask.

“Oh, nothing of that sort,” returns Mrs. BYRNE, again resenting my interference in what may be considered as Confidential County Matters. “That could be cured. But you know when a house once gets the reputation of being haunted, you can't induce people to take it.”

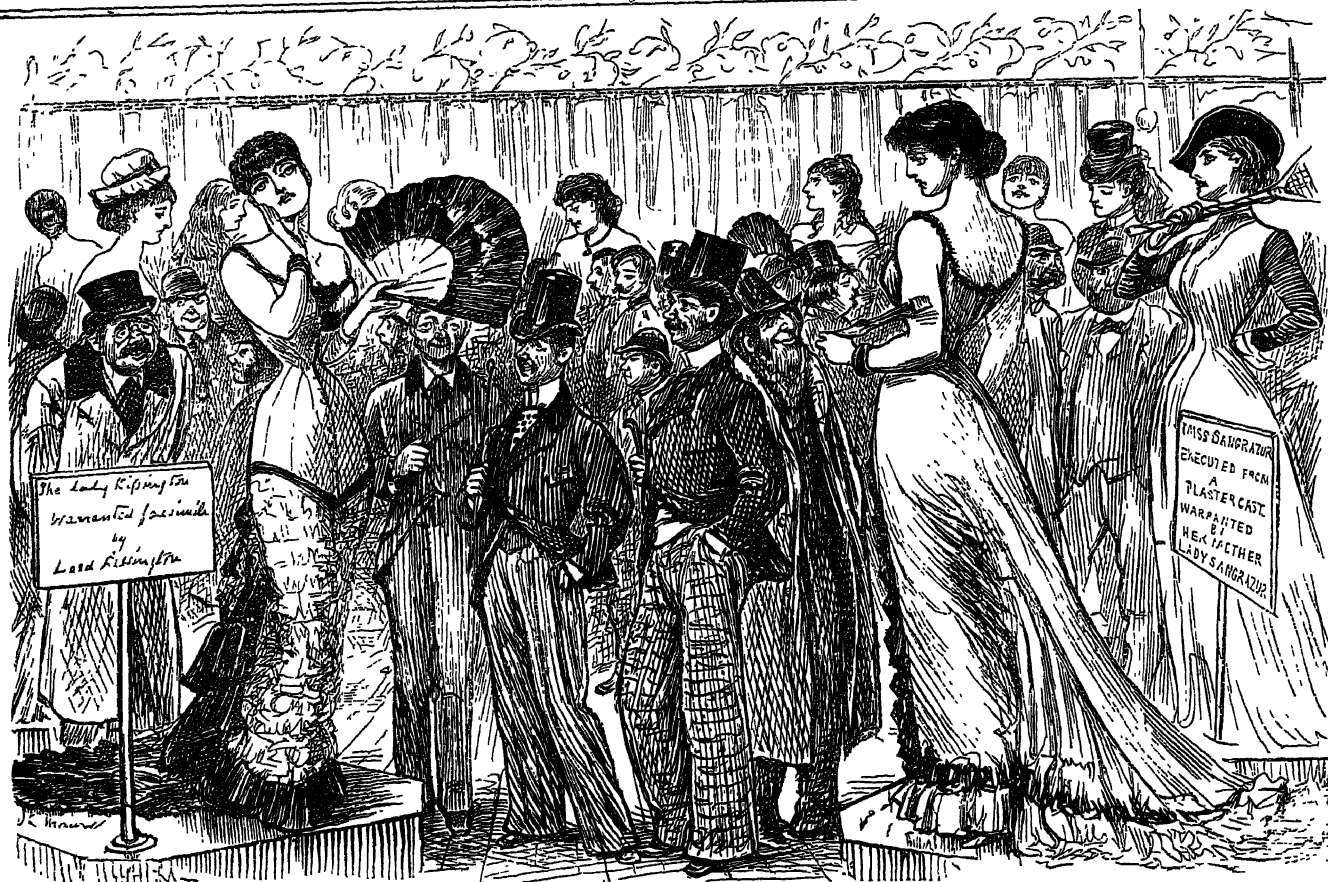
“It's more than a reputation,” observes JOSSLYN DYKE, gravely. “It's a fact.”

We are all listening, and old Mrs. TUPTON gives a perceptible shudder.

REQUIRING “RECTIFICATION.”

ADULTERATION.	Long Sermons.
Auction of Livings.	Metropolitan Railway perils.
Braces.	Out-door Statues.
Butchers' Bills.	Painting—the Face.
Circulars.	Personalities.
City Churches and Charities.	Poor Incumbents.
Dirty London Streets.	Semi-Popery.
Home-Rulers.	Short Weight.
“Loaded” Silks.	Some Banks.
Long Credit.	Stimulants.
Long Hours.	Strikes all round.
Long Speeches in Parliament	Thick Coffee.
that lead to nothing.	Thin Shoes.

AS THINGS GO.—The most unprofitable kind of drawing—drawing on India (paper).



HAPPY THOUGHT FOR MADAME TUSSAUD.

A Chamber of Beauties! (The Scale, say 13 inches to the Foot.)

'Arry. "Oh! I s'y!! NYAM—NYAM!!! JUST AIN'T SEE MY FORM TO A T, BILL! NONE O' YER BLOOMIN' PHOTERGRAPHS FOR ME, AFTER THAT!"

"POST EQUITEM!"

"Post equitem sedet Atra Cura."—HORACE.

To ride the High Horse is delightful, of course,
For a rider of nerve and abundant resource;

To deny which to BEN would be idle.
No bungler is he whom a shy or a shock
Is like to unsaddle; a skilfuler Jock
Never handled a whip or a bridle.

The Steed appears thoroughly tamed to his hand,
For a burst or a wait sweetly under command,
Responsive to "*Houp-la!*" or "*Steady!*"
The Rider, light-handed, and firm in his seat,
Is a rare one to follow, a bad one to beat,
And for every emergency ready.

And yet *Atra Cura* sits somewhere behind,
A menacing shadow, though dusk, undefined,
With clutch like a storm-cloud impending.
Ah, where might that rider not ride to, and what
Might the pace, and the prizes, not be, were it not
For that sorrel-faced Spectre attending?

Grim-jowled, unrelenting, he hangs in the rear,
Tenacious as wolf on the track of a deer—
A gruesome and bothering bogey.
Not angry defiance, not negligent scoff,
Nor howling nor growling avails to shake off
That solemn and spectral old fogey.

And now that a critical turn looms in sight,
With knee-grip on saddle and teeth clenching tight,
The Rider gives heed to his going.
For grim *Atra Cura* means mischief, of course;
And how it might end, if that mettlesome horse
Should chance to take fright, there's no knowing.

A VOICE OF THE CHURCH.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

Bray Vicarage.

KNOWING that at this critical crisis it is the bounden duty of every one to give the world the benefit of his opinions in print, I choose you, Sir, as the channel whereby to convey mine.

I need hardly say, Sir, that the *Times* has the benefit of my yearly subscription. That judicious paper never commits itself nor its readers to a course from which retreat is impossible. The *Daily Telegraph* is too decided, not to say violent, for my taste; and the *Standard* and *Morning Post* are so wedded to their convictions as, in the present critical state of affairs, to be quite out of the question for a candid man with a mind fully open to conviction. Of the *Daily News* I say nothing, as, with its views so harshly pronounced against the present order of things, taking it in is out of the question. For the present I am satisfied to pin my political faith to the *Times* alone, and sing, with a slight and merely verbal modification of my famous old creed:—

"To Church and Crown my loyalty
No man shall e'er see falter;
And in Lord B. my faith shall be,
Until the *Times* do alter!"

I am, Sir, Yours Truly,

THE VICAR OF BRAY.

Spiritualism in St. Stephen's.

AMONGST the Parliamentary struggles in prospect, one of not the least important is the yet undetermined Battle of the Whiskeys, Irish and Scotch. An Irish Member has already given notice of a motion for the Improvement of Spirits in Bond. To this, one of Scotland's representatives will perhaps move an Amendment declaring that the best way to improve Irish spirits in bond would be transferring them to St. Patrick's Purgatory.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—DECEMBER 14, 1878.



“POST EQUITUM!”

“BEHIND THE HORSEMAN SITS BLACK CARE!”

“At the next Election, the people of England will have to decide the question in what way they will be governed.”—Gladstone at Greenwich.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.



ALVADOS—*Its Bastille*—"No. 20."—*At the Princess's—The Canterbury Pilgrimage to Trafalgar; after which a Postscript.*

SIR,

I HAVEN'T kept a bill of the Play produced at the Princess's ten days ago, but any spectator of that remarkable piece is not likely to forget it in a hurry. The title of the Play is "No. 20," which sounds uncommonly like the old-fashioned announcement from the Chairman at EVANS'S—"No.

20—in the books"; only it isn't "in the books," but "in the Bastille." And this Bastille is the Prison of Calvados, in France, not our old friend of the Terror in Paris.

"No. 20" is the number of a cell in the Bastille; and the Authors, Messrs. ALBERRY AND HATTON, fully conscious of the vein of subtle humour they were working, and foreseeing how the audience, expecting a good thrilling serious melodrama, would be completely sold, might have thrown some little light on the subject by boldly styling their piece

"No. 20;"

or, Messrs. ALBERRY and HATTON's *Sell!*

The story (I beg to remind my reader that I have no programme, and must trust to a very imperfect memory for names, and to the correctness of my ear in this case) is this:—A young gentleman of the name of *Ne'erwrong* (it sounded like this), has left Calvados before the Play began—(oh, why did he return?)—and he and his friend *Daytoosh* or *Laytoosh*—I don't know which, but anyhow a "*Toosh*;" so, for safety, let us say "*Toosh*"—who had quitted Calvados at the same time, are both supposed to be dead. *Toosh* is a bold, bad man, and *Ne'erwrong* is a moderately bold, good man, and both return to Calvados just as the old *Duke of Nemours*, a feeble Pantaloon, is being married to Miss FOWLER, whose maiden name I did not catch, which is unimportant, as she is no sooner introduced than she changes, and becomes *The Duchess*. Well; *The Duchess* was in love with *Ne'erwrong*; so that when *Ne'erwrong* turns up, and she has to explain matters to him, *Ne'erwrong* is very much annoyed, and is on the point of leaving the house (because he is a good young man), when an eccentric ecclesiastic,—who has probably received theatrical "orders,"—wearing, apparently, the bands of a modern English barrister, and round his waist a most obtrusive set of beads—rushes in, and informs everybody on the stage that the aforesaid old Pantaloon is dead, which is no more news to the audience than the announcement of the lamented decease of Her Majesty Queen ANNE would have been. The fact is, that in a very well-painted front-scene, representing the cathedral cloister—at least I think so—we had seen that artful *Toosh*, as Clown, enticing his stupid old Pantaloon of a cousin, the *Duke*, behind a tombstone, where he slyly induced him to stare at a cobweb up above, and, while thus engaged, *Toosh* gave him his *coup-de-grace* with *Ne'erwrong's* knife. How *Toosh* obtained *Ne'erwrong's* knife is a detail; and *Toosh* being next-of-kin to the old Pantaloon (deceased), becomes *Duke of Nemours*.

After a time, *Ne'erwrong* is condemned for the murder, and, when he is in prison, *The Duchess* contrives his escape, by sewing a rope into her crinoline, and making love to the Head Gaoler of the Bastille—the biggest fool ever placed in such a responsible office—with whom she partakes of cake (pound cake, probably, as "in for a penny, in for a pound"—cake), a slice of which, wrapped in a letter from *The Duchess*, this utterly idiotic Gaoler takes to *Ne'erwrong*, who, for the time being, is occupying a cell the bars of which had been broken by a prisoner who has recently escaped, evidently an excellent reason for placing in it a condemned criminal of such importance as *Ne'erwrong*. Of course, *Ne'erwrong* takes the rope

out of the crinoline (its removal from *The Duchess's* dress making no perceptible difference), climbs up to the broken bars, gets out—awful excitement—knocks a brick or a stone down, when, of course, the fool of a Gaoler in the next cell says, "What's that?" and, equally of course, *The Duchess* replies, "Oh, nothing!" while she, keeping him with his back to the window, goes on to explain that it was only the wind, or the cat, or something of the sort that has served as an excuse in melodramas from time immemorial, and is invariably accepted, as a perfectly satisfactory explanation of any startling noise, by gaolers, or warders, or officers on duty, far less stupid than is this, hopeless idiot, the Gaoler of the Bastille of Calvados.

Exeunt omnes, including the table, with candle, bottle, and cake on it, and the chairs—quite a spiritualistic *séance* effect this—and then everything is turned inside out, and we are on the ramparts. *Ne'erwrong* appears, still climbing—he jumps off a wall into the arms of some singing fishermen below—he is shot at by everybody who can get a gun, and well missed by the whole party, when it suddenly occurs to the fool of a Gaoler to denounce the young woman whom he had treated to cake and wine in the condemned cell; whereupon the young woman, on the point of being arrested by the soldiers, throws off her cloak, exclaims "I am the *Duchess of Nemours*!" and everybody bows respectfully, and lets her go free, implying, "Oh, if you're the *Duchess of Nemours*, of course we've nothing to say. You can do as you like. Only why didn't you tell us so before, and we'd have let the young man out. Anything to oblige a *Duchess*!"

After this, *Toosh* takes more than is good for him, talks in his sleep, is overheard by the Priest, is advised to go to confession, and, being unaccustomed to private speaking, poor *Toosh* makes a muddle of it, and confesses to *Ne'erwrong*, who, somehow or another, has got into a sort of brown domino, which is mistaken by the fuddled *Toosh* for a monk's habit,—neither of them knowing much about the matter professionally. Then they meet at a Fancy Ball, where this fuddled penitent drops in, quite casually, as a good starting-point for a pilgrimage, and here, confronted with *Ne'erwrong*, he is accused of the murder of that poor old Pantaloon, and at it they go, with two swords, hammer and tongs, sparks flying, steel clashing, until, of course, the bold bad man *Toosh* is run through the body, and, much to the delight of everyone on and off the stage, down goes *Toosh*, and down comes the Curtain,—and so ends Messrs. ALBERRY AND HATTON's *Condemned Sell*.

Following the noble example of that bold, bad, inebriate *Toosh*, I joined a band of Canterbury Pilgrims, and on the first opportunity went to see *Trafalgar* at the Canterbury Hall. For the benefit of all intending Canterbury Pilgrims—and I trust there will be many, the entertainment being well worthy of support—it is as well to state that *Trafalgar* commences at about 9.15, and is over easily by 11. The scenery, chiefly panoramic, by Mr. HANNS, is so good as to warrant the adaptation, in his favour, of Dr. WATTS's well-known line—

"Your little Hanns was never made"

to do anything else but the very best scene-painting.

Unfortunately, my Canterbury Pilgrim companion was one of those gentlemen who know everything; and in the absence of a programme (by which I subsequently corrected his historical and geographical information), he described, with singular inaccuracy, each of the scenes as they appeared. First, there was a ship at anchor. This, my friend said, was *The Redoubtable*, of course it wasn't; it was *The Victory*. Then followed a capital representation of the same ship, in the vicinity of a volcanic mountain. "That," said my friend, positively, "is *Ætna*." (It was *Stromboli*.) Then we came to an island, which he assured me was "Gibraltar." He knew it, he had been there. It was so like, that he applauded heartily. It turned out to be the island of Madeira. After this, came a scene at Gibraltar, which, of course, he was certain was Malta. "Gib," to judge by the sparkling ballet-dance taking place in one of the main thoroughfares, must have been a very pleasant though perhaps rather dangerous place to be quartered at.

The great effect is, of course, reserved to the last—the scene on board the *Victory* at the battle of Trafalgar. The boy who played *Nelson* is, evidently, deeply impressed with the dignity of the character, and the great responsibility of the situation. He never loses his presence of mind for a second. In the midst of the terrific blazing, banging, cracking of musketry, and explosion of firework shells, he is only concerned for the honour of England, and anxious to see that Mr. VILLIERS, his manager, shall not be disappointed in his expectation of *NELSON* retaining one attitude during the entire present engagement, and doing his duty like a man. Literally like a man, as he is only a boy.

The fatal shot strikes the hero, who is carried below. On his death the Curtain falls, to enthusiastic cheering; and *Trafalgar* must be as great a success for the Canterbury, as the battle itself was for England.

I saw the boys, after their work, making pell-mell for their dressing-rooms, all in a hurry, all excited, all—except *Nelson*, who



THE LAST GRIEVANCE.

Home-Ruler (indignantly). "IS OUR OPPRESSED COUNTRY ALWAYS TO BE IN THE MINORITY, MR. FLANAGAN? OI SEE HERE, BE THE LONDON PREPORS, THAT AMONG THESE GLASGOW BANK SHAREHOLDERS, WHOLE ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND ARE LARGELY INTERESTED, OIRELAND IS ONLY RIPRESENTED BY A BEGGARLY TWO, SORR!!"

came last, walking with grave dignity, and apparently unconscious of the admiration of the spectators who happened to be present. His demeanour was precisely the same off, as it had been on the stage, and not one jot of his earnestness, nor of his manly bearing, was abated. It must be of such stuff that our great Actors are made. Is that his future career? Nobody on the Stage has for a long time interested me more than did this boy *Nelson* who played so well for "England, Home, and Beauty" in the private-boxes.

I find I was wrong last week in attributing *Les Fourchambaults* to M. SARDOU, instead of M. EMILE AUGIER. After the production of the adaptation called *The Crisis*, at the Haymarket, I read in the *Daily Telegraph* how "the difficult task" (that is, of adaptation) had been "boldly undertaken and manfully grappled" by Mr. JAMES ALBERY. Heavens! What has he done? Simply adapted a French play! As POE's *Raven* said, "Nothing more." If by Mr. ALBERY's "boldly undertaking" the adaptation, is implied that his knowledge of French is limited, then of course the critic is right in complimenting him on his audacity in tackling a play written in a comparatively unknown tongue. Half-hours with the best Dictionaries would be a task requiring all the "boldness," all the "manliness," and all the "grappling" irons in the adapter's possession. The expression offers a fine opportunity for a Cartoon, or a Leighton-like statue—"ALBERY grappling with *Les Fourchambaults*." Magnificent! There could be a companion picture showing "Mr. ALBERY grappling with Mr. HATTON in the Condemned Sell, No. 20." Both charming notions for the Academy. Recommended. Mr. ALBERY should also "manfully grapple" with the same subject for a ballet at the Alhambra, and call it *Les Four Sham Beaux*. Suggested gratis by YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S.—This week Mr. SIMS REEVES is singing at Covent Garden in *Tom Tug*, *Guy Mannering*, and the *Beggar's Opera*. Such a chance shouldn't be lost. Advice to Cattle Show-ers. The Subscription List for the *Comédie Française* Performance next June at the Gaiety is full. Good.

AN APPLAUDING POPULACE.

A CERTAIN book having been condemned, and confiscated, on a Magistrate's conviction for immorality, 670 copies of it were seized by the Police. The conviction having been subsequently quashed by the Court above on a point of law, the owner of the books the other day, at Bow Street, obtained an order for their restoration. According to a Police report:—

"On leaving the Court the complainant ordered a cab and presented an order for immediate execution to Inspector Woon, by whom they were at once given up. A mob cheered the complainant as he left the Police Station."

The mob usually assembled in front of a Police Station appears to be one which sympathises very particularly with the passengers in Her Majesty's omnibus—the Police-van.

In the foregoing instance the mob cheered the complainant not because they supposed him to have been wrongfully convicted of disseminating pernicious literature, but because they believed him really to have committed that offence, and were glad that he had succeeded in evading the law. So mobs cheered the Claimant not because they thought him the rightful heir, but, on the contrary, considered him a bold impostor and a thoroughgoing scoundrel whom, as one of their own order, they wished to succeed in foisting himself into a fine old English family. Such mobs are of course not to be confounded with the British Public which attends the Houses of Parliament, and cheers the political leaders on both sides, Ministerial and Opposition. Else, what should we have to think of our greatest Statesmen?

The cheers which testified an acquaintance with the books above indicated, and admiration of their author, certainly show that education has penetrated the lowest stratum of Society. But is this exactly a "cheering" matter?

The Attraction at Her Majesty's.

By a Scotchman.

DAYS of new lights oot-shawing,
And unexpected forces,
Now we see *Car-men* drawing,
Instead o' Carmen's horses!

A TOAST FOR THE TIMES.—May JOHN BULL never become JOHN BULLY.

AN IRISH EDUCATOR.

PUNCH is always pleased to do justice to modest merit. He is glad to bring from under its local bushel of Cork an Irish educational light which deserves the colossal candlestick of his columns. He gives the programme *verbatim*, except the name, which he withholds from regard to the modesty of this Irish phoenix—*Si monumentum queris Corcubium circumspice!*

"EDUCATION.—The Principal of the Science and Music School, Cork, begs most respectfully to inform the Public that his spacious, commodious, and well-ventilated School for Select Male and Female Pupils is tastefully and expensively furnished with Globes, Maps, Quadrant, Scales, Compasses, &c., &c. It also contains an Ancient Irish Harp, which, according to the expressed opinions of Antiquarians and Historians, BRENN BOROUGH played his grand March on at the memorable Battle of Clontarf, a Violin, Pianoforte, Harmonium, Cornet, Flutes, Concertina, &c. He also begs to say that his Evening Classes are constantly open for Clerks, Mechanics, Captains, Civil Engineers, &c. Candidates for the Civil Service, Excise, Constabulary, &c., will find it their interest to read of him, as not one that did so ever failed.—J. C. also gives lessons in the Vernacular, or Irish Language, French, Latin, &c. All pupils warranted to learn, or the money thankfully returned. Visiting Tuitions attended. All quarterly payments made in advance. For Terms apply at the School."

CANINE CANONISATION.

At the late National Dog Show, Birmingham, a second prize was awarded to "Mr. ABBOTT'S *St. Patrick*." A rare name for a dog, that of the national Saint of Ireland! Give a dog a good name, and call him *St. Patrick* or any other Saint in the Calendar. What an honour to the dog, if not a compliment to the Saint!

A SOLDIER IN THE RITUALIST RANKS WHO WON'T OBEY HIS SUPERIOR OFFICERS.—Private Judgment.



RECENT IMPROVEMENTS IN SCIENCE.

THE CHRYSOPHONE. ALL MUSICIANS ARE AWARE THAT THE *TIMBRE*, OR QUALITY OF THE VOICE, DEPENDS CHIEFLY ON THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE ORAL AND NASAL CAVITIES; THE NOSE AND PALATE ACTING AS SOUNDING-BOARDS, SO TO SPEAK, TO THE NOTE ORIGINATED IN THE LARYNX. A WELL-PROPORTIONED CHRYSOPHONE MAKES THE MOST ORDINARY VOICE AS FAR SUPERIOR TO GRIS'S OR MARIO'S AS THEIRS WERE TO THE CROAKING OF FROGS, AND, BY ITS MEANS, THE TENTH-RATE SUBURBAN AMATEUR, SINGING THE LAST MUSIC-HALL BALLAD, CAN PLUNGE THE COLDEST AND MOST CULTIVATED AUDIENCE INTO IMPASSIONED ECSTASIES, AND CAUSE THE TEAR TO FLOW FROM THE EYE OF EVEN THE PROFESSIONAL CRITIC.

N.B.—THE CHRYSOPHONE CAN BE SO ADAPTED TO THE HUMAN FACE AS TO APPEAR A NATURAL PROLONGATION OF THE NOSE AND MOUTH, AND SO COLOURED AND DECORATED AS TO BE THE REVERSE OF UNSIGHTLY.

(CHRYSOPHONES MADE TO ORDER FOR SOPRANO, CONTRALTO, TENOR, AND BASS. 85, FLEET STREET, E.C.)

PUNCH v. PHOEBUS.

WILL the gentle reader cast a contemplative eye upon the following announcements?

"THE LAST DAYS OF NOVEMBER.—The Registrar-General reports that during the last seven days of November the duration of registered bright sunshine in London was four hours and six minutes."

"JUST PUBLISHED. *Punch's Pocket-Book for 1879.*"

Half an hour of sunshine daily is indeed a paltry pittance. But the meditative mind may find food for sweet reflection in the next announcement quoted. Just when the days are at their darkest, *Punch* produces his Pocket-Book. More brilliant than the electric light, its pages illumine the gloom of the season, and intellectually dazzles the mental eye. "*O fortunatos nimium!*" O too happy Britons! who, when Phoebus fails to shine, may rely for their enlightenment on their never-failing *Punch*!

IN THE MAJOR KEY.

MR. PUNCH has been requested to publish the following correspondence. He prints it for what it is worth, without vouching for its authenticity:—

House of Commons, 5th December.

MR. PUNCH, SORR,

I WOULD have you know, Sorr, that the following epistles are a true copy of letters I have received. If I do not see them in your next number, I will be after annihilating you. So be careful.

Yours, defiantly,

THE MAJOR.

P.S. Will you tread upon the tail of my coat?

I.

PROFESSOR RUSKIN presents his compliments to Major O'GORMAN, and begs to inform him that he (the Professor) has never accused him (the Major) of "having flung a bottle of whiskey in the face of the British Public." Major O'GORMAN has been misinformed.

II.

LORD BEACONSFIELD presents his compliments to Major O'GORMAN, and can find no resemblance between the career of the Major, and the adventures of the purely imaginary hero of *Lothaire*. However, Lord BEACONSFIELD has requested some of the Gentlemen who are kind enough to assist him in the management of public affairs, to read the Novel, with a view to the discovery of the likeness to which exception has been taken. Should Major O'GORMAN have cause of complaint, Lord BEACONSFIELD will have much pleasure in tendering him his apologies.

III.

MR. GLADSTONE begs to inform Major O'GORMAN in reply to his note, that although he (MR. GLADSTONE) has spoken and written about some millions of subjects, how many millions he will not charge himself with the responsibility of defining, he has never to his knowledge made any allusion in writing, or by word of mouth, to Major O'GORMAN.

IV.

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA has never treated Major O'GORMAN with intentional discourtesy. Should the Major have any doubt upon the subject, the Emperor will be glad to see him. The Major, on crossing the frontier, will be kind enough to give his name, and ask for the train to Siberia.

V.

THE SULTAN OF TURKEY begs to assure Major O'GORMAN of his friendship. The Sultan would be glad to borrow a hundred pounds, if Major O'GORMAN knows anybody having that sum to advance.

VI.

THE Khedive of EGYPT, so far from laughing at Major O'GORMAN, would be only too delighted to substitute the Major for Mr. RIVERS WILSON, if the latter gentleman would only consent to go.

VII. (FIRST LETTER.)

No. You have been humbugged by some wag. Who are you?

(Signed) VON BISMARCK.

(SECOND LETTER.)

I CAN'T. I have promised my wife never to fight again. Besides, it's unlucky.

(Signed) VON BISMARCK.

(THIRD LETTER.)

So gut! Shall be happy to meet you in a whiskey-drinking bout.

(Signed) VON BISMARCK.

And so the correspondence ends.

Good News for Schools.

OUR boys who are labouring at hexameters and pentameters need some encouragement in their dreary task. They will, therefore, hail with delight, especially as Christmas is approaching, the prospect of such a splendid reward for their pains as is held out to them in the announcement, by public advertisement, of "a first Cheque-Book for Latin Verse Makers."

MR. PUNCH'S OWN ANNUAL.

PUBLICATION of Chapters I. to XXXVIII. would be superfluous as they do not differ materially from any other Christmas Annual. The general purport of the story may be gathered from the following "headings," which are taken hap-hazard from the page of contents:—

The Dead in the Dead of Night—Why Major Marbrook Murdered His Brother-in-Law's Cousin—Maud's Lovers—The Cup of Poisoned Tea—The White Lady Appears to Blanche in the Ruined Summer-House—Face to Face!—In the Toils!—The Blood Stains on the Keys—Lawyer Capias Gets a New Client—Gimlet, the Detective—How the Good Ship "Britannia" Lost a Cabin-Passenger on the Voyage Out—The Proceedings at Bow-Street—The Major's Last Move—Check!—Check-mate!—Regina versus Marbrook, &c., &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXXIX. AND LAST.—*The Volume Bound in Red.*



SIX months had passed. The Grange had been rebuilt, and no one (not even the Officers of the Insurance Company) suspected that the Countess had been the incendiary. The tragical causes of the old General's suicide were half forgotten. Sir PERCIVAL's bigamy was only remembered as a nine days' wonder. It was summer time again in the boudoir of Camberwell Castle.

EMILY, the cold, proud Lady EMILY, was seated in a luxurious *fauteuil*, turning over the costly leaves of her jewel-covered photograph-book.

"I wish I could care for him," she murmured, as her dark, lustrous eyes rested upon the portrait of

an exceedingly handsome young man; "but no—it cannot be! He is not my equal in talent. What is birth without education?"

The question was never answered, for at this moment the doors of the boudoir were flung open, and three domestics, in gorgeous livery, announced the approach of her ladyship's father.

"You may leave us," said the Marquis, addressing his obsequious retainers; then turning to his daughter, "EMILY," he said, "we are once more alone. Tell me, are you prepared to marry PLANTAGENET?"

She hesitated and trembled. Her cheeks were now red as fire, now pale as snow. Giving her a few minutes to recover her composure (the Marquis had been trained in the Diplomatic Service), the sagacious old Cabinet-Minister continued,—

"Surely this marriage is an excellent idea. PLANTAGENET from every point of view will be a most desirable *parti*. Why do you object to him?"

"His birth—" faltered EMILY.

"Is nobler than our own. Not only is he a Duke (a small matter in these days), but his ancestors were settled in Britain long before ours. Do you not know that a chief of his name and lineage was the first to invite JULIUS CÆSAR to an oyster supper?"

"Yes, in B.C. 55," EMILY was forced to admit, for she was equally well up in her *Freeman* and her *Debrett*. Then, plucking up courage, "Dear father, darling father," she murmured, coaxingly, "he is awfully behind the times. He has positively no conversation!"

"Is that all?" replied the Marquis, with a smile of relief. "My dearest child, he has greatly improved since you last saw him. But you shall judge for yourself. I will send him to you."

Five minutes later, the handsome young Duke was standing before her. The father had given place to the lover.

"You wished to test my knowledge of current events," said the graceful young noble, without the slightest embarrassment. "I am ready to undergo your examination."

"Can you give me the names of the Aldermen who have not passed the Chair?" asked the proud beauty.

"Indeed I can." And he promptly enumerated them.

"Right!" she replied, rather surprised. "And what do you know about the Metropolitan Board of Works?"

"A great deal." And on the heels of the question came a rapid summary of the duties of the Board, its debt, its rating powers, the names of its Engineers, its Chairmen of Committees, and the titles and services of its Chairman.

"And the most interesting facts in relation to our own and other Governments?"

"Certainly." And he rapidly gave her the names, weights, and colours of our own Royal Family, Foreign Sovereigns, and Heads of their Governments, the Queen's Ministers, and Ambassadors at home and abroad. He threw off an alphabetical list of the Members of the House of Commons, and sketched the legislation of 1878. Then he dashed into the eclipses of 1879, and wound up with a list of the principal Insurance Offices in London. An intelligent summary of the agricultural statistics of Great Britain followed, with the numbers of our shorthorn cattle, the produce of the French vineyards *du premier cru*, and the shipwrecks on the British coasts. After touching lightly on the subjects of deck-loading and cargolines, the National Lifeboat Institution, and the Post-Office Orphan Home, he discussed, at some length, the prospects and advantages of codification. Then, after a compendious sketch of the mysteries of Quarter Sessions, Assessed Taxes, Excise Licences, and Stamps, he was beginning a list of our Colonial Governors—

"Stop, stop!" cried Lady EMILY, now thoroughly exhausted. "I had no idea—"

"That I knew so much? But I know a great deal more."

"I believe you," she replied, with a smile. "Can you relate any amusing stories?"

"I can," he returned. And he repeated a selection of brilliant *jeux d'esprit*.

"You have conquered," she said at last, giving him her hand. "But what has worked this wondrous change? From what source did you obtain this enormous mass of information, this marvellous *pot-pourri* of wit and solid knowledge?"

"I owe everything to this delightful and useful little volume," he replied. And, kissing her hand, he gave her MR. PUNCH'S POCKET-BOOK FOR 1879.

SOME CHRISTMAS BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.

BRAVO! GEORGE ROUTLEDGE and Sons, specially the Sons, and their Sons' Sons, and "may they," as Mr. JEFFERSON'S *Rip Van Winkle* says, "live long and prosper." How pleasant is the sight of all these Christmas Books for the Young, and how unpleasant is the prospect of the Butcher's Book, the Baker's Book, the Candlestick Maker's Book, and the Banker's Book, which are the Christmas Books for the Old!

The Baby's Bouquet. By WALTER CRANE. Of course a companion to the *Baby's Opera* of last year, or the year before that—which? No matter; that was an excellent notion, and this is a notion still more excellent. It is a fresh Bunch—not a Mother Bunch, but a young Daughter Bunch—of old rhymes and tunes, arranged and decorated in such a way by WALTER CRANE as only could enter into his (WALTER) *Cranium*. English rhymes, French rhymes, and German rhymes. There is a picture of our old friend Polly putting the kettle on, and Sukey, her twin sister, taking it off again. Then there is *Et moi de m'en courir*, with the song of the Cuckoo, and the song of the Canards, which, by the way, is "Can-can, can-can, can-can," possibly the harmless original of the dance that has brought so many gay and festive spirits into trouble with the police. We should like to have seen the "*Bonne Histoire*," there also, supposed to be the original of Mr. W. M. THACKERAY'S *Little Billee*.

Dear old John Gilpin's *Ride* was never better illustrated than it is this year by Mr. R. CALDECOTT, who has also furnished *The House that Jack Built* with a new series of pictures. The last is, of this set, the book for children. It is full of fun; and that picture where the sly Dog, after successfully worrying the unfortunate Cat, is seated, smiling to himself in a self-satisfied manner, in happy ignorance of the proximity of a terrible Nemesis in the shape of the Cow with the Crumpled Horn, is inimitable.

One bone we must pick with the author of *Children's Theatricals* for daring to alter the name of *Blue Beard's* wife. Instead of *Fatima* he calls her *Belinda*! After this one breathes again to find that no such heartless liberties have been taken with *Sister Anne*. Messrs. PLANCHÉ and DANCE, who cast their extravaganza of *Blue Beard* in France, made the terrible three-tailed Bashaw into *Baron Abomélique*, and his wife was *Fleurlette*. The legend, as every one knows, being of French origin, Messrs. PLANCHÉ and DANCE's change was legitimate. Besides, that was written not for children, but for the stage. But oh, Mr. KEITH ANGUS, you should have paused ere you disturbed the ancient tradition, and ventured to educate the rising generation in the belief that *Blue Beard's* wife was named *Belinda*!

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN RITUALISTS AND RATIONALISTS.—Only literal. The one are Latitudinarians—the other Attitudinarians.

THE NEWEST WAY OF PUTTING IT.—*Fiat Imperium—ruat Justitia.*



A SELL.

"'ERE'S A PRETTY GO, BILL! SEE THIS 'ERE BOOK? IT'S CALLED 'A LIFE OF PETRARCH,' THE VERY OSS AS ME AND YOU'S BIN A LAYIN OF OUR MONEY ON SO FREE! AND BLOWED IF I AIN'T BIN AN' GIV 'ARF-A-CROWN FOR IT!"

"WELL, WHAT THEN?"

"WHY, IT'S ALL ABOUT A BLOOMIN' POET!"

'ARRY ON HIMSELF.

DEAR CHARLIE,

I got your last line. It's some time since I dropped one to you, And I guess, my dear boy, you'll be thinking my answer is just upon due. What you said about me was most flatt'ring; I fancy I *ham* getting known, And, in course, notoriety's nice, though it brings nasty knocks of its own!

Fools say that's the fate of all fame, and I reckon for once, they're O. K.; There is lots has their knives in me, CHARLIE—that cackle o' mine on the Play Poked hup the Philistines a few; but, lor' bless yer, the duffers don't twig, I must learn elocution, I see, and go in for the clerical rig.

Wot next? Mayn't a cove give it mouth 'cos his patter ain't up to Pall Mall? Nor sport the straight tip on the fashions, except *à la* Sixpenny Swell? The Perlite's werry well in its way, and it covers a lot, I've no doubt, But it's cads that like *double intenders* as nags me acos I speak hout.

I *do* 'ate a Cad, and no error! The out-and-out Swell is *my* form; I like my high jinks, like my egg-'ot, mixed stiff, rayther spicy, and warm; I'm dead on the high lardy-dardy, I loathes a straight-lacer or saint, Forren games, GLADSTONE'S gabble, and Rads,—and wot *is* fust-rate form if that ain't?

Some have called *me* a Cad! I did 'ope as that old bit of 'umbug was stale. It ought to been snuffed out, I think, since the Nobs took to foller our trail. Our sentiments match to a moral; and as for yer grammar and stuff, 'Tain't a haitch or a har more or less makes a party a snob or a rough.

I say it *is* mean on one's pals to come down on a chap like this 'ere; It's discouraging, 'selp me! My views is the fashion, that's puffleckly clear. In politics, love-larks, amusements, I'm with the Top Ten to a T, And it's too bad because I've just said so, to turn the cold shoulder on *me*!

As to slang, and strong language, and so on, objections to them is all stuff; What are they but an anticipation—to-morrer's swell-slang in the rough?

That the nobs prig their patter from ours you may see by their plays and their books, And the lingo that's used by FITZFOODLE'S invented by SNOBKINS or SNOOKS.

It is true, when their own sort are listen in, they mayn't, p'raps, speak out quite so strong. But, on the Q.T., bless yer 'art! "We all do it" 's the general song; They *must* crib from hus "cads," my dear boy! Swells ain't got much invention, you see; But to set up our style and then cut us, is all bloomin' fiddlededee!

If they don't like our lay, let 'em shift. But, no fear, they're too fond of our game. If yer want to cold-shoulder your pals, and live up to their style all the same, "Keep it dark! don't be vulgar or wilent!" in course is the mealy-mouthed cry; But you'll only queer flats in that fashion, the sharp sort is bound to be fly.

Still you and me're in it, my pippin, and critics as calls me a Cad. P'raps feel that they're tarred with *my* brush, and it's that, I suppose, makes 'em mad.

It ain't all a matter o' varnish, nor yet of the shiners you carry;

If my views and my tastes make me Cad, there are lots of big Swells like

Yours,
'ARRY.

CIVIC FESTIVITIES.

(From our Special Reporter.)

"BLACK Monday" has been long a by-word in the City, and there is reason to suppose that Monday, the 9th ult., will be remembered as "White Monday"—a day deserving to be marked with the whitest of white stones. Though not announced as a Bank Holiday, it was virtually observed as such, for business seemed to be suspended by general consent, and people appeared bent on thoroughly enjoying the great pleasure of the day. This, it hardly need be said, was the day of *Mr. Punch's Almanack*, which was as usual welcomed everywhere with rapturous shouts of mirth, and applause. The Stock Exchange was literally convulsed on the occasion, and a similar effect was produced in Lombard Street, at the Custom House and Lloyd's. The effect upon the joke market had probably been discounted by certain knowing speculators; but it was observed that several bad puns were withdrawn from circulation, and that *Mr. Punch's bon-mots* were freely quoted even after business hours.

A Professional View of Things.

THE Corporation of London, faithful to an ancient custom, have within the last few days, presented "pieces of fine livery cloth of four-and-a-half yards each"—not to the Lord Mayor's state footmen—but to certain great Officers of State, including the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Chamberlain, the Lord Chief Baron, and the Master of the Rolls. What the other lucky recipients of the Civic broad-cloth did with their gifts has not come to light, but the Lord Chancellor forthwith telegraphed for his tailor and gave him injunctions for a Suit in Chancery.

"Much Cry and Little Wool."

PARLIAMENT called together;
Long speeches; papers bulky;
And all to settle the question
When the AMBER turned sulky!

TRUE HOSPITALITY (*Punch's Advice to Bristol*).—"Welcome the coming, speed the parting GUEST."

A DOUBTFUL RECOMMENDATION.

Brown. The concern's as safe as the Bank.
Jones. Comparisons are odious.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



THROUGH a dreary and darkling week. Fog out of doors and in Parliament. In Lords and Commons much bandying of personalities, little discussion of policies. Four speeches—Earl GREY's, GLADSTONE's in its peroration, GRANT DUFF's, and above all Lord HARTINGTON's—rise above the dead level, brightening the week's dullness, partially

redeeming personality and relieving the irritation of iteration. *Punch* can't help it if the Parliamentary eloquence of the week seem to him "like an ill-roasted egg, all o' one side." It could hardly be otherwise, if the better cause be likely to prompt the more potent pleading. When the preponderance of right and reason seems to *Punch* so decidedly in the Opposition scale, he cannot wonder if the Government balance kicks the beam, whatever the Division may say.

Monday, Dec. 9 (Lords).—Lord CRANBROOK opened the ball with his ugly Motion for the consent of the Peers to saddling India with the cost of operations against the AMEER. The war being "Imperial," so it might be argued should be its expense. But India had a

surplus of £2,136,000, including £1,500,000 of new taxes (levied, Lord C. did not say, to provide an insurance fund against famine), and for this year the war wasn't likely to cost above a million or so. So there was the money ready; and the Government wouldn't be obliged to face the odium of increased Income-tax. All we wanted was a good Afghan frontier. In 1873 we ought to have stepped in at the AMEER's request to defend Afghanistan against Russia. Lord NORTHBROOK and the GLADSTONE Cabinet shirked the duty. Ever since that time the AMEER has leaned from England and to Russia, till at last he has filled his cup of offence to overflowing by receiving a Russian Envoy and refusing to receive an English one. We can't stand that. Masterful activity must replace masterly inactivity. We must thrash the AMEER into a friendly state of mind. India was looking on. If we didn't lick him, our prestige was forfeited, our Empire as good as gone.

Lord HALIFAX moved that the House while ready to grant the means for getting us out of the Afghan mess, regrets that we ever got into it. The war was all the fault of the Government. For thirty-eight years we had got along with the Afghans without fighting, and so we might have gone on, *tant bien que mal*, but for the Cabinet's determining in 1876 to thrust English Envoys down the AMEER's throat. As Lord NORTHBROOK wouldn't agree to this, they had sent out Lord LYTTON, who would do as he was bid. Where were we going to stop? The further we pushed our occupation, the worse our position would be, till we had annexed Afghanistan to find ourselves face to face with Russia, and with 200,000 fighting Afghans for enemies on our hands besides.



"CATCHING AT A STRAW."

Curate (visiting a poor Cabman down with Bronchitis). "HAVE YOU BEEN IN THE HABIT OF GOING TO CHURCH?"

Poor Cabby (faintly). "CAN'T SAY I HEV, SIR; BUT"—(eagerly)—"I'VE DRUV A GOOD MANY PARTIES THERE, SIR!"

Lord LAWRENCE rang the changes on the same air. Though we can't allow Russia to establish herself as supreme in Afghanistan, it would be the worst policy to leave our present boundaries and anticipate the attack of Russia. He believed his own policy had been the wisest, and would like to see it reverted to. The main cause of the war was the determination to make the AMEER swallow English Envoys.

Lord DERBY gave a candid *resumé* of the reasons in favour of the Government policy, and then of his reasons for voting against them. He thought the war would be expensive, and might have been averted by a little diplomacy and forbearance.

The Duke of SOMERSET said India was worth the money.

Lord CARNARVON thought the Government policy unsound and unjust.

Lord NAPIER and ETTRICK did not think India ought to pay, but would support the Government—that is, vote for India's paying.

Lords AIBLIE and ABERDEEN gave *their* reasons the other way.

(*Commons*).—Mr. WHITBREAD (why not Lord HARTINGTON?) moved an Amendment to the Address, disapproving of the course which has led to the War. Proclaiming his intention of confining himself to the past (more's the pity!), he overhauled the Big Blue Book logically and lengthily, contending that the policy of non-intervention had kept the peace, till Lord SALISBURY took to forcing British Envoys on the AMEER. In fact, we had forced the AMEER into the Bear's hug. Our quarrel was with Russia, but we had hit the AMEER, after first picking a quarrel with him. Lord SALISBURY in his answer to the Duke of ARSYLL last year, had misled the Opposition and the country.

Mr. Under-Secretary STANHOPE replied for Government. He denied that the AMEER's quarrel was against the reception of our Envoys. He rather liked it. The only difference between Lord SALISBURY and Lord NORTHBROOK was as to the *when* they should be sent. Lord NORTHBROOK would have waited till the Russians were at Merv. Lord SALISBURY thought it wise to be beforehand with them. When the door was shut in our Empire's face, prestige bound us to kick it open.

Mr. TREVELYAN gave reasons for thinking that if there was

danger, we would be safer on this side the mountains than in the wastes and wilds of Afghanistan, ever so far from our base.

Mr. MARTIN said the war had been forced on the Government.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN said the Government had forced on the war, and hoodwinked the country.

Mr. RIDLEY said it was all the short-sightedness of the late Government that had brought about the war.

Mr. FORSTER said it was all the over-bearing of the present Cabinet. We had put the AMEER in a cleft stick by insisting on his reception of our Envoys. What would the Opposition do? Make peace as soon as possible, and satisfy the AMEER that we meant to recur to the LAWRENCE and NORTHBROOK policy.

From all which it will be seen that the night's talk was a series of assertions by each side in the teeth of the other, with no prospect of coming nearer any clear or certain conclusion either as to past facts, present course, or future policy, if the fire of imputations and impressions was kept up till the day of judgment.

Tuesday (Lords).—Earl GREY opened the debate with the weightiest words spoken since the row began. Call him crotchety if you like; he often gets the right sow by the ear, and to *Punch's* thinking, had it to-night. He said—

"Years ago there were great fears of Russian influence on Afghanistan; and the Government of that day did a very unhappy thing—they engaged in a war with Afghanistan. It will be found by correspondence which passed at that time that, though a Minister, I was averse from that mode of seeking to protect our interests in India. At that time I argued, as I argue now, that the real mode of protecting those interests and protecting British India from invasion is to take as little notice as possible of such influences, not to excite ourselves, and not to give rise to fears in others by showing that we ourselves were afraid. I pointed out that by calmly holding the balance of good government, by bringing forward sound financial measures, by extending means of communication, and accomplishing other works worthy of a civilised Power, we should do more for the protection of our Indian Empire than by attaching importance to the alarming reports of every Russian bagman."

"Hear! hear!" said the House, and "Hear! hear!" says *Mr. Punch*.

"But even assuming," continued Lord GREY,—

"That my policy of good law and material improvements would not be sufficient, and that you ought to take measures to avert the danger of Russian influence, I shall still contend that the policy of Her Majesty's Government is the one most calculated to increase the influence of Russia. We have been told that Afghanistan should be strong, independent, and friendly. So Government proceeds to make her weak, dependent, and hostile. . . . As to frontier, having read all that has been written on both sides of the question, it appears to me that the arguments for maintaining the existing frontier are very much stronger, from a common-sense view, than those for changing it. As to the cost of the war, it would be a wicked and unjust act to employ the revenues of India in the carrying on of an unrighteous war—which would be to the detriment of the people of India. In justice the Government of this country ought to undertake the cost of this war themselves, and not throw upon India, which is much less able to bear it, a burden which arises from their own imprudence."

And so Lord GREY ended the first speech which has addressed itself not to the personalities but the policy of the matter under discussion.

The LORD CHANCELLOR proceeded, at legal length, to give the reasons against Lord GREY's "ostrich policy," contending that "masterly inactivity" had come to grief, and that the AMEER's quarrel with us dated from 1873.

Lord SELBORNE answered Lord CAIRNS at nearly equal length, maintaining with equal cogency, the reverse of every one of his propositions. The Government policy was "bullying and blundering."

Lord HOUGHTON gave his reasons of voting for the Government, the Marquises of BATH and RIFON for the Amendment.

Lord MIDDLETON thought that the Government could do no more, and ought to have done no less.

Then LORD NORTHBROOK said his say, of the greatest weight, as proving what he did and thought when Viceroy. There had been no change of policy till he left India in 1875, when the AMEER was loyal to England. No Government of India till the present had taken up the Rawlinson policy. Any quarrel about the reception of the Russian Embassy at Cabul should have been settled between this country and Russia—not the AMEER.

Lord SALISBURY defended himself against the charge of having paltered with the Duke of ARGYLL in a double sense. The AMEER had several causes of quarrel. First there was that Oriental Vicar of Bray, Lord LAWRENCE, who would help all *de facto* princes against any *de jure*. Then there was Lord NORTHBROOK's impertinent letter, blowing up the AMEER for his treatment of YAKOOB KHAN. What we had to resist was a diplomatic invasion of Afghanistan. That was only to be done by agents on the spot. We had nothing to fight Russia for. The existence of a Ministry was a small matter, but to carry this Motion meant handing over the country to men who looked on India as a burden, and the future triumph of America over this country as a certainty. (Foul, my Lord, that last blow.)

Lord CARDWELL, in Lord GRANVILLE's absence, briefly summed up for the Motion, and Lord BEACONSFIELD replied with effect.

Our north-west boundary was inconvenient. We had had to lead nineteen expeditions against the frontier tribes in twenty-eight years. Lord NAPIER of MAGDALA now thought rectification necessary. He had never spoken of a "scientific frontier" as the *object* of the war, but its probable consequence. Russia had done nothing we had any right to complain of. She was preparing to hit us in a weak place, when she expected we were going to hit her. But things couldn't be allowed to go on as they were. The issue was between the prestige of England throughout Asia and Europe, and a peace-at-any-price policy, which, for a moment, had dimmed even the majesty of England.

Then their Lordships Divided. Contents, 201; Non-contents, 65: majority for the Government, 136.

But what does it prove? The Opposition would have made a better fight had the Duke of ARGYLL and Lord GRANVILLE been in the battle, but nothing would have altered the result.

(Commons).—Lord JOHN MANNERS jauntily took up the fail, to thrash the thrice thrashed straw of the Blue Book, though he began by promising not to take the elastic off his papers. He said nothing that had not been better said already, and contrived to be tedious without taking off his elastic.

Mr. GLADSTONE replied by a disproportionate denunciation of minute inaccuracies in the Blue Book. When Lord NORTHBROOK left India the AMEER was friendly, thanks to the policy of all Viceroys till then. With Lord LYTON began the new policy of "storm and pressure." The quarrel was with Russia, and we had made the AMEER her whipping-boy. In his peroration, Mr. GLADSTONE rose to the height of a great argument, in his prayer to Heaven to avert the omen of the first Afghan invasion, and save the country from the responsibility of an unjust and unnecessary war.

Sir R. PEEL was saucy and sprightly after his manner, but the House was empty, and his fireworks fizzed out, without sparkle or bang.

Mr. LEATHAM supported the Vote of Censure. The war was unjust and unnecessary.

Mr. FORSYTH supported the Government. The war was justifiable and inevitable.

Sir CHARLES DILKE showed that while bullying the AMEER, we had let Russia, the real offender, go scot free.

Lord G. HAMILTON defended the Blue Book, justified the war, and contradicted Mr. GLADSTONE.

Wednesday.—Pause of one day for refreshment, and Mr. RATHBONE's little Bill, exempting from disfranchisement poor people who seek parochial medical aid for themselves or their families, was read a second time.

Thursday.—Mr. GRANT DUFF gave new life to the debate by the best speech yet spoken. Those who want to see a masterly *exposé* of the case against the Government should read it. It would be injustice to weaken it by condensation, so close-linked is its argument, and so admirable its wording. It was all pith. The speaker wins by this speech a distinctly higher grade than the high one he held already.

Mr. BOURKE rejoined with a defence as weak as the attack was strong. He was eminently tedious, and laboured his case out of the Blue Book at a length in inverse ratio with the effect.

Hosts of eager orators sprang up, and a number of small fry took their turns to catch or be caught by the SPEAKER's eye, till Mr. GOSCHEN rising to an overwearied House, among many good points made none better than when he reminded his hearers that at the moment Lords BEACONSFIELD and SALISBURY were driving in triumph from Charing Cross to Downing Street, bearers of "Peace with Honour" from Berlin, the Russian Envoy was entering Cabul amid acclamations. But it was the Government which had brought him there. While there was an intense feeling in many parts of the House that this war was unjust, it was the duty of the country to say that Afghanistan must not be allowed to fall under the control of Russia.

Friday.—Notable, besides a smart stinger from Sir W. HARCOURT, for the most statesmanlike speech of the week from Lord HARTINGTON—a most masterly presentation of the Opposition case, free from irritating and superfluous personalities, justifying the Motion, and pointing out that the Opposition was as little disposed as the Government to leave our troops in the lurch, or to sacrifice, or endanger India.

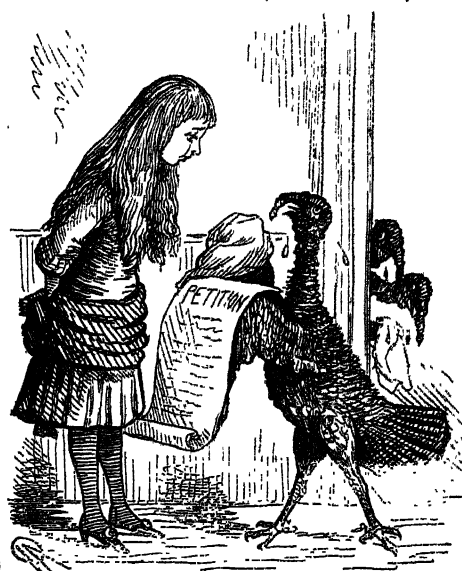
The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER summed up for the Government, with that evident desire to be candid which seriously hampers him in his work as mouthpiece of a firework policy in a British House of Commons.

The House Divided. 328 for Government, 227 for the Vote of Censure; majority for Government, 101.

We are going to make India pay for the Afghan War, and to vote a grant for the relief of the Rhodope sufferers. Suppose we were just before being generous?

THE TURKEYS' PETITION.

(To Mr. Punch.)



SIR.—We know Turkey is not as much in favour with *Punch* as with the *Pall Mall Gazette*; but still we have faith in your fairness, and so confide to you our complaint and petition. Because every other Christmas concomitant is hurried forward, must we be condemned to premature dissolution? Are our lives, too, to be shortened, and our day of doom to be antedated, by a month or more?

Christmas Publications appear earlier and earlier every year. The Almanacks in the course of time will

have to be re-arranged, and we shall read—"October 25. Christmas Day. (New style.)" Then, later on, "December 25. Old Christmas Day." How—for mercy's sake—how about the Turkeys?

MAKING THE BEST OF CHRISTMAS.



IN this season of the year the shop-windows are deluged with "seasonable literature" more or less redolent of the holly and the mistletoe. It has occurred to *Mr. Punch* that taking the "hardness of the times" into consideration, truth is rather sacrificed to effect in these holiday publications. Under these circumstances, the Sage of Fleet Street has thought it advisable to give a more real view of Christmas. However, that the sombre subject should not be out of keeping with the traditional mirth of

the season, he has engaged the pen of one of the most genial of his staff upon the task, with the following result:—

PETER PLEASANT'S YULE-TIDE GUEST.

Something like a Christmas Day! The rain and snow raced down from the clouds like two moist madcaps, and glistened with glee on the *pétillant* pavement. The mud in the roads was suggestive of plum-pudding, and you might easily have mistaken the yellow puddles for the lavishly out-poured contents of a gigantic oven-full of colossal mince-pies. A roaring, soaking, gladsome Christmas Day, bringing back delicious memories of the past, and delightful anticipations of the future!

And such a merry crowd too! Here was a comical horse (belonging to a still more comical four-wheeler), down upon the wooden pavement, and affording infinite amusement to a funny old lady encumbered with a pile of enormous boxes, a humorous policeman, and two cheery professional beggars. Over there was the workhouse, with its holiday throng of casuals, full of quips and cranks, to say nothing of quiddities! And everywhere numbers of locked-out labourers, enjoying with an easy conscience the welcome rest that had been forced upon them by their masters. Oh, these locked-out labourers appreciated a practical joke as much as any one else, I warrant ye!

And PETER PLEASANT was keeping Christmas with the best of them. It was quite dark when the guests began to arrive at the quaint little house in Upper Dungeon Street; but what did that matter?

"Such a game!" he shouted, as he shook Uncle JOHN by the hand and kissed Aunt MARIA. "The Company have cut off the gas, and so we must depend upon candles. So like them! But I had had my joke, first! I had run five quarters in arrears!"

And Mrs. PETER smiled, and the Baby crowed and chuckled with glee.

"Hallo! what's this?" continued PETER, when he had had a good look at Uncle JOHN and found that his coat had gone at the elbows. "Why, I always thought you were a rich man, and put you down in my assets under the head 'expectations.'"

Aunt MARIA began to titter, and Uncle JOHN shouted with merriment. For a few minutes he could not talk for laughing. At last he cried, with tears in his eyes,—

"Why, my good boy, we have lost our all, and a good deal more, in a bank that has stopped payment. Ho, ho, ho! we had two shares worth fifty pounds a piece in it, and they have come down upon us for thousands, my lad—for thousands! Don't they wish they may get it!"

And then Uncle JOHN told the whole story in his best style, and again there were roars, and roars and roars of laughter.

"And now to dinner with what appetite we may," sang PETER, leading the way with his arm round Aunt MARIA's waist. Uncle JOHN danced in with Mrs. PETER. All were helped to soup.

"Take some more," cried PETER, with a pleasant twinkle in his eye.

They obeyed him.

"One plate more!" he cried, with a chuckle.

"Oh, you wag!" shouted Uncle JOHN, with another guffaw. "I believe this is all you have to give us."

Mrs. PETER laughingly admitted this was indeed the case; and the fun became fast and furious. Uncle JOHN pretended that the soup was now some delicious cod, anon toothsome turkey, then luscious beef.

"The fact is," explained PETER, "the fishmonger and the butcher disappointed us. We wanted to be a credit to their establishments—but they wouldn't let us."

"Good again!" cried Uncle JOHN. "Credit? I see—very good indeed!"

And now there was a pattering of little feet in the passage, and the door was thrown open. In tumbled the children joyously, ushering into the dining-room an aged man, decked out in holly and mistletoe.

"Welcome, my dear old friend," said PETER, seizing the aged man by the hand. "You have spent many a Christmas with us in the past; may we often have you here in the future."

"I am sure I have seen your face before, Sir," observed Uncle JOHN, with great cordiality.

"I should think you have, Uncle," cried PETER. "Why, we are inseparables. He is quite an *enfant de la maison*. Are you not, my dear old friend?"

"Who is he?" asked Aunt MARIA, in a whisper—all women are curious. But what of that—bless them!

"I will tell you in a toast," returned PETER, again seizing the holly-decked and mistletoed old man by the hand.

"Behold my *alter ego*. Yes, dear friend, we have been comrades for many a long day. In you I hail the trusty guardian of all I possess, from the scanty furniture of the garrets down to the humble soup-kettle in the back-kitchen. Ladies and Gentlemen, I give you—'The Man in Possession!'"

And thus PETER PLEASANT welcomed his Yule-tide Guest.

WHAT CAME OF TAPPING THE WIRES.

(A Confidential Correspondence.)

The E-l of B-nsf-d, Downing Street, to the V-y, Simla.

AMER's reply to hand. Awkward. Reads almost like DERBY. What have you done with the bad language?

The V-y, Simla, to the E-l of B-nsf-d, Downing Street.

EVERY word of it there. Never were so insulted in our lives. Calls himself "Servant of God." Ironical way of saying I'm the reverse. If force not sent off at once to front, won't answer for consequences.

The E-l of B-nsf-d, Downing Street, to the V-y, Simla.

Go where you like. But what does he mean by this:—"Cherishes no feelings of hostility to British Government"? Sounds civil. How does it read in original? Wire.

The V-y, Simla, to the E-l of B-nsf-d, Downing Street.

ORIGINAL so bad quite untranslatable. First meaning of verb used "to skin alive in the presence of respectable householders." Get a Persian dictionary, and look it out yourself.

The E-l of B-nsf-d, Downing Street, to the V-y, Simla.

THANKS. Can't find it. And what is the matter with this?—"If the British Government should desire to send a purely friendly and temporary Mission to this country, with a small escort not exceeding twenty or thirty members, similar to that which attended the Russian Mission, this servant of God will not oppose its progress"? Is that meant to be nasty? Eh?

The V-y, Simla, to the E-l of B-nsf-d, Downing Street.

AWFULLY. Couldn't be worse. Veiled irony of Persian original outrageous. If more comes in, what is to be done?

The E-l of B-nsf-d, Downing Street, to the V-y, Simla.

BETTER send on Persian original as it stands. Man here can put it into decent English.

The V-y, Simla, to the E-l of B-nsf-d, Downing Street.

DECENT English not wanted. More indecent the better. Can't come up to the original.

A GOOD REASON (by a Miso-Russ).—Why must Russia keep her word? Because no one will take it.

BETTER THAN HARTINGTON'S HALF-AND-HALF.—WHITBREAD'S Entire.



GROUNDLESS ALARM.

"GOOD HEAVENS, GIRLS! WHAT—WHAT DOES THIS MEAN? A POST-CARD, ADDRESSED TO ONE OF YOU, AND ON IT I READ:—
 'ARE YOU AND YOUR SISTERS COMING TO THE B. AND S. CLUB THIS AFTERNOON?'"

"IT'S ALL RIGHT, PAPA DEAR! B. AND S. STANDS FOR BATTLEDORE AND SHUTTLECOCK!"

THE BENEFIT OF BOGEY.

To put brave JOHN BULL in the abjectest fright,
 And confuse all his notions of reason and right,
 There is nought like a Bogey. A palpable foe
 Finds him steady and sure, if a little bit slow;
 But if you would drive the old boy off his head,
 Just dress up a Bogey, in yellow or red,
 With a Moscov fur cap or a gay Gallic plume,
 And at once he commences to fluster and fume:
 A top-booted Ajax, at darkness takes fright,
 Like a timorous child midst the terrors of night.
 For your Bogey, a monster that's vaguely iniquitous,
 Foggily frightful and dimly ubiquitous,
 Pops up at all points like a turnip-faced ghost,
 Which cunningly shifted may pass for a host.
 The Muscovite Bogey is BULL's latest scare,
 It has fluttered his nerves, on an end set his hair,
 And, managed adroitly by mischievous BEN,
 Confounded that coolest and fairest of men.
 Poor BULL! In his limes he's the laughter of those
 Who are not so soon gulled to take phantoms for foes.
 BEN howls "Fi-fo-fum!" in true ogreish tones,
 Thinks BULL, "Eugh! the Ghoul would be grinding my bones."
 BEN gibbers and shrieks; says JOHN BULL, "By the rood,
 The Monster is smelling an Englishman's blood."
 Then he loses his head, with his clearness of sight,
 And his common-sense judgment of wrong and of right.
 And o'erlooking the peril that's under his nose,
 Runs madly amuck against fear-fashioned foes,
 And, aping the tricks he's so forward to blame,
 Plays blindly, and badly, his enemy's game.
 Meanwhile the sly Bogey-Men smile at his scares,
 Pick his pocket behind, misconduct his affairs,
 To meet fancied dangers invite instant ills,
 And leave BULL the fool's portion—big words and long bills.

Wake, JOHN! Take more accurate gauge of your foes!
 The Bogey's big goggles and blood-painted nose
 Are scare-crow devices. Look sharp, and fight fair,
 Don't be driven to bully, nor shocked into scare,
 Nor abuse the true friends who would bid you keep cool;
 For the man who plays Bogeydom's game plays the fool!

DOGMA AND DRINK.

WHATEVER differences on dogma may exist between Roman Catholics and Protestants, all sensible persons on either side are likely to concur in the recommendation of "A Catholic Congress just held at Brussels," viz., "the substitution of beer for spirits, as more refreshing and less injurious."

This decree of a Catholic Congress on Beer only wants the confirmation of the POPE pronounced *ex cathedra* to stamp it with infallibility. Perhaps he will so stamp it, being himself a moderate man. In that case, would his Holiness be pleased to append to his declaration, to make it the more gracious, the admonition—*Quicumque ab homine indigenti cerevisiam abstulerint, anathema sint oculi eorum.*

Christmas Waits.

THE Opposition waiting for Office.
 Directors of the City of Glasgow Bank waiting for trial.
 Turkey waiting for Reforms.
 Russia waiting for Turkey.
 The AMEER waiting for Russia.
 India waiting for a scientific frontier.
 England waiting for a change for the better.

A "NATURAL ARRANGEMENT" (discovered by Mr. Whistler).—
 A Bear in a Russ-skin.

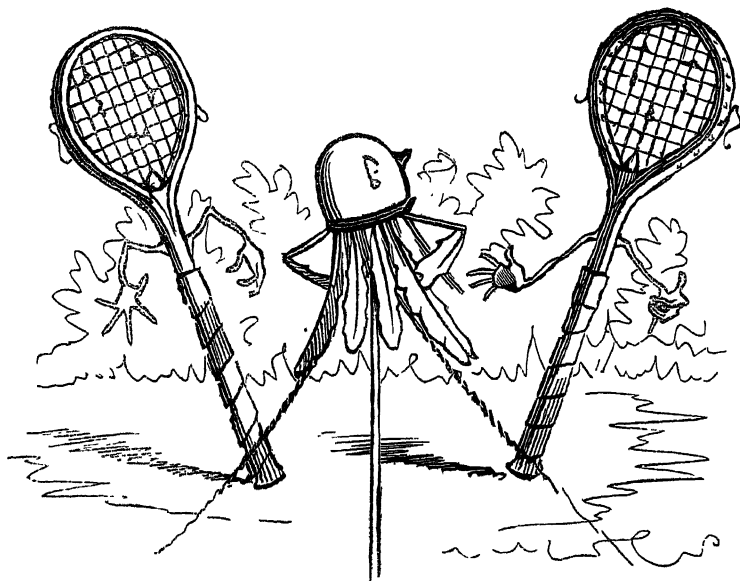


“NOUS AVONS CHANGÉ TOUT CELA!”

“HITHERTO THE AMEER HAS BEEN TREATED LIKE A SPOILED CHILD.”

(Lord Beaconsfield in the Debate on the Afghan War.)

PUTTING A LEGAL POINT ON IT.



SUPPOSING the following letters to have been received at the *Punch* Office during the past week, *Punch* feels he ought not to be restrained from publishing them by any antediluvian considerations of respect for the Bench:—

I.

THE Lord Chief Justice of England will feel much obliged if *Mr. Punch* will inform the world and Lord PENZANCE that his Lordship in his impertinent attack on the L. C. J. (contained in his late remarks on the judgment of the Queen's Bench Division in the case of *Martin v. Mackonochie*), has proceeded on an entirely erroneous view of the law, as well as a gross misrepresentation of the facts.

II.

LORD PENZANCE will thank *Mr. Punch* to inform the Lord Chief Justice of England that he entertains the profoundest contempt for his opinions on Law in general, and Ecclesiastical Law in particular, about which, as a Common Law Judge, he can know nothing.

III.

THE Lord Chief Justice of England has only to add to his previous communication that while he admits that Lord PENZANCE, as a Common Law Judge, who has undertaken the administration of a system of law of which he can know nothing, should be a good authority upon the question on which he presumes to pronounce in his last communication, he is compelled to repeat that his Lordship is wholly mistaken as to his law, and scandalously inaccurate as to his facts.

IV.

LORD PENZANCE has only to express his utter contempt for the Lord Chief Justice of England.

V.

THE Lord Chief Justice can find no language in which to express his admiration (?) for Lord PENZANCE.

VI.

LORD PENZANCE cares not the smallest coin of the realm for the Lord Chief Justice of England.

VII.

THE Lord Chief Justice of England cares less than the smallest coin of the realm for Lord PENZANCE.

VIII.

LORD PENZANCE wishes to put on record his conviction that the Lord Chief Justice of England is a Person!

IX.

THE Lord Chief Justice of England is glad to put in plain terms his conclusion that Lord PENZANCE is another!

[This correspondence must now cease.—Ed. *Punch*.]

FRIENDS AT A DISTANCE.

Being a Brief Record of a few Winter-seasonable Visits to certain Country Houses.

VISIT THE FIRST.—CHAPTER VI.

Fact—Fiction—Evidence—Doubt—Assertion—Phantom Butler—More Evidence—Josslyn's Nervous Aunt—Comfort—Fear—Mrs. Byrne condescends—The pallid Whistlerite—Darker—The Sceptic converted—Wine—First Ghost Story—Unsatisfactory—Cold Air—Digestion—An Awful Moment.

"Yes," repeats JOSSLYN, "that The Grange is haunted, is as certain as that all the family have left the place."

Poor old Mrs. TUPTON begins fanning herself, as if she could keep away Ghosts like flies. GOOL startles her by offering her jelly, which, from its quivering, and its peculiarly pale colour, appears to be as nervous as Mrs. TUPTON is herself.

"It may be a fact," says PELKIN WADD, ex-Master in Chancery, "but who can vouch for it?"

"COTLEY's people," answers DYKE, with conviction. "They've told me all about it."

Mrs. AYSFORD SYNGE remarks that for her part she doesn't believe in Ghosts, but that The Grange has never been inhabited since she was a girl; and, Miss SYNGE adds, that she never liked the look of the place.

"It's a matter of evidence," observes the ex-Master in Chancery, sententiously.

"Quite," replies Mr. AYSFORD SYNGE, J.P. "But COTLEY's gardener and his wife came to me, and wanted to depose on oath to what they'd seen and heard at The Grange."

This arrests everybody's attention.

Mrs. TUPTON's jelly remains on her plate untouched, still quivering. She informs me, in a frightened whisper, behind her fan, that "if you once get her nephew JOSSLYN on this topic, he's something dreadful. Why," she adds, with a shiver, "he knows all about the Ghosts all over the county, and likes them. Ugh! If they go on talking like this, I'm sure I shan't get any sleep to-night!"

In the gloom by the side-board I think I can just make out GOOL smiling grimly.

"Who lives at The Grange now?" asks HOSHFORDE.

"A policeman and his wife," answers AYSFORD SYNGE. "Their married son stays at COTLEY's, and keeps up the garden. The family have all left."

"They're rent free, of course," observes the ex-Master in Chancery, with a cynical smile.

Everyone resents this imputation; and Mr. AYSFORD SYNGE informs the ex-Master, with some asperity, that he knows the policeman, and his wife, and his son—that a more honest set does not exist; and SANDILANDS corroborates the prevalent notion about The Grange being haunted, by asserting that, for his part, he (SANDILANDS) wouldn't live there for a trifle. He adds, that, of course, he doesn't believe in ghosts, yet he should object to a place with a reputation for being haunted.

Everyone, except our host, chimes in with this sentiment. Everyone, except our host, professes to consider a belief in ghosts absurd, but, on the other hand, no one would, as a matter of choice, prefer residing in a haunted house.

"Then," says DYKE, quietly, "there's not much chance of letting this."

"Why!" exclaims Mrs. LAWLEIGH BYRNE, beginning to draw on her long gloves, "surely The Mote's not haunted!"

"Didn't you know that?" returns JOSSLYN, quite astonished. "Why, there's hardly a room in this old house without a legend. And," adds JOSSLYN, with considerable pride, "I think HOSHFORDE and SANDILANDS will bear me out as to the White Lady of The Mote as well authenticated a Ghost as any in the county."

HOSHFORDE and SANDILANDS nod acquiescence in this statement; and RENDLESHEAM of Pikley—the crusty old man—turning to Mrs. TUPTON, says,

"You're stopping here, Ma'am, aren't you?"

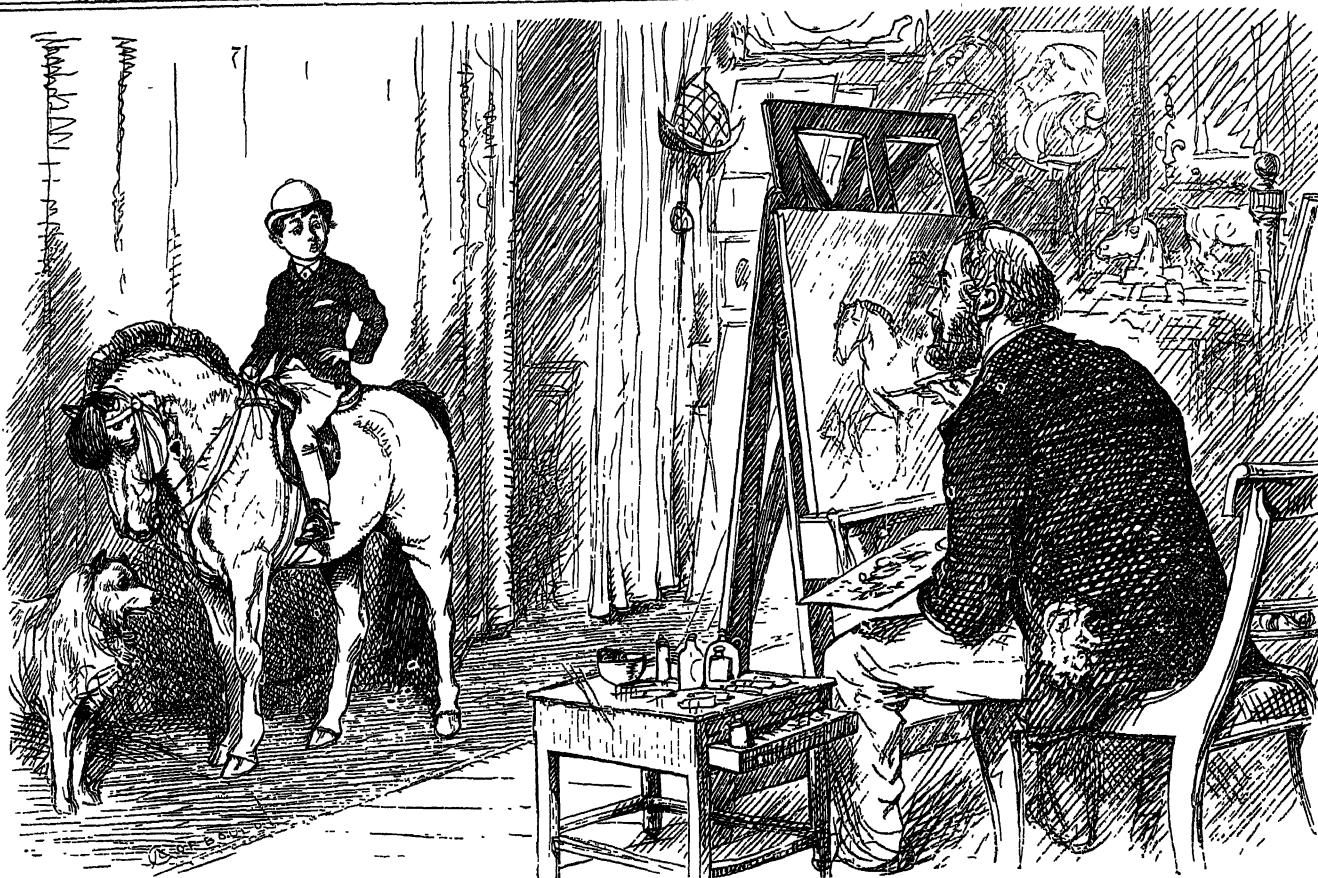
"Yes, I am," replies the poor old Lady, whose false front almost slides off her forehead with nervousness—"yes, I am; but," she goes on piteously, "my nephew never said anything about it before. I've only heard him speak of Ghosts in other houses—not here."

"Oh, you won't see it, Aunt," says DYKE, consolingly.

"I don't like to talk about such things," she says, making a move, which the Ladies take as a hint, and we all rise.

"You are staying here, too," says Mrs. LAWLEIGH BYRNE to me. "I know I should be afraid of going about alone in this house. I have heard that the servants never stop here long—but I didn't know the reason. The SYNGES have an old haunted tower in their grounds. I shall get her to tell me all about it. I love ghost-stories, when there's a good fire and lots of people."

This is the first time since our introduction that the "haughty Beauty" has condescended to treat me on an equality with the County people. The Ghost subject has done it. This is "the



QUITE T'OTHER.

"OH, YOU'RE FOND OF DRAWING, ARE YOU? P'RAPS YOU'D LIKE TO BE AN ARTIST?"
 "OH DEAR NO—I'M GOING TO BE A GENTLEMAN!"

touch of nature" I was waiting for; and it has come with the supernatural. In Ghost-land, Old County Families and No County Families meet on common ground; though the idea is rather church-yardy. However, one's thoughts can't be lively, when such a topic is under discussion.

Mrs. LAWLEIGH BYRNE sweeps out of the room after the elder Ladies, and followed by Miss SYNGE, who, as she disappears through the dark oak door, in the old oak panel, with her vapoury dress, long white neck, with a black band round it—reminding me of that awful guillotined woman's story—with her pale face, strange melancholy eyes, and immaterial hair, might easily be mistaken for the White Lady of The Mote, who had accepted an invitation, just for once and away, and whose hour for professional haunting having struck, was compelled, by her strict sense of duty, to vanish from the festive scene.

The room has grown darker in consequence of some of the candles in the old sconces having burnt down, when they were silently extinguished by Gool, while we were waiting upon the ladies' departure.

The gentlemen shuffle themselves into fresh places, and, at JOSSLYN's suggestion, we form in front of the fire, each one selecting a safe place for his wine-glass.

"I didn't want to frighten the ladies," says PELKIN WADD, the ex-Master, who has hitherto posed as the sceptic of the party, "but I know all about The Grange. COTLEY's old gardener, who came to us afterwards, had seen the ghost himself."

"Indeed!" I can't help exclaiming, being interested.

"Yes. He's a sensible and sober old fellow is GADD, and he's told me of his having seen a figure at night digging in the garden. And when he went up to it, it vanished."

This seems to everyone rather a tame conclusion to a ghost story that had promised very well at the beginning. There's a general impression—felt, not expressed—that we're to have something better, from someone, presently.

HOSHFOORD also remembers having talked to the man who used to live at The Grange before the Policeman and his wife went there.

"What did he say?" I ask.

"Well, the belief is that Cardinal POLE once lived in The Grange;

that he buried a large treasure there, and that it is *his* ghost that haunts the place."

"And this man had seen him?" I inquire.

"Yes. He'd seen something; and *he* said he thought it must be the Cardinal. So I asked him what the ghost was like; and he told me that he was a little old man, with grey stockings, brown knee-breeches, and buckles, a blue tailed coat, brass buttons, and an old-fashioned wig, with a pig-tail. He felt sure it was Cardinal POLE, he said, because of his dress."

We all smile, but have a slight suspicion that HOSHFOORD is turning the subject into ridicule. JOSSLYN DYKE says so plainly, and remarks that though HOSHFOORD's informant was of course wrong in attempting to make this particular Ghost fit in with the tradition of the place, yet it does not prove anything against his having seen the Ghost of some one, though not of Cardinal POLE. "Besides,"—DYKE puts this as an unanswerable climax,—"*the Ghost never said he was Cardinal POLE.*"

HOSHFOORD hastens to assure us that *he*, personally, believes in Ghosts; that he knows several men who've seen Ghosts; as also, it appears, does every one present.

The general opinion appears to be that, on the whole, it is safer to believe in Ghosts than not. It's more complimentary to the Ghosts, of course, and, I fancy, what we all feel about it is, that we would rather assert our belief in Ghosts openly and boldly, so that should any Ghost be listening, he would hear nothing said that might be an inducement for him to catch any one of us alone, and frighten the individual into fits, in order to prove his existence. Our unexpressed formula about Ghosts seems to be: "We believe in Ghosts, *because* we don't want to see any. If we said, 'We don't believe in Ghosts,' then one of them, lurking about this old house—and The Mote, to speak sportingly, is a most likely find for both Ghosts, and rats—might catch us unawares, when the consequences would, probably, be serious."

JOSSLYN DYKE doesn't like speaking of this subject before the servants. He whispers to us that, after they've served the coffee, and withdrawn—he will, perhaps, tell us what he himself has frequently seen in this very house, which would be quite enough to



AN EXAMPLE!

Old Gentleman (who had evidently been luncheoning). "G' HOME, YOU BOYS—GO 'WAY—SHOULDN' LOITER 'BOUT 'STREETSH." (Solemnly.) "WHA' SHOULD I HA' BEEN—(hic!)—F I'D LOITER'D 'BOUT SHTREETCH 'STEAD O' 'TTENDIN' T' BUSH—'NESH!—GO 'WAY!!"

[Roars from his audience.]

scare away most men in one night. And here he looks fixedly across the table into the furthest gloomiest recess, as though penetrating the darkness, and requesting one of the resident apparitions to stop there quietly while he is telling the story, and not to come out until his presence is absolutely required for corroboration.

We fill our glasses in turn, silently, as if "charging" to drink a Ghost's health—"A Toast to a Ghost; and here's a health to all good Goblins!" Then some look at their watches with a sort of intuitive perception of the near approach of midnight. There is a perceptible air of reassurance on finding that it is barely ten o'clock. AYSFORD SYNGE shivers, as if he felt a draught, and draws his chair nearer the fire. HOSHFORD notices this, and observes with, I think, an effort, that "a cold feeling after dinner is good."

"Sign of digestion," says Mr. SANDILANDS, trying to be cheery.

We laugh in a quivering, uncertain way, and I almost fancy I hear a sort of hollow echo of our laugh behind the heavy tapestried window-curtains, where anyone could hide and play a practical joke. But who would do it? No one, *I hope.*

The door opens slowly. Involuntarily we all turn our heads and eyes, in that direction, like mechanical figures in a waxwork. The door opens, wider, wider, wider, as if pushed from without slowly, and a dark shadow growing and growing from out of the hall, seems to be borne in, silently, on the icy chilling draught.

No one utters a word; and yet we all wonder why some one doesn't say something—no matter what.

A Bristol Menu.

WHEN Bristol Tories ask a GUEST
Pot-luck with them to try,
The Liberals, their taste confest,
Before him place a FRY!

BEST FOOTING FOR A SCOTCH BANK.—In the Stocking.

NURSERY RHYME OF THE DAY.

RAN-A-DAN-DAN!
Afghanistan!
SHERE ALI was always a cross little man!
Which it's to be,
Up at Cabul,
Big Bear or Bull,
SHERE ALI can't see!
When brought by hard thumps
Out of his dumps—
Ran-a-dan-dan!
Afghanistan!—
SHERE ALI will *then* be a nice little man!

HOPE FOR HUMANITY.

THE benefactor of his species is now not only the man who makes two blades of corn grow where but one grew before, but he who renders mankind a very different service. At a late dinner of Members of the Inventors' Institute at St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, Admiral SELWYN, in replying to the toast for the Navy, "suggested that chemistry might yet give us a poisonous shell which, if well placed, would decide the event of a naval combat." A modern benefactor of his species is he who invents a gun, a torpedo, or a shell which will destroy hundreds and thousands at a blow. Whether the poisonous shell which a beneficent chemistry may, as Admiral SELWYN says, yet give us, would be much of a blessing to a maritime country, and greatly help BRITANNIA to rule the waves, may be queried; but, perhaps, the invention of a wholesale annihilation-machine, rendering war too horribly ridiculous to be practicable, might well repay the studies of a Christian philanthropist by enforcing peace on earth, at least, if not promoting good-will.

NEW NAME FOR NEW LIGHT SEEN ON THE EMBANKMENT.

WHY not "Selaphore" (*selas light, and phero I bear*)? At once good Greek and good advice to Gas Shareholders: "Sell afore we come to Edison."

NATURAL ALLIES (according to the *Pall Mall Gazette*).
—Ritualists and Russians—Cassocks and Cossacks.

By a Thames Conservator.

(On the Princess Alice and Bywell Castle catastrophe, and judgment thereon.)

SKIPPERS' duty is quite clear,
They have rules by which to steer:
"Rules of our making?" Certainly they've got 'em.
But you ask me, "Are they kept?"
Better have the river swept,
And ask those you will find at the bottom.

Different Ways of Twisting 'em.

THE Author of the anagram, printed in a former number, "DISRAELI—I lead, Sir," sends us its companion, "GLADSTONE—G. leads not." On the other hand, a Liberal Anagrammatist puts it the other way, telling us "GLADSTONE—Doesn't lag," while "DISRAELI is—Idle airs," and BEACONSFIELD, in Latin, "*Fidens celabo*," and in English "Coined Fables."

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

YOU would scarcely expect to find A. ROGUE taking out a patent for "preventing the loss of purses," yet such is the fact, if we are to believe the *Patent Journal* for November 2nd.

PROOF THAT RUSSIA'S ADVANCE IS STOPPED IN CENTRAL ASIA.—General KAUFFMANN dates from Task-end.

NEW NAME FOR AFGHANISTAN (after its annexation).—The United State of Ameerica.

CARMEN TRIUMPHALE.—BIZET's Opera.

TEA-ROOM REFLECTIONS.

(By a Man in the Gallery.)



THE degradation of political debate by the indulgence of violent personal animosity, leads to stinging counter-charge and furious partisan hostility.

Stinging counter-charge and furious partisan hostility involve blind recrimination and awkward adjectives.

Blind recrimination and awkward adjectives send courtesy flying out of the lobby.

When courtesy flies out of the lobby, Billingsgate gets over the gangway.

When Billingsgate gets over the gangway, the Speaker who won't let his eye be caught may

come to have his attention called by a cat-call or an orange.

The Speaker who allows his attention to be called by a cat-call or an orange, is lost.

The House that is presided over by a Speaker who is lost soon degenerates into a bear-garden unfit for Gentlemen.

A bear-garden unfit for Gentlemen is not the place in which to conduct the affairs of a great Empire.

When the affairs of a great Empire come to a standstill, it is high time to revert to the language of Gentlemen.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

(Some account of Tom Tug and the Beggar's Opera at Covent Garden last week.)

SIR,

I'VE said it before, and I'll say it again, "Don't tell me we are not a musical people,"—I mean, at all events, a people fond of music, and capable of appreciating every sort of music on its merits. And, when we have established a favourite, don't we make much of him? don't we make more and more of him? don't we—like the process in the game of "thinking of a number"—don't we double him, in encooing him, add ten to him, specially if he is already a tenor, so that he can afterwards add a hundred to himself, then subtract him from every one else and say, "He, and he only, is the man for our money?" Of course we do.

That this is the public estimate of Mr. SIMS REEVES was proved to demonstration by the appearance of Covent Garden on Tuesday night last week, when, on the occasion of our great English Tenor playing *Captain Macheath* in the *Beggar's Opera*, the house was literally crammed, from floor to ceiling, by an audience whose enthusiastic temperature increased in a graduated thermometrical scale, the over-boiling point being reached at the back row of the Upper Gallery; and this on a night when, in the stalls and boxes, wrappers, fur mantles, and ulsters, were *de rigueur*, on account of *de rigour* of the cold, and when the Messrs. GATTI might have made a considerable addition to their good fortune, by sending round the attendants with a supply of foot-warmers, hot toddy, and mulled claret, and other popular drinks at cheap prices.

Everyone would have hailed with pleasure (*a propos* of "hailed," it snowed next day—but that isn't to the freezing point) the appearance of these hot draughts, after suffering from such cold draughts as abound, at all times, in this huge Covent Garden Theatre. I shivered for myself; I trembled for SIMS REEVES, lest his delicate throat—one of the most delicate, I believe, ever possessed by tenor—should be affected by the severity of the weather, in which case an apology would have to be made.

With commendable good taste Mr. HAYES, the *impresario* on this occasion, had closed the house on Monday, as a mark of respect to the memory of the late Mr. GYE. Such a course was highly creditable, both to the *impresario* and Mr. REEVES. It would have been cruel if, after this loss of one night, the weather had prevented Mr. REEVES from fulfilling his engagement. Fortunately he was

in excellent spirits, in excellent voice, and played *Macheath* magnificently.

There he was, bright and gay as ever, our *tenner* still unchanged, and equal to any number of the most valuable notes.

En passant, the public has an idea that Mr. SIMS REEVES is "a bird who can sing," and often, capriciously, "won't sing." Some even go so far as to ask, "Can't he be made to sing?" No one wishes more sincerely than himself, that, on the occasions when he is forced to refuse, he *could* be "made to sing." It is no pleasure to any man to lose money by being compelled to cancel an engagement which is entered into on the play and pay principle, and it cannot but be an unspeakable, or, in his case, an unsingable, disappointment to thousands who "hang on his lips." It is no more a pleasure for a distinguished tenor to be laid up with a bad throat, than for a one-legged dancer, *à la* DONATO, to be prostrated by the gout in his one solitary foot. So much for Buckingham.

My only personal grievance against Mr. SIMS REEVES is, that he has a plural name—a double plural name; but this is my objection, only halved, to any one called PHILLIPS, or EDWARDS, or ROBERTS. They ought each to govern a plural verb. It should be grammatical to say, "PHILLIPS *are* coming to dinner. EDWARDS *are* smoking. PHILLIPS *are* fools," and so on.

Mr. SIMS REEVES, as a plural name, however, may be the exception to what should be the rule, on account of his *singular* ability. And I don't think, that, without the final "s," "SIM REEVE" would look well in an advertisement. Too late to change now; but I take this opportunity of broaching the theory, that is, as it *sims* to me.

I heard him in *The Waterman*, when his rendering of "*The Bay of Biscay*" literally brought down the house, as it always will.

MADAME CAVE-ASHTON was a charming *Wilhelmina*, and her "*Cherry Ripe*" (introduced here simply, I suppose, for the reason that the lady in question can sing it so well) was heartily encoored.

By the way, the manner of introducing "*The Bay of Biscay*" is funny enough, and must have been fashioned on the model of the tenor, who, *insisting* on singing "*In my Cottage near a Wood*" in every piece, used to look round, see a table, hit it, exclaim, "Ah! made of wood!" that reminds me of *My Cottage near a Wood!* which was the cue for the orchestra to strike up the symphony to that popular melody.

Mr. REEVES, being all alone, soliloquises about his stupid rival, *Robin the Gardener*, and observes, "Ah, I should like to have seen what sort of a figure he would have cut on board ship, in such a gale as I was in, when last I crossed *The Bay of Biscay!*"

Cue for band, "*Bay of Biscay!*" and delight of audience,—but *Thomas Tug*, the jolly young *Waterman*, has never been to sea in his life, bless him! and knew nothing of the Bay of Biscay from personal experience.

Let those who do not believe in a "comic tenor," see SIMS REEVES as *Captain Macheath*, and they will then discover what magic there is even in a *refrain* of "*tol de rol, lol de rol luddy*," when given by a tenor who is not impressed by the absurd traditional notion that he is nothing if not sentimental.

His acting of the celebrated song, "*How happy would I be with either*," is full of humour, and his change of manner from "*tol de rol*" in a tender tone when addressed to the gentle, confiding *Polly*, to "*tol de rol*" with a true cockney chick-a-leary twang, when addressed to the vulgar *Lucy Lockitt*, is a clever idea, most artistically carried out; and then, his dance up the stage, while singing, giving his last note, good and true to the end in spite of this unaccustomed exertion, as, with a jump, he seats himself, in a natural devil-may-care style, on the table, was followed by an *encore*, so momentous, that even he, the determined anti-*encore*ist, was fain to comply with the enthusiastic demand; so he repeated the two verses, the dance, and the jump, with as much freshness and vigour as though he had not already sung six songs—snatches, more or less, it is true—and had not got ten more to follow, with "*Here's to the Maiden of bashful fifteen*," and a dance, by way of finale!

It was a treat. But what a stupid play! What a set of sordid, squalid, ruffianly characters, all, except *Polly Peachum*, prettily played by Madame CAVE-ASHTON, who obtained more than one *encore*. The chorus of "*Let us take the Road*" was very effectively given. I should like to see *The Beggar's Opera* with a well remodelled plot, an efficient cast, to include, of course, Mr. SIMS REEVES (it would be nothing at all without his *Captain Macheath*) and Madame CAVE-ASHTON, and produced under such careful stage-management as was shown by Mr. HARE in bringing out *Olivia* at the Court Theatre.

However, for the present, *The Beggar's Opera*, which, I believe, was the result of a considerable amount of "collaboration," is, as played the other night at Covent Garden, good enough, by way of a musical treat, for

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

MUSIC OF THE FUTURE.—Promissory Notes.

BETWIXT CARDS AND CRACKERS.



comes but once a year. *Punch* is thankful for it. For Christmas has taken to leaving so much pasteboard, that should his fatherly visit come twice a year *Punch* would have to put up outside his door, as people do after their wedding-advertisements, "No cards."

The "Christmas Board" used to be a favourite personification. It was in the habit of groaning under roast beef, turkey, and chine, mince-pie, and plum-pudding. Now the "Christmas Paste-Board" would seem a fitter embodiment of the festive season; though

it should not be the "Paste-Board" that ought to groan, but those who have to struggle against its ever-growing encroachments on our purses, and demands on our admiration.

For this alarmingly increasing pack of Christmas cards has grown in quality as much as in quantity. They are so pretty, it seems a shame to grumble at them. Here is *Punch* bound to confess himself pleased, even while he protests he can hardly hold his head above the rising tide of charming pictures that keeps flowing in on him. First comes MARCUS WARD, who deals the trump-cards of the Christmas pack, the most delicate and dainty in colour and design, whether of arabesque, and flower, and winged thing of earth and air and fairy-land, or graceful figure, or group in coquettish old world attire—an endless variety, on the whole, in admirable taste; and—unexpected improvement—with verses appended, which are not vulgar, or commonplace, but often as graceful and elegant as the designs they accompany.

Then there is DE LA RUE, scarce a shade in elegance and variety behind WARD, though *Punch* must protest, parenthetically, against nudities at Christmas time. It is too cold for them, if there were no other reason. He sends a greater variety of Christmas Gifts—not only Cards, but the daintiest Pocket-Books and Diaries, with Russia bindings and perfumed pages, for pretty fingers to record graceful items of girlish outlay, or tender memoranda, till Cupid gives place to Hymen, and marriage brings house-bills and domestic entries. And for these, too, DE LA RUE has fitting books of record; or, if we need more than he can supply, is there not LETTS, with his large family of Diaries, ranging—"fine by degrees and beautifully less"—from the folio giant of the desk to the tiniest waistcoat-pocket companion? How record even by name the list of other card-makers, who play off their Christmas showers on *Punch's* devoted head—ACKERMANN, with his graceful groups of Cupidons at play, and ROTTIE

with his flowers, and his series of picturesquely-costumed Seasons, and PAYNE, the Aylesbury photographer, whose specialty is nosegays from nature, and HARDING with his sporting figures of the olden time, and RIMMEL with his perfumed pack. In short, their name is Legion.

And if we turn in despair from the rush and rain of Cards, it is but to encounter the still more alarming raid of the Cossacks, with Captain CADMAN in command, and Lieutenant TOM SMITH under him. As for Captain CADMAN's Cossacks, they betray their predatory habits by their dress; like *Falstaff's* recruits, they seem to have robbed heaven and earth, the present and the past, to fit them out. They even assume skins, and shells, and feathers, spoils of birds, beasts, and fishes; they creep into boots, and curl up in baskets, and crouch in flowers; they peep out of Little Red Riding Hood's cloak and grin from under Father Christmas's holly wreath; and, Cossack-like, they carry as great a variety of plunder in their pockets, as of clothes on their backs.

What between cards and crackers, *Punch* sits confounded, and can only cry out to his over-generous Christmas contributors, "Hold! enough!"—and more than enough by a great deal.

He has a waste-paper basket for superfluous correspondence, but what waste-paper basket could accommodate this deluge of Christmas Cards and Crackers—even were it in his heart to transfer such pretty things to such a receptacle! Ha, a happy thought! Suppose he passes the overflow on to the Children's Hospitals!

SLIDES FOR MR. PUNCH'S MAGIC LANTERN.

PUBLIC inauguration of Cleopatra's Needle by the LORD MAYOR and Sheriffs in their State palanquins, borne by athletic young stockbrokers in the prime of early manhood. MASKELYNE AND COOKE (from the Egyptian Hall), hoisting the Union Jack on the point of the Needle, assisted by the crew of *H.M.S. Pinafore* and Band of the Royal Marines conducted by Dr. SULLIVAN.

LORD BEACONSFIELD, LORD LYTON, the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, and SHERE ALI smoking hookahs in a magnificent howdah on a splendidly caparisoned white elephant. Fifty County Members on each side of the elephant, wearing dark blue (garter) ribbons round their hats, and carrying banners inscribed "Peace with Honour." The Cabinet following behind on dromedaries, —LORD CRANBROOK distributing India Pickle, LORD JOHN MANNERS scattering "inspired" telegrams, SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE doing sums on an enormous slate, and the Private Secretaries flinging largess—the Order of the Bath and Suez Canal Shares—to an enthusiastic crowd.

MR. GLADSTONE by moonlight, in the solitudes of Greenwich Park, cutting down the Upas-tree with the silver axe presented to him on his birthday.

The Dean and Chapter, SIR EDMUND BECKETT, MR. HAWES, DR. STAINER, and MR. PENROSE (the Cathedral Architect), in the Belfry chamber of St. Paul's, ringing a merry Christmas peal. The "College youths" looking on, criticising the performance with campanological acumen, over a bowl of hot elder wine kindly supplied by the Baroness BURDETT COUTTS.

The LORD CHANCELLOR, the LORD CHIEF BARON, the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, and LORD PENZANCE, playing a rubber under the mistletoe suspended from the centre of Westminster Hall.

Final Tableau. Scene of general amiability, good fellowship, and philanthropy, in the Venetian Parlour at the Mansion House. The Emperor of RUSSIA and the SULTAN seated, side by side, on an Ottoman, and SIR AUSTEN LAYARD handing them coffee. The POPE and the KING of ITALY exchanging Christmas Cards. REV. ORBY SHIPLEY exchanging ideas with the President of the Wesleyan Conference. The Editors of the *Globe* and the *Echo* playing backgammon. LORD BEACONSFIELD passing the Loving Cup to MR. GLADSTONE. LORD LAWRENCE offering LORD LYTON a light. SIR WILFRID LAWSON on a sofa between BARCLAY and PERKINS. Captain BURNABY laughing over *Punch's Ride to Khiva* with MR. CHAMBERLAIN. MR. RUSKIN helping MR. WHISTLER to etch the party. The Old Year introducing the New Year to the Lord Mayor and the assembled company, and MR. *Punch* kissing BRITANNIA under the mistletoe.



A SEASONABLE GIFT OF NATURE.

Hostess, famed for her glimmers (to distinguished guests). "I HOPE YOU ARE HUNGRY, SIR JAMES!" "No, Mrs. SAYTHE, I AM NOT HUNGRY; BUT, THANK GOODNESS, I AM GREEDY!"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



MONDAY,
Dec. 16th.—
Amidst a
hush of sor-
row in the
House of

Commons reflecting the nation's sadness out of doors, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER moved, and the Marquis of HARTINGTON seconded, in few and feeling words befitting the theme, an Address of Condolence to the QUEEN on the death of the Princess ALICE.

Words could not fail the orators on such a text. They whose duty it is to speak the general grief for this unlooked-for loss are embarrassed in the choice of topics for their praise of one who was the blessing of the home she left, and that to which she came, who united all that is wise and gracious in crowned head with all that is best and most loveable in daughter, sister, wife, and mother. There is only one feeling as strong as the nation's sorrow—its sympathy

with all who have lost her love, from the QUEEN at Windsor, and the widowed husband and motherless children in the darkened Palace at Darmstadt, down to the humblest of those reached by her wise and loving care about her German home.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, antedating the Christmas Pantomimes after the fashion of the day, performed the favourite trick of dropping the red-hot poker—the grant to the Rhodope sufferers serving capitably for poker. The Opposition, naturally, finding a poker within their reach, used it to poke their fun at the Government, till Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE was fain to take shelter from the heavy artillery of Mr. ANDERSON and Sir G. CAMPBELL, and the livelier assaults of Sir W. HARCOURT and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, behind Sir ROBERT PEEL.

Mr. STANHOPE then moved the resolution (already carried in the Lords) for the Commons' sanction to the application of Indian revenues to the Afghan War. The Act required it—and the House, he hoped, would award it. But such sanction would not preclude

future apportionment of the cost between Indian poverty and Imperial wealth. The war was a little war now: if it grew, we might spread the payment to meet the growth of its cost. All the Government asked for at present was permission to put its hand into India's pocket and take what it wanted. There ought to be a Surplus there—though it had come down by a million since last heard of—but still there was enough to pay the money we were likely to want just now, and something over for the Famine Insurance Fund, which the Surplus had been raised to supply. He couldn't be bothered with making the figures come right. All the House had to do was to sanction their taking what Government wanted from India without the bother of continual explanations to the House of Commons.

Mr. FAWCETT must continue to object. By the Ministerial case the war was for Imperial, not Indian purposes, and the cost of it should come out of JOHN BULL's pocket, not poor half-starved India's. The sanction asked for would give Government an unlimited Vote of Credit on the Indian Revenue. They talked about ultimate apportionment between English backs and Indian. The House should have some assurance that there would be such an apportionment, and on what principle it would be made.

Mr. GLADSTONE seconded the Amendment, and with Mr. LAING, Sir G. CAMPBELL, Mr. O. MORGAN, and even such more scrupulous supporters of the Government as Sir W. BARTELOTT and Mr. HEBBARD, argued, as if the matter were not a foregone conclusion, and to-morrow's one hundred and ten majority safe in the Whip's pockets. But for decency's sake the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER agreed to an adjournment of the debate.

Tuesday (Lords).—The Earl of BEACONSFIELD, in emphatic and over-stilted terms, moved, and Earl GRANVILLE seconded, in better taste, the Peers' Condolence to the QUEEN on the death of the Princess ALICE.

Then their Lordships adjourned till Thursday, February 13.

Commons.—To a question from Mr. HUBBARD about the heavy cloud of distress overlying the country, and the still blacker clouds looming behind it, Mr. CROSS gave as comfortable an answer as could be extracted from reports of the chief local authorities of Edinburgh, Liverpool, and Manchester. The coal and iron districts have yet to speak by their official mouths. *Punch* is glad to hear that Mr. SCATER-BOOTH does not think the distress as yet so severe as to require exceptional measures. For the present the Poor Law is strong enough to meet the pull on the rates. Long may it continue so, prays *Punch*, with a heavy heart. There would be more comfort in the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER's assurance that the Government does not intend to guarantee a Turkish Loan without the previous approval of Parliament, did not *Punch* feel that the Government have only to ask our Parliament for approval of a guarantee for a Turkish Loan, or anything else they like, to get it.

Lord ELCHO suddenly sprung on the House the report of the Rhodope Commission, twitting the Opposition with their silence about the horrors therein revealed, as compared with their quick susceptibility to the atrocities of the first Bulgarian massacres.

Mr. HERSCHELL deprecated the casting of aspersions by either side on the point of humanity, or the claim of a monopoly for either of sympathy with suffering, whether of Turks or Christians.

After an intimation from the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, that the Government did not intend to lay before the House any estimate of the expenses of the Afghan war, or any plan for its apportionment between India and British revenues, the debate on Mr. STANHOPE's Motion was resumed by Professor PLAYFAIR, who dissected, with his keen Scotch scalpel, the question, first, of the character of the war—whether Imperial or Indian—and next, of the sufficiency of the Indian Surplus to bear its cost thus far. Till last week, it was a war of the Cabinet; now, by vote of a majority of the House, it had become a war of Imperial policy. The shrunk Surplus of a million and a half of Indian revenue was a Famine Insurance fund, which we could not touch without breaking faith with the poor people of India. There was greater danger to India in the pressure of increased taxation, than in the shadowy Muscovite Spectre, seen, or supposed to be seen, over the mountains of Afghanistan, but, in sober earnestness, as unreal as the Spectre of the Broken. The English people had returned a majority to support the spirited Foreign policy of the Government. The war was a part of that policy. *Ergo*, the English people ought to bear the cost of it.

Lord G. HAMILTON made effective use of his lately-acquired office knowledge of Indian matters to argue that the war was an Indian war, and that Indian revenue was strong enough to bear its burden. In proof whereof he daringly rushed into the tangle of figures out of which Mr. STANHOPE had prudently retreated.

Mr. *Punch* can only say he remains perfectly in the dark as to the real amount of Surplus available for the war, without trenching on the Famine Fund; but, so far as he can make out, if you diminish that fund one-half, and increase the Surplus by about as much, you may have a million to play with.

Sir H. JAMES came down heavily, as usual, on the ATTORNEY-

GENERAL, and gave an able lawyer's reasons in favour of Mr. GLADSTONE's view that Government are breaking the Act of 1853 in taking Indian revenues to pay for war beyond British India without previous consent of Parliament. The SOLICITOR-GENERAL put in a lawyer's plea for the opposite opinion.

Sir G. BALFOUR gave a military economist's, Sir W. LAWSON, a humanitarian humorist's, Mr. NEWDEGATE, a conscientious Constitutionalist's, Mr. MUNDELLA, an intelligent employer's, and Mr. CHILDERS an able ex-official's reasons against the Government proposal.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER summed up by a reiteration of the legality and necessity of all that had been done, and of the Government's distinct refusal to saddle England with any part of the cost of this war, as a matter of expediency, still less of right. It might turn out to be a little war—a clash of iron pot with pipkin—in which case India could pay for it, and ought to pay for it. It might turn out a big war—a serious collision of iron pot with pot; and then England might contribute to the cost in her great goodness, but only by a vote in aid of the Indian Government.

After a reminder from the Marquis of HARTINGTON that in this way the power of the House to control questions of peace and war was brought to nought, and its duty to protect the purse of the British tax-payer made a mockery, and a protest from Mr. JACON BRIGHT against this mode of disposing of the Indian Surplus—if any—the House divided, 125 for, and 235 against, Mr. FAWCETT's Amendment, giving the Government a majority of 110 for taking the cost of the war out of Indian pockets.

And then the House adjourned till February 13th, with the happy feeling of the "Northern Farmer"—

"I thow't that A'd dune what A ou't to ha' dune, and A coomed awa-y!"

"May good digestion wait on appetite, and health on both!" is *Punch's* farewell wish as he dismisses his Collective Wisdom to its Christmas dinner.

CHRISTMAS APPEALS.

TO BEACONSFIELD fresh fireworks making ready:

Steady, Sir, steady!

TO GLADSTONE planning pamphlet, speech, or P. C.:

Do take it easy!

TO RUSSIA fain to best the British Lion:

Such tricks don't try on!

TO ENGLAND quaking at the Russian Bear:

Shame on such scare!

TO JINGOES spouting fustian wild and windy:

Silence that shandy!

TO ANTI-JINGOES shouting out of season:

Have faith in reason!

TO PRESS and Pen that stoop in dirt to dabble:

Shut up, vile rabble!

TO ART which quackery and quarrel taint:

Don't argue!—print!

TO LAW that shows a temper rüde and rancoröus:

Cut the cantankeröus!

TO SCANDAL's mud-larks, dunghill-faking spies,

To Truth leave lies!

TO ALL who get great *Punch's* tips to-day:

Read! mark! obey!

A Class of Cases.

UNDER the head of "Contents" the other day, in the *Times*, we find—

"FAILURES—The Burton Crescent Murder—Letters to the Editor (Lord PENZANCE and the Lord Chief Justice: Lord LYTTON and the AMEER: the AMEER and YAKOOB KHAN)—Law Report (Supreme Court of Judicature: High Court of Justice)."

A collection of facts and particulars as to men and things, which would seem to come more appropriately under the head of "Non-Contents," than "Contents."

APPROPRIATE ALTERATION OF NAME.

In future the favourite, and most indigestible form of Christmas pastry will be known as "Mince Pies-on."



IN MEMORIAM.

Princess Alice of Great Britain,

GRAND DUCHESS OF HESSE-DARMSTADT.

BORN, APRIL 25, 1843.

DIED, DECEMBER 14, 1878.

THRONES stand apart, their lives that sit thereon
Fenced in with forms, by ceremony barred
From common converse with plain truths, and lone,
Though in full light of all the world's regard.

Sad lives were theirs in such high slavery bound,
But for the love that will not be denied
Its way to human hearts, though, robed and crowned,
Their owners sit apart in sceptred pride.

For Kings and Queens are men and women too,
And palaces are homes, on which descend
The blessings that well-governed homes ensue,
The curses that on ill-ruled homes attend.

Our QUEEN among all Queens this truth has known,
And made us know it, for her country's cheer;
Best-ruled of English homes in hers has shown,
Till, from the highest to the humblest here,

England has joyed her joy and grieved her grief,
Prayed at her side by her good husband's bed,
And when Heaven sent the woe beyond relief,
Our hearts, that could not comfort, for her bled.

We knew such light was round that darkened throne
As comes from children's love and widow's faith;
And most we heard and blest the name of one
Whose heart showed firmest by that bed of death.

One sweet face earliest at the sufferer's side,
Latest to seek the rest that love gainsays;
One weakness still the stronger the more tried,
One yearning look that met his latest gaze.—

And when fond daughter was made loving wife,
And carried to her home beyond the sea
England's God-speed, we joyed to learn her life
Was all a life so disciplined should be.

As wife, as mother, and as sovereign there
She lived by the example set her here;
Sowing all round the seed that fruit must bear
Of blessedness, far on, from year to year.

When joy and sorrow wove into her lot
Their web of bright and black, we noted still
How joy into o'erweaving raised her not,
How sorrow wrung no murmur at Heaven's will.—

Just seventeen years since then, and as our Queen
Touched the dark threshold of her day of woe,
Still in that memory of love kept green,
Lo, now, she, too, hath gone—where all must go,

Princes and subjects—gone, so young, to rest;
Gone from the home she loved, the children fair
She reared as she was reared, the land she blessed,
The wise good works whereof she made her care.

So fair, so young, so good, so much well done
Of life's best work, so much left still to do:
Sweet soul—with all those crowns so early won,
There needed not the mother-martyr's too!

Her death was such as such a life should find,—
A death in love, caught from her boy's dear lips.
Sorrow is well for those she leaves behind
In sudden darkness of this swift eclipse,

But not for her,—she is where love sits crowned
Upon the Throne, has reached the shining shore:
Is with the sire in whom her heart was bound,
Is with the babes she finds to lose no more.

CHRISTMAS FANCIES.



(Papa's.)

FANCY what a blessing it would be if Christmas bills could be abolished!

Mamma's.—Fancy what a state the boys' clothes will be in when they come home for the holidays, and fancy what Papa will say when I tell him that the girls have been obliged to buy new bonnets!

Miss Clara's.—Fancy if Mamma won't let me write to ask poor Cousin CHARLEY to come and spend his Christmas with us!

Miss Ethel's

and Miss Edith's.—Fancy if Papa won't take us to a Pantomime!

Miss Polly's and Miss Dolly's.—Fancy what a lot of sugar-plums Aunt JANE has bought for scrambles!

Master Arthur's.—Fancy what a bore this thaw is, just as I'd begun to do the outside edge a bit!

Master George's.—Fancy if there comes another frost to stop my hunting, now Papa has given me a new pony!

Master Tommy's.—Fancy Christmas Day without a jolly lot of mince-pies and a plum-pudding!

Uncle Crusty's.—Fancy what a lucky thing it is that Christmas comes but once a year! Fancy having to meet one's poor relations twice!

Cousin Charley's.—Fancy if I get the chance of catching Cousin CLARA underneath the mistletoe!

Uncle Jolliboys.—Fancy what a rush the young ones will all make at me when they see me enter with my pockets full of presents!

Old Guttleton's.—Fancy having to dine out for a fortnight upon roast beef and boiled turkey!

Miss Chasuble's.—Fancy if the new Curate does not quite approve of our advanced ecclesiological style of pulpit-decoration!

Mr. Postman's.—Fancy the burden of Christmas-cards but for Christmas-boxes!

Mr. Quiverfull's.—Fancy if people would send one sack of coals, and other useful articles, instead of Compliments of the Season, and Happy New-Years!

Arry's.—Fancy doing the festive without a glass of fiz, and a stunnin' caper on the light fantastic!

Miss Juliet's.—Fancy if Captain ROMEO misses the down train, and doesn't arrive in time for our theatricals!

Mr. Cutabout's.—Fancy getting snowed up at the SLOWCOACHES'!

Miss Simperton's.—Fancy spending Christmas in a house without a mistletoe!

The Nicest of War News.

THIS is a pleasant telegram:—

"From Viceroy, December 14.—ROBERTS reports reached Shutar-garden 9th; returned to Ali-ehl 10th; not a shot fired."

Better luck than might have been expected at Shutar-garden.

THE AMEER'S EDUCATION.

It is said that SHERE ALI cannot read. This may be some reason why the Government should try to bring him to book. But have they taken the right way to teach him his lesson?

IN COURT.—In the "*Robertson v. Truth Libel Case*" the Beall Circular was far from being the "*Be-all and End-all*" of the affair.

ANYTHING BUT A PLEASANT BERTH AT CHRISTMAS.—In the Poultry.

SIGN OF CIVIC DISSOLUTION.—The City going to DE WORMS.



“AU PIED DE LA LETTRE.”

Free-Kirk Minister (to his “Elder”). “JOHN, I SHOULD LIKE YOU TO INTIMATE THAT ON MONDAY NEXT I PROPOSE PAYING PASTORAL VISITS IN THE HIGH AND NORTH STREETS, IN WHICH I ALSO HOPE TO EMBRACE ALL THE SERVANT GIRLS OF THE CONGREGATION IN THAT DISTRICT!”

His Wife (whom he'd lately married from the South). “YOU SHALL DO NOTHING OF THE KIND, SIR! LET ME SEE YOU DARE TO——!”
[Goes into hysterics!]

AN ARDUOUS QUEST.

“PEACE and Goodwill!” The pleasant words
For eighteen hundred years have sounded
In human ears midst clashing swords
Of foes by hate to contest hounded.
“Strange!” sighs the Jester, and the jest
Dies on his lips while watching sadly
Yon genial greybeard urge his quest
For what all hearts should hail so gladly.
Strange! Yet these words he'll echo still:
“Peace and Goodwill!”

“Peace and Goodwill!” They something jar
With other sounds this sad sore season,
Whilst foolish rufflers, shouting “War!”
Drown the calm voice of steadfast reason:
When patriot wisdom, firmly poised
On principles as Atlas stable,
Is shamed by windy watch-words noised
Abroad by babbling imps of Babel.
Patience! The words re-echo still:
“Peace and Goodwill!”

“Peace and Goodwill!” In sooth it seems
Poor Peace as a pale traitor's flouted,
A sickly birth of coward dreams,
By loyal manhood much misdoubted.
And for Goodwill!—a weakling's whim,
The cant of sentimental pleaders
For that stale doctrine preached by Him
Under the solemn Syrian cedars.
And yet His words do echo still:—
“Peace and Goodwill!”

“Peace and Goodwill!” Our Yuletide mirth
Is marred by sounds of wrath and sorrow,
Whilst War and Hate divide the earth,
And Ruin menaces the morrow.
Yet sober Sense must ply its task,
And Charity its sacred mission,
And Wit still strive to tear the mask
From each fresh face of Superstition,
Hearing the words that echo still:
“Peace and Goodwill!”

“Peace and Goodwill!” The cynic smile
Might mock a hope deferred so often;
But wiser souls will scarce revile
The season's dreams which soothe and soften.
All round the year, *sans* halt or fear,
Satire must war with specious seeming;
But when the Christmas-tide draws near,
Wit lends a wing to hopeful dreaming
Of times to come, with less to chill
“Peace and Goodwill!”

Blackwood for December.

BLACK-WOOD indeed! *The Cottage by the River* is a tale for the blackest wood that ever was. No connection with the “*Cottage by the Sea*,” or the old “*Cottage Near a Wood*.” But—

“If you want to shudder and shiver,
Read *The Cottage by the River*.”

BLADES BUT TOO SHARP SET.—What Sheffield *used* to be famous for, but wants sadly now—Wittles.



AN ARDUOUS QUEST.

MR. PUNCH. "WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING FOR, FATHER?"

FATHER CHRISTMAS. "PEACE ON EARTH, AND GOODWILL TOWARDS MEN!"

UNIVERSITY MUSICAL EXAM.



THE *Musical World*, our harmonious contemporary, under the head of "Pills for Candidates," gives Dr. G. A. MACFARREN'S Examination Questions for the degree of Bachelor of Music, but does not mention Dr. ARTHUR SULLIVAN'S, who was up at Cambridge a fortnight ago on the same business, and to whose musical notebook we are, we believe, indebted for the following posers, which will be put to the aspirants for "Musical Honours."

Q. 1. In the absence of any coin, counters, and a silver candlestick, how do you score a treble?

Q. 2. Explain, when you come to the twelfth bar, after stopping at eleven bars previously, the terms, "Pint," and "Counter-pint," as applied to Bass.

Q. 3. Write down the names of the places most convenient for running up a score. State any one place where we can safely mention your name.

Q. 4. Supposing the Candidate possessed of a good fiver, and a bad one, which would he look upon as "a passing note?"

Q. 5. Who was Box? Can more than one person sing a chorus?

Q. 6. Mention, without prejudice, what you know of Cox.

Q. 7. When did *Trial by Jury* first become a British Institution? How many in a Bar were there in *Trial by Jury*?

Q. 8. What rank did BOUNCER hold? Would it be correct to describe him as "A major"? If not, why not? State your reasons for this.

Q. 9. Given "*Be Mine*" as a title for a song, would you be justified in arranging the air for it in "B minor"?

Q. 10. Explain the distinction, if any, between "C sharp" and "Look sharp."

Q. 11. Can you write parts for two violins, and play them both yourself, without getting into a deuce of a scrape? If so, do it.

Q. 12. How much of the *Tonic Sol Fa* can you take in a table-spoonful of water? Is it a certain cure for the gout?

Q. 13. Given two Principals, can you have more than two Seconds? Answer expected in less than two minutes.

Q. 14. Give an instance—a sketch, if possible—of a Suspended First on a slack chord after preparation and resolution; then show him upside down hanging on by his feet as an example of inversion.

Q. 15. Write parts for two Trebles and the Rub.

Q. 16. Are chords only found on stringed instruments?

Q. 17. Show by your general answers that you can "stretch a point" when necessary.

Q. 18. Construct a Passage with pegs for coats and hats.

Q. 19. Is a *fugue* anything to eat? If so, when is it ripe?

(When this Paper has been satisfactorily answered, others will be given.)

Candidates inquiring as to the mode of conferring Musical Honours at the University are informed that the ceremony consists in their being invited, after dinner, to drink the health of their Professor, Dr. G. A. MACFARREN, proposed by the Vice-Chairman, Dr. ARTHUR SULLIVAN (Chevalier of the Legion of Honours Easy), finishing up with "*He's A Jolly Good Fellow*," which is the harmony of the evening, arranged for eight voices, every one on his legs, if possible.

The ancient versicle (*Cantabile apud Cantabs*), announcing the Musical Honours is generally used, "*Hic enim est jucundus et bonus Socius*," with the graceful Academical response, "*Et sic dicimus omnes!*"

The Vice-Chairman subsequently retires to rest, preceded by the Boots bearing the usual Silver Candlestick, which is removed by the same official on the Composer's composing himself to sleep, as he sings to himself the soothing refrain, "*Quod nemo negare potest.*"

WORKING OUT THE IDEA.—We have got electric gas-lighting, what wonder that Mr. EDISON should have hit upon electric gas-extinguishing?

FRIENDS AT A DISTANCE.

Being a Brief Record of a few Winter-seasonable Visits to certain Country Houses.

VISIT THE FIRST.—CHAPTER VII.

Entrance—Ghost Stories Commence—Unsatisfactory—Deepening Shadows—My Story—Hoshford's—Others—Josslyn—Departure—Remainder—Nervous Aunt—Dogs—Retiring to Rest.

THE door remains open for a few seconds. No one appears. Then servants enter with coffee. We all seem much relieved, having, though no one liked to own it, expected a ghost, or several ghosts.

GOOL had been keeping the door open with one hand, so as to give free passage to the servants.

GOOL himself now follows handing the liqueurs.

Happy Thought. Spirits—no Ghosts.

Conversation languishes during the ceremony of helping ourselves to coffee. JOSSLYN DYKE motioning us to silence. We are all longing to continue the conversation about ghosts, specially to hear JOSSLYN DYKE'S own experiences in this very house, the old Mote; but he puts his finger to his lips, as though saying, "Not before the Boy—I mean—Not before the Butler."

Servants must feel rather awkward during the dead silence.

GOOL doesn't. He seldom speaks unless addressed by someone. In fact, the Phantom Butler himself might be described as a Mute in attendance on a Dead Silence.

Usually, GOOL floats or glides out of a room. But now, when we all have our eyes on the door, which is held open for him by a servant, in return for GOOL'S previous courtesy, we see the Phantom Butler actually walk out, as solemnly, but as really as *Hamlet's* father's ghost does on the stage,—that particular ghost is usually a very heavy and very human person, with a sonorous voice,—and so if GOOL came in like a Ghost, at all events, he goes out like a Butler. This sounds like a proverb—"To come in like a Ghost, and go out like a Butler."

The room is gloomy, so many of the candles having guttered down and been extinguished.

In the dark recesses, the shadows are listening,—cold shadows far away from the fire.

In the robes of some of the portraits on the walls suddenly appear grotesque faces, formed by the pleats and the folds. We point these out to one another in an undertone, and everyone says, "Odd!"

JOSSLYN DYKE alone seems to think nothing odd in his house that is at all goblinous in character. In his opinion the Mote is the very place for ghosts and goblins; and he wouldn't keep it a day, at least, so it seems, were he not sure of the place being full of them.

Someone remarks that if there are not ghosts here, at all events, there are rats in the wainscot.

JOSSLYN quietly returns, that for his part he likes rats in the wainscot. He also likes ghosts; the ghost *not* in the wainscot. Both in their proper places.

In a second we are back "to our muttons"—that is, to our ghosts.

JOSSLYN wishes to reserve his evidence until the others have given theirs: whereupon PELKIN WADD, the ex-Master of Chancery, volunteers an account of a friend of his, whose daughter saw an old man, in a fur cloak, sitting on a box in a room at the top of their house. She recognised him as a friend of the family who had gone to New York, or somewhere; at all events he was the last person she would have expected to find sitting in a box-room at the top of the house.

We quite agree that this is extraordinary in itself, as such a proceeding would be absurdly eccentric on the part of any friend of any family.

"What did she do?" I ask.

"She went down-stairs," answers PELKIN WADD, very slowly, as though he were on his oath and paying the greatest attention to details, "called her mother, and said, 'Oh, Mamma, I'm so frightened! There's Mr. WADDLOVE, in a fur cloak, sitting on a trunk in the box-room!'"

We are breathless.

PELKIN WADD continues, "She said, 'Oh, nonsense! it can't be!' but her daughter insisted on her accompanying her up-stairs. So up they went, opened the door—"

"Yes," we all say—all except JOSSLYN DYKE—bending forward eagerly.

"And—could see nothing. The ghost in the fur cloak had vanished."

We are all dissatisfied.

"Might have been a burglar," remarks SANDILANDS.

No, no, we won't have any such commonplace explanation as that. Besides, do burglars go about in fur cloaks, and sit quietly on boxes? SANDILANDS retorts, "Yes; why not, when they've nothing else to do?"

PELKIN WADD wishes to add the finish to his story.

"A letter came, some time after," he recommences—(Ah! now



MUSIC OF THE FUTURE.

Music being taught no longer by the ear, but by the eye exclusively (and forming a part of Compulsory Education), Organ-Grinders are superseded by Peripatetic Professors bearing the printed Scores of the Best Masters, and beating time as they turn over the leaves.

Shoe-Black (reading). "HEAVENLY ADAGIO, AIN'T IT, BILL?"

Crossing-Sweeper. "YES! BUT I THINK HE'S TAKING THE TEMPO TOO ACCELERATO!"

WE'RE ALL A-NAGGING.

Nag! Nag! Nag!
There is nought *but* nagging now;
The general tongue seems to spitefully wag
To the tune of Unlimited Row.
For the Outs they nag the Ins,
And the Ins they nag the Outs;
The man who loses nags him who wins;
When the loser stops nagging the winner begins,
And 'tis cocking of noses and lifting of chins,
And changing of buffets and flouts.
Grim GLADSTONE nags the Earl,
And the Earl nags W. G.,
With the temper and taste of two roughs o'er their purl,
Or a brace of old vixens at tea.
And Rad nags Tory, and Tory Rad;
And Cad nags Swell, and Swell nags Cad;
Poet nags Poet, as hound bays hound,
And the Parsons nag at each other all round.
The Critic sublime, with a temper short,
The Artist nags in right Billingsgate sort;
And the Artist nags back, in open Court,
In a fashion that giveth the groundlings sport,
And maketh the Cynic grin.

Nag! Nag! Nag! Nag!
There is never an end to the din.
And now, alas! the contagion spreads
To the biggest-wigged of the big-wigged heads:
Law's Top Lights join in the wordy fray,
And nag each other in such a fashion,
It puzzles the weary observer to say

Which Light may boast
That he nags the most
Like a grumpy old girl in a passion.
Oh, angry Goodies of either sex,
Invective's vocables cease to vex
With such misapplication;
Your slang-whang rivalries much perplex
A squabble-sickened nation.

Are tact and taste and good-temper fled?
Politeness vanished, and patience dead?
Sage's tantrums and Statesmen's tiffs,
Bards indulging in sneers and sniffs,
Judges burning the midnight oil
To point and sharpen, with petty toil,
Tiny dartlets of puny spite—
Bah! 'tis a paltry and piteous sight,
And makes one wonder, now and then,
What has become of all the Men?
When female tongues in wrath are wagging,
Reason weakens as words grow strong,—
But now the favourite Gentleman's song
Would seem "We're all a-nagging!"

we're going to have the real point!)—"from New York, saying, that at such a time and on such a day, Mr. WADDILOVE died; and, on comparing dates, the moment of his decease exactly corresponded with the time of the apparition. I don't attempt to explain this sort of thing," says PELKIN WADD, mysteriously; "I only tell you what was told me on really unimpeachable authority."

During the discussion that follows PELKIN WADD's narrative, I try to think of a ghost-story—a first-rate one—told me by the very man himself, who had seen the ghost, with the names, dates, places, and everything as clear as daylight; and himself, the narrator, a public character, above fear, and of irreproachable morality. Dear me! What *was* his name? I feel it is no use beginning the story, unless I can give *his* name; and I can't, for the life of me, recall it at this moment. I shall probably remember it to-morrow, when I am miles away from the present party. Still, if I could but remember the story *now*, it is so good, so convincing, and would be presented on such evidence, that I am sure I should dwell in the grateful remembrance of every one, as *the raconteur* of the marvellous story of this evening. And as I am only second-hand with this story, having received it directly from the person to whom it occurred, any one wishing to treat his friends to such a story, would naturally send for *me*. In fact, it is one of those stories, which is a little fortune in itself to diners-out. It is far better than a humorous story, as the interest depends on getting it first-hand, if possible, but if not, at all events second-hand; while a humorous story may be all the better for the little embellishments and additions of various witty *raconteurs*; truth, in the latter case, being no object.

I do wish I could remember my story.

HOSHFOORD tells us about what he himself saw when he was sleeping in some old manor house.

"I woke up," he declares, "and saw as clearly as I see you"—this he addressed to PELKIN WARD, who is a very evident object—"a woman in a sort of white dress, and without a head."

This does startle us. Without a head! We all unconsciously move our chairs nearer the fire, and the shadows seem to be creeping slowly up towards us out of the recesses. Looking nervously behind me, it seems that we are at this moment only separated by the dining-table from the shadows.

"But," says SANDILANDS, "you were dreaming."

We all wish to force HOSHFOORD into allowing that he doesn't know whether he was dreaming or waking. He won't alter a single item of his story. He says in effect you can take it or leave it. There it is, swallow it, or don't swallow it. I should like to suggest the explanation, that it was somebody who had lost her head, and wandered into his room; but I know JOSSELYN DYKE would set this down to sneering or trifling, while really it is only due to nervousness.

"I tell you," he affirms with evident conviction, "that I saw a Headless Woman standing at the foot of my bed, as clearly as I see anyone in this room."

JOSSELYN observes calmly. "Certainly. Why not?"

We are all silent. Why shouldn't HOSHFOORD see a Headless Woman? No: no one can state any just cause or impediment. I am still trying to remember my story. I don't like to say "I've got such a capital ghost-story if I could only recollect it." That's the truth; but I must be silent, as truth is not to be told at all times.

Then JOSSELYN, being asked to give some account of The Mote, begins by saying, "Well, I am not fond of talking about it"—this sounds as though he were on intimate terms with the ghosts, and didn't like to betray their secrets.



"VESTMENTS."

High Church Housemaid (to Low Church Cook). "LOE, COOK, HOW CAN YOU SIT AND LISTEN TO A MAN AS WEARS 'NOTHIN' BUT BLACK ALPACA! YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN OUR YOUNG PRIEST THIS MORNING! HE HAD ON A BLACK SILK SKIRT WITH A WHITE CAMBRIC TUNIC TRIMMED WITH REEL WALANSHEENS LACE AS MISSIS GIVE HIM, A NARREER 'IGH-ART GREEN SCARF ROUND HIS NECK; AN' WHEN HE FOLDED HIS ARMS ACROSS HIS BUZZUM, WITH HIS 'AIR PARTED DOWN THE MIDDLE, OH, HE LOOKED PUFFECKLY LOV-E-LY!"

"There's not a room in the house," he goes on deliberately, "that isn't haunted. I don't wish," he interrupts himself to say, turning to me; "I don't wish you to repeat this to my Aunt, or she would be frightened into fits, and wouldn't get a wink of sleep all night."

I intimate that on no account would I mention the subject to his Aunt, Mrs. TUPTON; and of course I feel bound to accept as a compliment the fact of his confiding the ghost-stories of The Mote to me, as much as to imply that I am dauntless, and my repose not to be disturbed by a thousand ghosts.

I wish I could recollect my story of my friend who saw a ghost. I can't even recollect his name; and its credit depends on his personal authority. It's better than anything I have heard yet—except, perhaps, HOSHOFD's, about the Headless Woman—which was first hand. I remark, however, curiously enough, that the general tendency is to give implicit credit to second-hand stories, but to question the good faith of anyone who relates something marvellous that happened to himself. In fact, on our quitting the room, I overheard AYSFORD SYNGE asking SANDILANDS what the latter had thought of HOSHOFD's story, and receiving the curt reply that in his (SANDILAND's) opinion, HOSHOFD was screwed and didn't know what he was talking about." How much better HOSHOFD's story will come out when he himself isn't present. I shall tell it myself, if I can recollect it, and, of course, shall add that the man to whom it happened was as sober as a judge on the bench, and one of the most sensible men I've ever met.

JOSSLYN DYKE informs us, that "There is one room in the house—he would rather not mention which—where the wicked old lord, the Earl of DEFORD—was murdered. The assassins, it was supposed, entered either through a panel or from behind the bed; and after the deed, they managed to conceal the body in a closet, where it was found some months afterwards. The figure of the old Earl is seen,

A NEW IDEA.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

You can't think how awfully tired some of us boys are getting of parties. What's the good of a conjuror when we may see MASKELYNE AND COOKE any day, besides lots of Pantomimes? Then it's an awful bore to dance with the little girls, and at one's own house they make one take all that can't get partners. If two or three fellows do get together, and have a wrestling match or anything rational, there's sure to be a row about it. Now, *Mr. Punch*, I tell you what I want, and that is to have some little beggars who have never been to a Christmas Party in their lives, and give them what somebody calls a new sensation. I don't mean real beggars, you know,—there's plenty of Board School children who would do well enough. And I don't mean a school feast either, with tea handed round in watering-cans, and stodgy cake, and the school-master hoping the children are "grateful to their benefactors," and all that bosh. No, I want to have lots of real cake and bread and butter, and I should not mind a Christmas tree, or bran tub (only I should like to buy the things at some of those beggarly little shops where they never get a customer). After tea, we could let the girls dance, if they liked it, and would not one of the street barrel-organ fellows like to come in and play! And, to wind up, you, dear *Mr. Punch*, could call round yourself, and wouldn't that be a lark!

Do persuade mother to let us have this party. She says, "there are the carpets." So there are, but she takes them up for her ball, and so she might for mine.

Your constant reader,

FIFTH FORM.

Mottoes for Mr. Gladstone's Birthday-Axe.

[Some friends of Mr. GLADSTONE have presented him, on his sixty-ninth birthday, with a model of the American axe he is in the habit of using—the head of silver, and the handle of ebony.]

For the Silver Head.—"Speech is silvern, Silence is golden."

For the Ebony Handle.—"Cut and come again."

A GREAT UNKNOWN (*who "has done good by stealth, and blushed to find it fame"*).—The author of the Rhodope-Grant proposal.

HOME-RULERS.—Our Wives!

points to the wounds with one hand, and with the other to a dark mark on the wall, where it is supposed he had secreted some important papers. These have never been found."

"Have you ever seen the ghost—yourself?" I ask, for I don't like to inquire if I am to sleep in the haunted chamber: and if I can get him to start a good long ghost-story, it will give me time to remember mine. Also I feel that if I can only tell a ghost-story myself, I shall be less nervous.

"Oh dear! yes," replies JOSSLYN, "often."

Silence. We regard one another. JOSSLYN is perfectly sober, at all events. On the other hand, he is our host, and no one likes to question or contradict him.

"Isn't there a room here that hasn't been opened for centuries?" asks PELKIN WADD.

"Yes," replies JOSSLYN; "but the door is concealed, and we've never been able to discover it. But what I've seen in this very room where we are now sitting," he says, impressively, "would—" Here he pauses.—So do I!

In Obitum Principissæ Aliciæ.

(From the Charterhouse.)

FILIA cara, soror dulcis, fidissima conjux,
Mater, cui soboles vitæ pretiosior ipsa,
Te tua voce unâ gemit Anglia, te memor isdem
Prosequitur lacrymis, te nunquam oblita silebit.

QUOTATION FOR FROSTY WEATHER.

"*In medio tutissimus ibis*,"—i.e. "The middle of the road is the safest walking."

PUNCH'S PRIZE CHRISTMAS ACROSTIC.

Beauty's Appeal.

ANSWER—against anxious asking; answer in an apt Acrostic
 MAKE me—merry madcap Maxim masking Mind in Mirth's Monostich—
 EXplanation entertaining, through essential Evolution!
 RATtling, roaring, rushing, royst'ring, rude in reckless Resolution!
 READ in rhythmic Rhyme the Reason Routs and Revels rude return;
 YES, and why your yelling Youngsters year by year for Yuletide yearn!

The Sage's Answer.

CHRISTmas comes, Champagne-consuming, Cos-sacks', Cards', and Crackers' cause,
 HIPping Hunters (Hard-frost Haters), hanging Holly, Hips, and Haws,
 RICH in Roast-beef, Rum-punch, Raisins, Riddles, Rhymes, and Roundelays,
 INfluenzas, Indigestions, Icicles, and Ivy-sprays,
 SHootings, Squeezings, Skatings, Sneezings, Slidings, Sludges, Snows, and Sleetings,
 TURkeys, Truffles, Tailors' Tottles, *Trois-temps*, Tips, and toothsome Treats,
 MA's Match-making, mirthful Maidens, Mistletoe, moist Mouths that meet,
 Aches and Ailments, Ale and Apples, Almonds, Alcohol ablaze—
 SUCH the Season's Sweets and Sorrows!—so this Sage serenely says!

THE NEW YEAR'S ANNUAL.

OR, rather Perennial—*esto perpetua!* prays *Punch*—is *Kelly's Post Office Directory*. There seemed no room in it for improvement, or anything else, yet improvements have been found, or made, room for. The Map is more manageable, the cross references less cross, the trade names fuller, the *Court Guide* more courteous than ever. And if *KELLY's* great *Directory* has a competitor for cheapness, completeness, compendiousness, and clear arrangement of contents, it is *Whitaker's Almanack*, which, after *Punch's* own, stands as the *ne plus ultra* of Almanack-making.

RAILWAY INSURANCE.

THE London, Chatham, and Dover Company have clapped an additional five per cent. on their Season-tickets. Of course this means a rise of five per cent. in their servants' wages?

MINISTERIAL READING (*not accepted by the Public*).—Charity begins at—Rhodope.



THE PARSON'S GRATE.

(A Christmas (Fire) Box for all Mr. Punch's Readers.)

MR. MECHI has long been known as a liberal dispenser of the light derived from his own useful experiences as a farmer, crop-grower, stock-breeder, stock-feeder, and in many other capacities. He now comes forward as a source of heat, as well as light, in his enthusiastic circular of what he calls the Parson's Grate.

This grate is a long, deep, but narrow trough, with fire-brick ends, back, and floor; the front is an iron hurdle, having from six to ten bars of round iron 7-16ths of an inch thick, with intervals of 1½ inches. A trough 16 inches deep and 14 inches wide will heat a full-sized room, containing 450 superficial feet. The interior of the grate is only 4½ inches from back to front at its base, and 5½ inches at the level of the top bar. This thin stratum of coal permits the air, which enters only through the front bars, to circulate freely between the coals, and thus causes perfect combustion.

Except when fitted to previous register stoves, the floor of the grate is level with the floor of the room; when applied to existing stoves, the trough is fitted into the grate.

MR. MECHI tells us, as a proof of the discontent with our present system of warming, falsely so called, that he has received in ten days more than 1,000 letters, complaining of insufficient warming, and requesting instructions for constructing the model.

He suggests that these grates are specially fitted for railway-stations, board-schools, and other rooms of large area. They can be inexpensively adapted either to the agricultural labourer's cottage or to houses of higher pretensions. He speaks from more than twelve months' experience of their use. For a room 30 feet by 20, a grate 24 inches wide and 14 inches high would give, he says, a superabundance of heat, and its cost including the setting, need not exceed about £3. If required for richly furnished rooms the ornamentation can be costly, according to desire. At present our railway-stations are cheerless in winter. As for our living-rooms, the heat from the common grate is carried up the chimney instead of being diffused in the room.

The Parson's Grate dries and expands the air in the room, so that one feels warm all over, and, under its influence, the floor is the warmest part of the room, instead of (as at present) the coldest.

Kettles and saucepans, he says, will boil almost as quick on trivets in front of the Parson's Grate as on the top; and as to toast!

A lady friend of MR. MECHI's said to him:—"I cannot make toast at any one of my strong drawing register stoves, but have to go to the Kitchen Grate." He reminds us that there are nearly Ten Millions of Fire Grates in the United Kingdom on wrong principles. "If so," as he naturally soliloquises, "what a scope for reform!"

One never comes to an end of the blessings of the Parson's Grate. In it the fire may be left without attention for four or five hours.

In fact, it is not uncommon to find fire lit in it overnight still burning in the morning.

It requires very little poking.

Smoke from the coal burnt in it is converted into flaming gas. In fact, it first produces flame, then coke, and then burns the coke to an incombustible ash. It does away with smoky chimneys, and releases chimney-sweepers from their dirty and degrading occupation.

In short, before this wonderful grate, contrived, one would say, for poor Parsons, and so appropriately christened after them, and MR. MECHI ready to send instructions for its construction, if accompanied (as contributions to *Mr. Punch* should be), by a postage-stamp, *Mr. Punch* can only say to the Parsons—who may be presumed to understand Latin—

"Felices nimium, sua si bona norint."

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

THE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD.—An English Dictionary, with the pages turned down at the words "Peace" and "Honour," Maps of Asia Minor and Central India, and *Keith on Fulfilled Prophecy*, with illustrations from *Tancred* and *Vivian Grey*.

Lord Salisbury.—A humble pie, of the largest size.

Sir Stafford Northcote.—A Ready Reckoner, a backboard, a set of dumb-bells, and a pair of spectacles.

Mr. Gladstone.—A copy of the old song, "*Pray, Goody, please to moderate the rancour of your tongue*," and the rules of the game of "Follow your Leader."

The Marquis of Hartington.—A box of stimulant powders.

Lord Lytton.—A copy of *The Return of the Native*.

The Editor of the "Pall Mall Gazette".—A box of Bugbears.

The Ameer of Afghanistan.—An invitation to spend Christmas with the Emperor of RUSSIA.

The Khedive of Egypt.—A few more foreign Ministers and a little less ready money.

The Sultan of Turkey.—A loan—left alone.

Mr. Edison.—The fervent blessings of the Gas Companies.

The Directors of the Glasgow Bank.—Deferred until after their trial.

Major O'Gorman.—A step in rank, and a charger up to thirty stone.

The Lord Chief Justice of England.—A moderator lamp, to be used with a reflector and midnight oil.

THE BIGGEST OF CHRISTMAS CRACKERS.—To talk of the present Season as a merry one.

RUMINATIONS FOR 1879.



Will Lord BEACONSFIELD surprise us with a new epigram or a new island, a fresh title or a fresh treaty?

Will a war be commenced, or a secret agreement, involving tremendous consequences, concluded, without the knowledge and consent of the Parliament and the People; and will the previous sanction of the Legislature still be indispensable for the abolition of a Turnpike Trust, or the repairs of the Ambassador's residence at Constantinople?

Will Mr. GLADSTONE return to power and cut down abuses instead of trees;

or will he retire from public life altogether and (politically) "cut his stick"?

Will the POPE and the King of ITALY eat their macaroni and smoke their cigarettes together?

Will Cleopatra's Needle be all the better for a year's acquaintance with the clear atmosphere and bright blue skies of the Thames Embankment?

Will the Right and the Left in the House of Commons remain as they are, or will they change benches?

Will the Liberals still start three Candidates to struggle for one seat (against a single Tory); and will they continue to resist cohesion as a party, because they are not all agreed about Public-houses, or Primogeniture, or Prebendaries?

Will the Education of poor neglected children still be a bone of contention, to be growled and fought over by Church and Chapel?

Will the Opera House on the Embankment be finished?

Will Gas Lamps be as Oil Lamps, and Electric Lamps as Gas Lamps?

Will there be Scientific Instruments invented, enabling us to see our friends and relations at the Antipodes?

Will there be a Sea Serpent on view at one of the Aquariums?

Will there be a good Grouse and Partridge Season?

Will there be a General Election?

Will there be a revival of commerce and cheerfulness, tranquillity and trade, peace and prosperity, exports and imports; and will there be more activity in the Home-Office, and less in the Foreign and India?

Will there be an immortal Poem or Novel written?

Will there be a new out-door Game thought out, to supersede Lawn Tennis, as Lawn Tennis has superseded Croquet?

Will there be anything fresh discovered about SHAKESPEARE?

Will the Public be on better terms with their fishmongers and butchers?

Will there be anything left of the fine old British Constitution this time next year?

Will there *not* be a bigger Income Tax?

THE COQUETTE'S MOTTO.—"*Deux jours fidèle.*"

A GRATEFUL QUEEN TO A GRIEVING AND SYMPATHISING PEOPLE.

ENGLAND'S heart has gone out towards the QUEEN in her great grief; and the QUEEN'S heart has uttered its gratitude to England, simply and sincerely, and as if in rebuke of the bombastic over-emphasis of Lord BEACONSFIELD in the House of Lords.

JANGLING CHIMES.

Mr. Punch loquitur.

PHEUGH! Bedlam in a belfry! Bless the boys!
You'll frighten the New Year with all this noise.
Ring out, wild bells! But, oh! not in this fashion,
Like demon tongues the clappers clang and clash on.

Sans time or tune,

About your ears you'll bring the belfry soon!
The bells all cracked, the pullers in a passion.
Stop! Stop, my lads, take breath, and slacken rope!
You do not call this chiming, I should hope?

'Tis but a mad and maddening Charivari,

Enough to raise Old HARRY.

The cymbals of the Corybantes clashing,
Ne'er made such harsh and inharmonious crashing
As your cacophonous Carillon. Ring in
The New Year with this dismal deafening din?—

Ah! absit omen!

You tug, and twist, and strain, like frantic foemen,
Not a right belfry-brotherhood of ringers.

Can such wild bells be bringers

Of benediction to a listening land?

BEN, hold that reckless hand,
And WILL, pull not so wildly; don't you see

Your crashing discords murder harmony,

And give the cue to Chaos? Sturdy JOHN,

All heedless of the score, may still tug on,

At the old well-worn rope. JOHN BULL has grown

A-weary of thy mellow monotone—

Which tells of times and tunes that used to be.

His rival there is pulling strenuously:

But an alarum, or a rataplan,

Seems his sole notion of bell-music. Hush!

Confound the man!

And now there's COCKBURN at it with a rush;

He should know better, so should that PENZANCE,

Than follow the wild dance.

And you, JOHN FORS, and JAMES, the Whistler smart,

Ought to know better how to play your part.

You may like different tunes; but anyhow

There's neither art nor harmony in Row!

Lawyer or priest, painter or critic 'cute,

Learn that a Carillon needs combination;

If each of you scorns calm co-operation,

For independence harsh and absolute,

You'd better far be mute.

Stop all of you, I say, and do try whether

You cannot pull in tune and time together;

Your mad spasmodic tuggings in blind anger,

Result in naught but a demoniac clangour,

Which deafens, not delights, shakes tower and steeple,

And sorely shocks and mystifies the people.

Start fresh, my lads! together set your bells,

And with a peal that tuneful sinks and swells

Ring in the young New Year!

Only too many Candidates for the Throne of Cabul.

YAKOUB KHAN, MOHAMED IBRAHIM, SHARIF KHAN, JALALUDEEN KHAN, AHMAD KHAN! A mere *embarras d'Ameers*!

"How happy could we be with any,
Were t'other dear claimants away."

LATEST FROM THE ROW.

WE understand that Lord LYTTON is now busy with a new work on the Interior of Afghanistan. How he must regret that he cannot use the paternal title, *What Will He do With It?*



"A HAPPY NEW YEAR!"



A FIEND IN HUMAN SHAPE.

"BEG PARDON, SIR! BUT I'VE JUST CAUGHT THESE TWO YOUNG RASCALS MAKING A SLIDE IN FRONT OF YOUR DOORSTEP, AND THEY SAY AS YOU GAVE 'EM PERMISSION!"

"IT'S QUITE CORRECT. I DID, POLICEMAN. THE FACT IS, I EXPECT MY MOTHER-IN-LAW TO LUNCHEON!"

A STANDING EVIL TO BE COUNTERACTED.

DR. A. W. EDIS, who has already written to the *Times*, on the cruelty of keeping shop-girls on their feet from the beginning to the end of their long day's work, has now published proof of the prevalence and cruelty of the practice in a pamphlet, under the auspices of the National Health Society, 44, Berners Street. *Punch* commends this pamphlet to the perusal of all humane and sensible employers of shopwomen, and all Lady-customers of shops in which women serve.

They could do much by preferring those shops in which provision is made to enable their hard-worked shopwomen to enjoy a snatch of rest in a moment of leisure, and letting it be known why they prefer them. *Ceteris paribus*, these are likely to be the shops in which they will be best served. Dr. EDIS's pamphlet gives all needful information how counter-seats may be and have been contrived, *Punch* is glad to say, by many thoughtful employers, at little cost, and no inconvenience.

The Ladies should not sit down content till the poor shopgirls can sit down too.

GREETINGS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

General Pipeclay. Afghan campaign, Eh? U'm, so far they might have done worse, considering they've all Company-officers in command! With the old and experienced Queen's officers they have ready to hand at home too! It's suicidal, Sir. But if they like to cut their own throats instead of the enemies, —

Admiral Blazes. New Year's Day, and we are not bombarding Cronstadt! Service has gone—you know where.

Lieutenant Easy, R.N. Yes, a naval campaign would have been all very jolly. Awful bore to lose one's hunting, though.

Mr. Screwmán (Manufacturer). Deuced hard times, Sir. Give you my word, a man must think twice before he opens a bottle of Lafitte or Pommery *très sec*.

John Jones (Labourer). Drat them Unions! Fourteen shillings a week was better than starving on strike. I've as good as forgotten the taste of beef, beer, and baccy.

Mr. Bung (Licensed Victualler). Awful times! Haven't sent away a customer with what you could call a skinful this fortnight past.

Voices from a Certain House (of Talk). Spirited foreign policy! That's your game! And as many millions as the Government like to ask for. Hear, hear!

Voices from Another House (of Work). There's a precious lot of us already, and more coming. Where'll they put us all, I wonder, if things gets wus'?

Everybody to Mr. Punch. Oh, please, *Mr. Punch*, here's another awfully black-looking New Year! What are we to do?

Mr. Punch to Everybody. Keep up your spirits, my friends! Better sense, better luck, better trade, and better times coming—let us hope.

NOT "UNIVERSAL AS THE SUN."

AN old reading—so old that *Punch* had hoped it was obsolete—and a new application of the burden of blessing from the Angels' Christmas Song, "Peace on Earth, Goodwill towards Men," comes to us from the columns of the *Manchester Examiner* :—

"A staunch Conservative and Churchman, having arranged with Mr. BEN BRIERLEY and others to give a Christmas entertainment on behalf of the poor in one of the outlying parishes of Manchester, applied to the rector for the use of the Church schools on the occasion. The following is an extract from the Rev. Gentleman's reply :—

"I have many reasons why I cannot fall in with your request for the entertainment. I do not think a Church School ought to be used for feasting the aged members of Roman Catholics, Unitarians, and others, who are diametrically opposed to us both in religion and politics."

Probably this Reverend Gentleman adopts the Vulgate version of the text which confines the "Peace on Earth," to "Men of Goodwill," and understands by "Men of Goodwill," men of his own way of thinking. Church charity, in his view, ought to end, as well as begin, at home.

Happily this reading of the angelic burden of the Christian Christmas Song is as rare as it is restrictive. *Punch* notes it as a special rarity in Manchester, with its large-hearted and large-brained Bishop, and its liberal record of gifts and labours in aid of the poor and suffering at this time of trial, which fills columns of the same journal that makes public this unique utterance of uncharitable exclusiveness.

CHRISTMAS DAY À LA GOOD OLD TIME.



SCENE.—*A room furnished in the prevailing fashionable High-Art Style. Blue China, Japanese Fans; Dadoes and Spindle-legged Chairs and Tables; black wood-work, and sage green papers. Berries from the Mistletoe and Holly falling (with wax from the candles) on a Dessert Service of Queen ANNE pattern, latest old-new Style. Enthusiastic Host and Guests discovered.*

Enthusiastic Host. Now, I think, we have done everything we should do. We have had a good old-fashioned dinner.

Cynical Uncle. With indigestion and the gout to follow.

Enthusiastic Host. We have told old family stories.

Cynical Uncle. Of the

famous Joe Miller family—fine old crusted.

Enthusiastic Host. We have had a good old-fashioned family-row?

*Grandpapa.
Grandmamma.
Uncles.*

First Cousins.

*And Cousins various
times removed.*

*shaking their fists
at one another.*

Haven't we, just!

Enthusiastic Host. And now to crown all the pleasures of the season, here's the weather behaving in the good old-fashioned style—in compliment to all the Christmas numbers—returning to the discomfort of a hundred years ago,—actually snowing.

[Seasonable satisfaction as the Scene closes in.]

FRIENDS AT A DISTANCE.

Being a Brief Record of a few Winter-seasonable Visits to certain Country Houses.

VISIT THE FIRST.—CHAPTER VIII.

Josslyn's Experience—Inquiry—Anxiety—Disappointment—Ghosts in the Drawing-Room—Mrs. Tupton's Fright—Departure—My Unremembered Story—To Bed—Up-stairs—Retracing—The Clock—The Old Legends of the House—But What Next?

WE are listening for what JOSSLYN is going to tell us about his own experience of Ghosts in this house.

He considers, then continues: "Well, I was sitting here one evening, about five o'clock, in the winter, when from that corner"—pointing to a dark recess between window and door, which we all regard intently, then murmur "Yes," whereupon he resumes in a measured tone, with his eyes fixed on that spot—"from that corner, there seemed to come an icy cold blast, not blowing strongly, but like a draught through a small ventilator. In fact, I cannot describe to you the strange sensation which seemed to take possession of me at that moment. I am not at all nervous, and I walked up to the corner in order to examine the place."

It occurs to me how nervous I should have been in such a situation. Enough to make one's hair turn white. I do not utter this observation aloud, but only smile approvingly, as though to convey the idea of my perfect approbation of his conduct in such trying circumstances, and wish him to understand that, of course, any one of us here, especially myself, would have behaved in precisely the same courageous manner.

"I tapped the wall," continues JOSSLYN, "and looked everywhere; there was no crack, no opening; but the strange, chill draught continued; and, as I returned to my chair, I heard a step following me, close at my heels. I turned round. There was nobody!"

We hold our breath, and JOSSLYN resumes, quietly,

"I sat down, and took up the book I had been reading."

"What was it—I mean what book?" asks RENDLESHAM of

Pikley, the crusty man, thinking that *now* he has got at the cause of the hallucination.

"The book?" returns JOSSLYN DYKE, carelessly, "Oh, it was by the Cambridge Professor of Political Economy, about the 'Analysis of the Theory of Equitable Insurance considered as a Factor in the Future of the British Empire'—a dry subject that interested me at the time."

RENDLESHAM of Pikley retires, so to speak, into his shell. The book in question was *not* calculated to inflame the imagination about ghosts.

"Well, go on!" I say, for I am anxious, very anxious, to know what is to be seen in this house where I have to stay all night. *But not to-morrow, if I know it.*"

"Well," continues JOSSLYN, slowly, and looking over his shoulder at the deepening shadows, as though consulting them on the subject, "Well, there suddenly grew out of that corner an enormous—Here he breaks off. We are all waiting. Presently he shakes his head, and says, "No—I won't tell you what I saw. It is better not. You would only laugh at me, and think me cracky if I told you."

We all swear we won't laugh and think him cracky. This, however, is to encourage him to go on with his story.

Nothing will induce him to utter another syllable. He rises, regretting, he says, that he should have said even as much as he has. We look at one another. There is some hesitation about leaving the room. This would be the opportunity for *my* story, if I could only call to mind the man's name, and where he was when it happened, and what it was that did happen. I have a faint glimmering of my story. Just so much as to enable me to say to myself, "His name was something like HOSKINS," when we have to join the Ladies in the drawing-room. We don't saunter out, we crowd out, as if for warmth.

In the drawing-room they also have got on to ghost subjects. It is impossible to help it, in this house. Poor Mrs. TUPTON is trembling. Miss AYSFORD SYNGE has been telling such dreadful stories, "All about *this* place, too!" she exclaims.

Mrs. SYNGE has also been narrating a story about some house in this county, where a coach-and-six always drive up to the front door whenever one of the family is going to die. Mrs. TUPTON begs them "not to go on in this manner," and the words are scarcely uttered when we all hear the sound of a carriage and horses coming up to the front door. Mrs. TUPTON starts hysterically, and is only prevented from going off altogether by the entrance of a footman to announce "Mrs. LAWLEIGH BYRNE'S Carriage!"

Mrs. LAWLEIGH BYRNE declares she is really too awfully nervous, and daren't go out into the hall alone for the world. JOSSLYN accompanies her, to assist her with her mantle.

The carriages are announced. At this moment the name of the hero of the ghost-story I have been trying to remember the whole evening, suddenly occurs to me. I can't ask JOSSLYN to recall the company to listen to my story, and, indeed, now I've got his name, I am not quite sure of the details. While I am putting these together, the guests have all left; and JOSSLYN, his Aunt, and myself are alone at The Mote. Mrs. TUPTON sends for her maid to listen in her bed-room, as she is so dreadfully nervous; and JOSSLYN takes up his candle.

JOSSLYN asks me if I think I can find my way to my room. At first I say, "Yes, I think so," and add, with an air of gaiety, "Good night, JOSSLYN. Hope I shan't see any ghosts." But, on reconsideration, I ask him to show me to my room, as I am not quite sure of its whereabouts.

"Yes, with pleasure."

I say to him, "I should like to have a good chat together over old times, and we can smoke a cigar before the fire."

He makes no reply to this suggestion.

My artful idea is to get him to talk and smoke before a good fire in my room, while I gradually, but surely, undress and get into bed. Then JOSSLYN can put out the light and leave me; for, once comfortably in bed, with a nice, ruddy, cosy fire smiling at me, like a cheery companion, I defy ghosts—especially with my eyes shut.

If JOSSLYN DYKE will only fall, so to speak, into my sociable trap, then I don't care whether mine is the haunted room *par excellence*—they're all haunted more or less—or not.

"Come!" says JOSSLYN, as solemnly as though he were leading me to the condemned cell. All the lights are out, except the candle he is carrying. Suddenly I start back. "What on earth—?" A few inches above the floor are two goggle eyes glowering at me. Recovering myself, I ascertain that these eyes belong to one of the weird animals, the one that is something between a bull-dog and a grotesque Chinese ornament, which I had seen on my arrival. The other dog, the thin white one, pointed at both ends; is just behind him.

"Are the dogs coming up-stairs?" I inquire.

"Yes," answers JOSSLYN. "Snap and Fiend sleep in my room. So does Griff, the black cat. You can have one of them with you; if you like."

Offer declined, with thanks. Hate making a menagerie of a bedroom. Besides, I have always understood animals see ghosts quicker than men do (isn't this idea embodied in a proverb about "Pigs seeing the wind?") and behave in a manner that would drive me to the verge of insanity. No; let them all come with JOSSLYN to my room; but let the whole party quit the apartment together. We ascend the stairs.

Past the dark corners again—darker than before; along the narrow slip of old carpet, which seems to have been laid down to accommodate a line of acrobats, past the military ghost clock, which keeps time, as a secret, locked up in its own case, in front of which JOSSLYN stops, as do also the animals, his three familiars, *Fiend*, *Snape*, and the black cat *Griff*, who, having trotted on in front with his tail erect, as though he were saying, "*Suivez moi!*" now turns, and sidles up against the wainscot, making his tail describe all sorts of curious curves, and then performing the figure "8" in and out between JOSSLYN's legs, occasionally rearing himself up on his hind legs while opening a very red mouth to utter a complaining sort of whine, intimating his impatience at our unnecessary loitering.

"That clock," JOSSLYN informs me, in a subdued voice, as if afraid of being overheard, and perhaps contradicted, by some members of the Phantom Horner family, perpetually in the corners, "that clock is nearly two hundred years old. It is said to have stopped at the very hour, on the evening of the murder, when the wicked old Earl went to his room for the last time. No one has ever dared to move it; and all attempts at winding it up have been utterly useless."

"The hands have been moved, I suppose?" I observe, as carelessly as I can, though with that ghostly faded old clock-face staring into mine, I am somehow conscious of my remark probably being considered an impertinence. Not by JOSSLYN—oh dear, no! not at all by JOSSLYN! I don't take him into consideration in the presence of the Clock.

"The hands," my host answers, "have never been altered. One of the family, a reckless, hard-drinking, hard-riding Squire, who inhabited The Mote about fifty years ago, made a bet that he would move the hands."

"Well?"

"Well—when his companions, whom he had left at table, came to look for him, they found him sitting where we now stand, a gibbering idiot, the glass of the clock-face open, and the hands pointing where they had always pointed, and where they have pointed ever since."

The clock hands, I notice, point to twenty-five minutes past eight.

"The wicked old Earl," I observe, "used to retire early."

JOSSLYN regards me regretfully. I beg his pardon. I really did not intend a pun. No, I explain, I simply meant that the wicked old Earl did not on that particular night go to bed late. On my word, there seems to be a punning fiend at my elbow, suggesting, "Now for another! Say that, though deceased, he couldn't be spoken of as the *late* Earl." But I won't yield to the temptation, which is simply a matter of nerves, as is a joke with the Dentist who in another second will be holding your jaw for you and pulling up an ancient tooth by its roots. I beg JOSSLYN to believe me when I say that I really did *not* mean to pun, but am perfectly serious.

Apparently satisfied with any apology, which he seems to accept on behalf of the clock, JOSSLYN answers,

"Yes, twenty-five minutes past eight was his time for retiring. And that hour has been ever since invariably associated with some calamity in the family history."

"Really?"

The dogs both settle themselves down with their forepaws out before them, like two young Sphinxes, as though expecting a story. The black cat, whose patience had been long ago exhausted, has, with less politeness, disappeared.

"At twenty-five minutes past eight," JOSSLYN commences in a mysteriously confidential tone, "the second Earl of DEPFORD was born. He ruined the property; and one morning he was found hanging on an elm-tree. They cut him down, but he was dead. His watch had stopped at twenty-five minutes past eight."

"How strange!" I murmur; and my voice seems somehow or another to belong to some one behind me, so that I am strongly inclined to turn round and see who it is. The words, "How strange!" seem to have come to me from outside; to have pervaded me, to have so got into my head, that I feel as though there were some mechanism fitted up inside it, arranged to produce only the two articulate words in a dull, muffled tone, "How strange!"

"The third Earl," continues JOSSLYN, eyeing the imperturbable clock-face with respectful sadness, "ran away with an heiress, and they were privately married in this house, one Christmas eve, at twenty-five minutes past eight. He wouldn't wait till the half-hour, as the guardians of the young Lady were actually hammering at the door. The marriage was an unhappy one. That day year he returned home suddenly to find his young wife unfaithful. The dinner, which should have been only laid for one, was set out for two: the Earl rushed from the room, met Captain GERARD CLEVELAND on these

very stairs, and stabbed him to the heart. On returning to the dining-room, he found the young Countess sitting before the fire. Thinking it was the Captain, she said, 'GERARD, you are too soon; we do not dine till eight-thirty.' And it is now eight twenty-five!" thundered the husband. What became of them no one knows."

"Were they never seen again?" I inquire, for the story seems to finish rather abruptly, and then, to clear my throat—for my voice sounds husky, I cough gently, very gently—stiffing the sound, as though I were in the sick-room of an invalid, whose life depended on his not being disturbed by the slightest sound, and at the same time casting a side-glance at the historical staircase.

JOSSLYN answers slowly,—

"They were never seen again . . . alive. But—"

He pauses, regarding me inquiringly, as if debating with himself whether my initiation is sufficiently advanced to permit of my being admitted to the real secrets. He decides in my favour, and resumes—
"But"—

NEW LEAVES FOR THE NEW YEAR.

(Which I fully mean to turn over—if I don't forget it.)



SMOKING—I mean to give up smoking—or at least smoking more than (*blank*) cigars a day. N.B.—To make sure of myself, I had better wait a week or so ere fixing on the number.

I mean to keep an accurate account of what I lose at cards, for I feel certain that I *do* lose, since my wife takes all my winnings.

I mean in my spare moments—if I ever *have* spare moments—to rub up my Greek and Latin, which are getting rather rusty.

I mean at the same time—or some time or other—to polish up my French a bit, for though it passes pretty fairly with waiters who are polyglots, and with Swiss or German landlords who can speak a little English, still, it hardly stands the test of a *table*

d'hôte in Paris, and still less of a visit with a French friend to the Français!

I likewise mean to look up my Algebra a little, and, if possible, to dip into my Euclid once a week or so; for nothing helps a man in life so much as Mathematics; and unluckily at school I always preferred Cricket.

While I am thus about to complete my education, I mean to set myself a good stiff course of solid reading, to occupy my mind in any moments of leisure which may happen to occur to me.

In order to gain time for thus developing my intellect, I mean to give up reading trashy magazines and novels, and wasting precious eyesight upon badly-printed newspapers.

I really mean to save up money, if I can, to give myself the treat of subscribing to a number of most deserving charities.

With this intent, I mean to dine less at the Club, to give up billiards, and generally to grow more economic in my habits.

I mean to take more exercise and be more careful in my diet, for I certainly am getting rather stouter than is elegant.

Whenever I dine out (which I intend shall be but seldom), I mean strictly to avoid ever touching sweets or *entrées*, and rigidly to confine myself to two glasses of champagne and, say, three of hook or claret—reserving power, as Directors do, of "adding to their number" on particular occasions.

I mean to give up oyster lunches—the cost of which is simply ruinous—and to deny myself the luxury of muffins with my marmalade, as I feel sure they prejudicially affect my mental faculties.

I really do intend to go to Church more regularly, and I will never—no, *never*—or, at least, hardly ever—come down to breakfast so late on Sunday mornings.

I mean rigidly to abstain from taking little nips before dinner, and little naps after it.

And, finally, I certainly intend to invite my wife's Mamma to come and spend a week with us—probably at Easter, when I think I can foresee that some unexpected business will summon me to Paris.



A RETORT COURTEOUS.

New Parlour-Maid. "HERE'S A LETTER, MA'AM, IF YOU PLEASE!"

New Mistress. "PRAY, MARY, ARE YOU NOT ACCUSTOMED TO SEE LETTERS HANDED ON A TRAY?"

New Parlour-Maid. "YES, MA'AM. BUT I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WAS!"

A QUALIFIED WELCOME.

To leave you a-shivering here were a sin:
So, as there's no choice, I must e'en take you in!
'Tis a blackish look-out that before you you've got!
Your parent turned out an extremely bad lot,
And if you inherit ancestral defects,
The Ratepayers' Board may well say it objects
To the burden in store. What a bothersome bout
We have had with the year that is just slinking out
Like a furtive defaulter ashamed to be seen!
It brought us but little save trouble and teen,
And though one would scarce, while it's moribund, vex it,
One's happy to speed the old nuisance's exit.
How ought we to welcome the incoming guest?—
Well, at least 'tis a change, and perhaps it were best,—
Though you come on the heels of the fog and the frost,
Like a poor little foundling in mid-winter lost,
And although your appearance scant evidence bears
That you're one of those angels who come unawares,—
To give you a welcome; 'tis hard to find ground for it.
In aught one can see, look one ne'er so wide round for it.
But JOHN BULL has some tips he would like to impart,
Before for next twelvemonth we make a fair start.
Don't kick up a row! He is so sick of shines,
That his mind more than ever to quiet inclines.
Your precious progenitor scouted poor Peace,
And scarcely allowed us a moment's surcease
Of shindies abroad, or of squabbles at home,
And the natural Nemesis clearly has come—
In bad morals, bad manners, bad temper, bad trade,
Bad weather, bad health—bad all round, I'm afraid!
A spirited policy poked up the nation,
Whose "Spirit," I fancy, needs "rectification,"
E'en more than our frontiers. Oh, if the New Year
Could but banish the spectres Suspicion and Fear,

Conceit, and Cantankerous Vanity, then
We might see Peace on earth, and Good Will among men;
The shout of the Jingo might cease from the land,
And the howl of blind hate, with their haste hand in hand.
Then Bogeys were banished, and Bugbears o'erthrown,
And the trumpets of party and faction unblown;
Then spite might be dumb, and contention might cease,
And the world have a taste of the blessings of peace;
Young Shaver, we hope, as we *must* take you in,
That you won't add *your* voice to the general din.
You arrive in bad times and detestable weather,
But, since for a while we must toil on together,
Though laid at our door like a waif by the late
Unlamented bad bargain, old Seventy-Eight,
If you'll learn better ways, and not kick up a shine,
We will e'en make the best of young Seventy-Nine.

"The Same Concern."

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

Stocum Pogis.

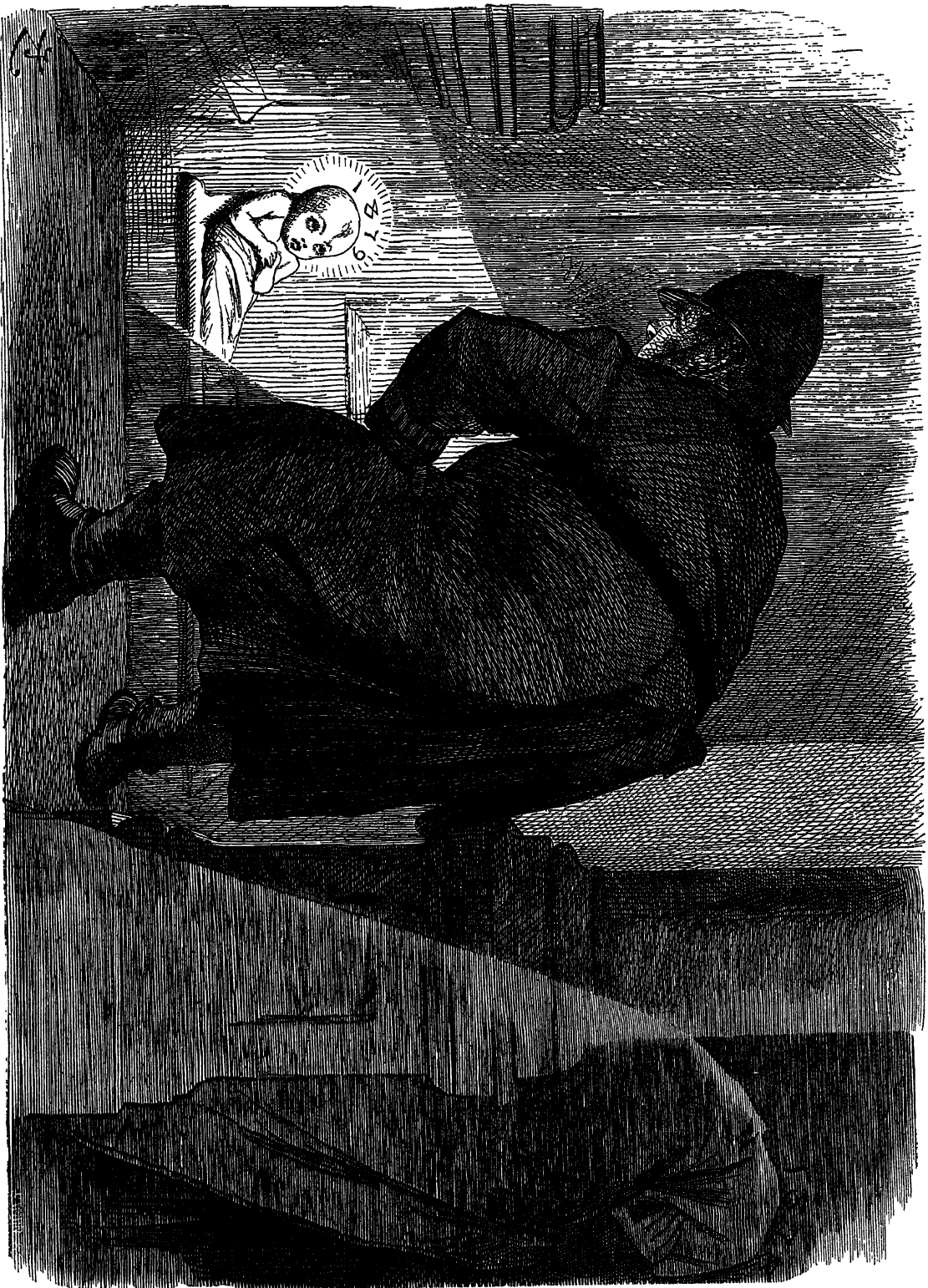
PASSING along Oxford Street, the other day, my eye was attracted by a shop-window, in which was exhibited a gorgeous array of Church properties and ecclesiastical brass-work, including a gigantic three-branched candelabrum. The adjoining shop bore the legend, "Oxford Nursing Establishment." It occurred to me that probably the two shop-windows really belonged to one and the same concern, so that the little Oxford nurslings, after being brought up at the one, might go for their playthings to the other.

Yours faithfully,

A PROTESTANT OLD FOGY.

SEASONABLE BENEVOLENCE.

DAME Nature set a good example to the generous this Christmas. The frost itself began to give on Boxing-day.



A QUALIFIED WELCOME.

"WELL, YOU ARE A POOR-LOOKING LITTLE BEGGAR! BUT WE MUST MAKE THE BEST OF YOU."

PUNCH'S PROPHECIES FOR 1879.

*Political.*

THE Russian Bear will continue a bugbear to many.

The discovery of a Scientific Frontier that is a frontier, will exercise the ingenuity of many Anglo-Indian Statesmen and Strategists.

The relations of England with all the Foreign Powers will be of the usual highly cordial character.

Mr. GLADSTONE will play the game of "Follow my Leader" in an original manner, and with startling effects.

The eldest son of the Duke of DEVONSHIRE will be called by many impatient spirits the Marquis of HALF-HARTINGTON, but will not the less continue to lead the more reasonable majority of his party with sense and judgment.

The House will adjourn over the Derby Day, and

be Counted Out on several of the Hobby-horse race-days, on questions not less interesting to the backers of the Hobbies.

The Opposition and the Government will waste a great deal of time in "Cross Questions and Crooked Answers."

The English Budget will take five days, and the Indian five hours' discussion.

Home Reforms will be postponed to Foreign fireworks.

The Members of the Cabinet will be unanimous as ever.

And the BEACONSFIELD Policy will continue one of the dearest whistles the Nation ever paid for.

Literary and Artistic.

A Paper will appear, devoted to publication of the Butcher's books of the "Upper Ten."

Half-a-dozen Provincial Nobodies will be Somebodies on the line at the Royal Academy.

The Beauty of the Season will beam from the Photographer's windows in as many lights as the sun can show her in, as many attitudes as her vanity can suggest, and as many costumes as her Dressmaker can invent, and her husband likes to pay for.

Two hundred novels will travel to the buttermilk's *viâ* the circulating library.

Liberal organs supplying widely-felt wants will come out and go in again.

Domestic, Foreign, and Financial.

Several hundred thousand fathers of families will attempt ventilation, through the columns of the *Times*, of as many grievances, more or less reasonable.

Many millions of curtain lectures will be delivered between the hours of 11 P.M. and 2 A.M.

The Khedive will ask for a fresh start and a new and large sponge, with liberty to use it on a new debtor and creditor account book.

Mr. RIVERS WILSON will refuse the request.

A great many speculators will lose money, and a few make it, on the Stock Exchange.

Many fortunes will go to the bulls and bears, and their owners to the dogs.

One, at least, of the marriages celebrated at St. George's, Hanover Square, will be less an affair of hearts than pockets.

Lord PENZANCE will put asunder a certain number of couples whom Heaven has clearly not joined.

Some unreasonable husbands will complain of their wives' milliners' bills, and some equally unreasonable wives will express themselves impatiently about their husband's Clubs.

But finally discontent and dissatisfaction will be relieved, and the end of a dark year brightened, by the publication, at 85, Fleet Street, of *Punch's Almanack and Pocket Book*—those inestimable blessings to anxious parents, and comforts to a care-ridden community.

THE NEW VALSE STEP (as danced by the swellest young swells of the season).—The "pas du tout."

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

(At Drury Lane on Boxing Night, and where else would he be?)

BRAVO, brave BLANCHARD, *Doyen des Pantomimes*! Dean of the Pantomimes! there's a reverend title! and my humble service to you, Sir, for all the stories you've told us these many years past, and more particularly at this time, for your latest version of *Cinderella*; or, *Harlequin and the Fairy Slipper*. I wish I had been a Fairy Slipper about ten days ago, when I tumbled down twice, in the street, on a horrid slide made by wicked little boys. Had I then been a Fairy Slipper, I shouldn't have fallen down, and—which is the real point—hurt myself. But this is a mere parenthesis—which as "every school-boy" at home for the holidays knows, is Greek for a slide. The only amusing slides are magic lantern-slides, for which on the largest and funniest scale, see Polytechnic Institution.

But to our Pantomime. Once upon a time, when there were fairies, there lived a Mr. E. L. BLANCHARD, who is living now, and who appears regularly every Christmas to Master CHATTERTON—when he has been a good boy—and gives him a brand new Christmas Pantomime.

Whereupon Master CHATTERTON commences an incantation, assisted by two friends, a bowl of whiskey punch, hot, and a box of the best Partagas—

"And, as he smokes,
He the VOKES' in-vokes,
The name pro-vokes
Their smiles and jokes;
Then comes F. VOKES,
And he e-vokes
Applause,
Because

Who could complain

Were such trumps played again and again?

For he would be the mokest of mokest

Who'd blame the Manager when he re-vokes."

Then, by potent spells, he summons to his aid the good genius BEVERLY to design and paint the scenes, who comes accompanied by his attendant sprites, Messrs. CUTHBERT, YARNOLD, WARD, and HALL. Next wafted into the managerial presence, on various popular airs, appears Herr KARL MEYDER, from the land of goblins and Christmas-trees, to do the music and to compose such an overture as, working up through "*Bloomsbury Square*," "*Real Jam*," "*Hi Cockalorum*," "*God Bless the Prince of Wales*," and "*Rule Britannia*" to the grand climax of the National Anthem, causes that marvellous Boxing-night-at-Drury-Lane audience to rise as one man, and with one heart and voice to shout with a genuine impulse of true loyalty, "*God Save the Queen*."

Yes, that rise *en masse* is a sight to see, and the hearty prolonged cheers a sound to hear! And at this time, in the midst of all our innocent Christmas frolic and foolery, the eagerness displayed by this vast holiday crowd to rise and anticipate the first notes of the National Anthem, has a special and a touching significance, for it seemed to say, "God bless you, Lady, in your sorrow! Your people's thoughts are with you even in their mirth!" Encored was the overture, and not a few stood up expecting to hear the anthem once again, but Herr KARL MEYDER had decided otherwise.

Then the ferment subsided; Grace had been said, and we settled down to Pantomime Banquet.

In former years some scenes may have been more gorgeous (one for song from *Maritana*, "*Scenes that were brighter*," adapted to the occasion), but better painted—never! Front scenes and "sets" are equally excellent.

But Master CHATTERTON and Master Property-Man, why were there no Big Heads? No, Gentlemen, on my word of honour, I did not notice a single mask; no, not one pair of stupidly-fixed goggle eyes, not one idiotic grin preserved alike on all occasions, whether of joy, of terror, or of woe, on some frank, open, gigantic countenance. Where are those Philosophers of Pantomime this year? And in the comic business, among all the "hits" that pass between Clown and Pantaloon, and the representatives of the Police force, not one political hit; that is; up to the third scene of the Harlequinade, when I gracefully retired.

The three funniest scenes are,—the first, where Messrs. FRED and FAWDON VOKES are pursued by boars; the Kitchen scene, where Mr. FRED VOKES, wishing to dress for a ball, is hindered at his toilette by Mr. FAWDON, and a clever young dog called in the bills, *Azor the Poodle*, played by Master CULLEN, whose familiarity with the kitchen pots and pans, and roasting fire, proved him to be quite at home in the *Cullen-ary* department; and the Snow scene, where Mistrs FRED and FAWDON return from the ball in sedan-chairs. Of course the VOKES' family-dance, long and eagerly expected, came at last, and was as usual, heartily and enthusiastically encored.

Once more the audience roared at that sad melancholy expression on Mr. FRED VOKES's face, as he throws his legs alternately over the



'SOUVENIR DE 1878'
 'UCH!! YOU DIRTY OLD BOY'

heads of either Miss JESSIE or Miss VICTORIA, and seems to say, "It's my fate, I must do it, I can't help it, I must use my legs like this—it's only once a year—bless you—it can't be helped—it's of no consequence"—and *exceunt omnes*.

There is one genuinely artistic bit in Miss VICTORIA's performance of *Cinderella*. It is this. When the family have gone to the ball, she, left disconsolate at home, the drudge in the kitchen, dresses up two chairs, and "makes believe very much," like the immortal *Marchioness* with the orange-peel—that they are her partners in a dance; then she sets to them, and dances with them; but at last, unable to keep up the farce any longer, the thoughts of her father's and her sisters' cruelty overcomes her, and sinking on the chair her pent-up sorrow finds relief in tears.

That great pantomimic artist, GRIMALDI, could, it is said, draw tears from his audience as easily as he could make them split their sides with laughter. Were it only for this one most admirable touch of nature on the part of Miss VICTORIA VOKES, the Drury Lane Pantomime would be well worth a visit. So make your arrangements for seeing *Cinderella* as soon as possible, and write to your friends, everybody, to "Meet you at the Lane when the Clock strikes Seven-fifteen," as very soon after half past the Annual commences, and of course, not for worlds could anyone miss a note of the Overture, at least, that is the feeling of

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

THE SHOE IN TIME.—As soon as the streets are frozen hard,—but not till then, of course,—lose no time in taking the proper steps to have your horses provided with screw-pegs—against the approaching thaw.

CYPRUS—THE IDEAL AND THE REAL.

"Lawn—as white as driven snow;
 Cyprus—black as any crow,"

sings *Autolycus*.

LORD BEACONSFIELD improves on his great original, and sings "Cyprus, white as driven snow." Strange that so astute a man, and so practised a tactician, should go out of his way to paint for his Frisco admirers a picture of Cyprus in *couleur de rose*, which lies open to the flat contradiction of facts, and the correction of every dispassionate and intelligent observer. Look at the fancy-picture painted by Lord BEACONSFIELD in his speech on the presentation of the San Francisco casket, by the side of the closely studied sketch from nature of THOMAS BRASSEY, M.P., in the *Times* of a few days ago, if you want to know how rash and reckless in assertion unresisted and uncontradicted supremacy in Court and Cabinet, and contempt of the public together, can make a long-headed politician, and a master of all the arts of speech and the tricks of party steering.

Read too, Mr. BRASSEY's letter, all you who believe that the lessons of Crimean blundering and Crimean disaster have borne fruit in better arrangements, or more sensible orders from the War-Office authorities, and more efficient execution of them by their *employés*.

The Duke of CAMBRIDGE complains that the British public *will* treat the official heads of the Army as fools. After reading Mr. BRASSEY's account of the sanitary blunders and commissariat stupidities at Cyprus, can the Duke wonder at it?

When one thinks of the precious lives sacrificed, and the good men left with shattered constitutions, by the imbecile mismanagement which disgraced the installation of our troops in Cyprus—always allowing for the cold-blooded sacrifice of the health, comfort, and convenience of ten thousand to the momentary triumph of one great political player at the game of brag,—*Punch* feels apt to fall back into the impatient wrath of Crimean times, and to ask, with all respect for our well-meaning Commander-in-Chief—"whom shall we get rid of?"; if not, *totidem verbis*,—"whom shall we hang?"

Woman's Right of Rights.

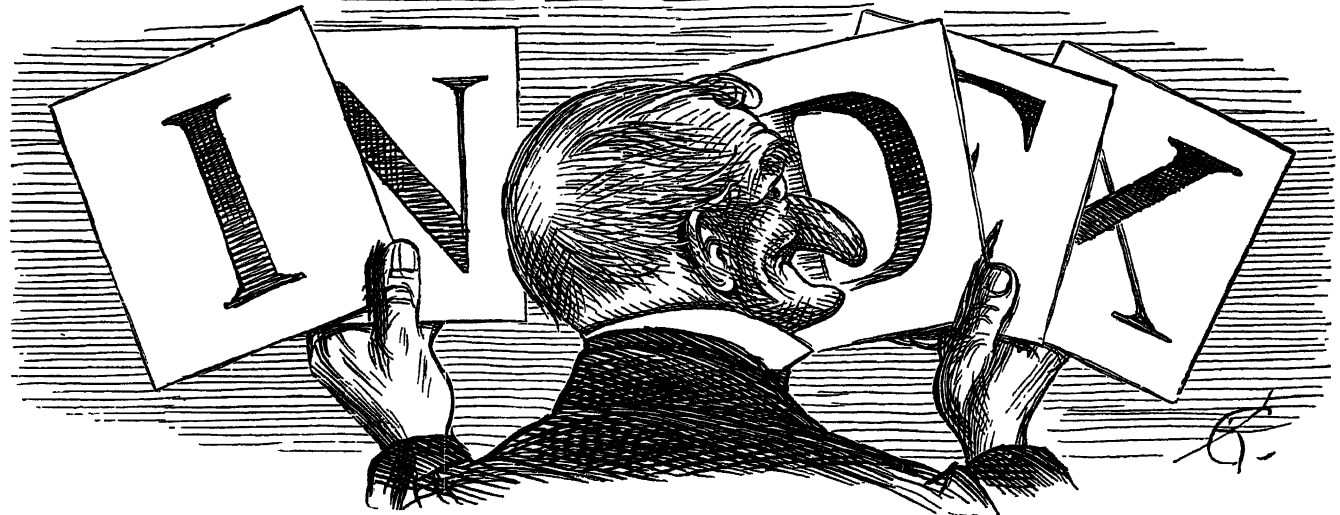
WHEN STANSFELD woman's questions weighs,
 Her "rights" *Punch* won't disparage,
 But for nine out of ten, he says,
 The highest Rite is marriage!

Parallels.

Lines, that may be prolonged, *ad infinitum*, without ever meeting, as *ex. gr.* Views on—

1. The Eastern Question.
2. The Roofing of St. Alban's Abbey.

RETROSPECT AND PROSPECT.—Look back—Black! Look ahead—Red!



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